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MEMORIES

From a painting by W. Leslie Mansell

O. T. Burne

WALKER & BOUTALL, PHOTO-ENGRAVERS, LONDON

MEMORIES

BY

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR OWEN TUDOR BURNE
G.C.I.E., K.C.S.I.

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PREFACE

THE brief recollections contained in these pages were written two years ago for my own family only; but so many friends have urged me to publish them, *just as they are*, as referring to matters of some historical interest, that I have yielded to their request. As the recital is essentially a personal one, it contains much about myself and my belongings for which I ask pardon, since to eliminate these references would entail the re-writing of the entire narrative. Some letters of friendship, and of appreciation of my work, from many with whom I was officially connected in past years, are also included, and I hope I may be forgiven by indulgent readers for allowing these also to remain, as most of the writers have gone to their rest and their words abide with me treasured mementoes of a strenuous public life in what is now my Memory-Land.

O. T. B.

February, 1907.

MEMORY-LAND

AWAY beyond the tumult,
Away beyond the strife,
There lies a happy country
Where sorrows ne'er are rife.

The fairest blossoms gather
About its sunny ways,
And there I love to wander
And dream of yesterdays.

And so when life is troubled,
And weary grow our feet,
We wander through the shadows,
To that dear country sweet.

Our sorrows soon are over,
Hope takes us by the hand;
I ofttimes dream that heaven
Perchance is Memory-Land.

TESCHEMACHER.

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MEMORIES

CHAPTER I

My family—Early days—Start in life in the XXth Regiment—The Crimea—Return home—Embarkation for India (1837-57).

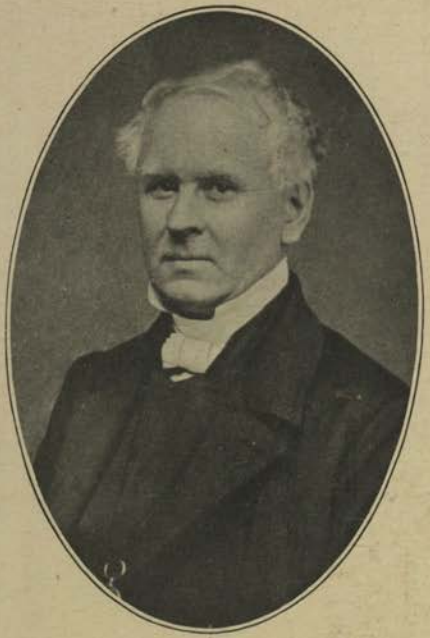
In looking back through a vista of some sixty-eight years, it is not easy to remember one's early days, nor are such reminiscences as a rule of any special importance. I believe, however, that I was an average boy, who gave no more than what is considered the customary amount of trouble to those in charge. But I was fortunate enough to be taught by ten elder brothers and sisters to keep my proper place, and by eight younger ones to become accustomed to those supersessions of seniors by juniors which are as usual in childhood as they are in after-life.

My father and mother had an anxious task in the bringing up of nineteen high-spirited children on a small income, their only compensation being that we all regarded them with great affection, while they were beloved and respected by a large circle of relatives and friends, who admired their quiet dignity amid difficult surroundings and their God-fearing patience under many trials.

My father was born on the 7th April, 1799. He

took his M.A. Degree in 1822 at Trinity College, Cambridge, and became curate to his cousin, the Rev. William Way Burne, of Grittleton, Wilts, at which place, on the 10th February, 1824, he married my mother Knightley, a daughter of Captain Marriott, formerly of the Royal Horse Guards (Blue). My father was a man of considerable ability, besides being an eloquent preacher. On account of his talent and eloquence he had bright prospects, and, indeed, promises of valuable preferment in the Established Church; but he resigned his position in 1835 to join a body known as the 'Catholic Apostolic Church,' which recognised a restored apostleship at that period as the means of preparation for the second coming of the Lord, a momentous event which the Christian church at large had apparently forgotten. In this faith and hope all his family, including myself, then and thereafter, joined him; but it put an end to his so-called worldly prospects, lost him and us a large fortune, and caused him to leave Grittleton for Plymouth, where I myself had the privilege of being born (eleventh in the family) on the 12th April, 1837. Here we resided seven years, up to the time of our removal to Bath, where the remaining eight members of our family came into existence; and here, alas, my father died, to our great grief and loss, on the 7th August, 1865, at the comparatively early age of 66. My own recollections of this singularly gifted man are all that can be desired; he was revered by children whom he encouraged by precept and example to follow his godly life and untiring industry, and to fit themselves for the various positions they were eventually destined to fill. The training of the young in those days was strict, and we were, conse-

My Mother.
Mrs. Knightley Goodman Burne.
D. April 14, 1878, ætat 72.



My Father.
Rev. Henry Thomas Burne, M.A.,
Trin. Coll., Cambridge.
D. Aug. 14, 1865, ætat 66.

quently, all taught to be handy and self-reliant in small details — lessons not altogether thrown away when we were launched in after-years into deep water to get on as best we could in the battle of life.

My father left little or no memoranda behind him of his sayings and doings, but he was sometimes fond of telling us boys little anecdotes connected with his early days, only a few of which I can now remember. Among other stories were some humorous ones which have always remained in my recollection. The following is one of them: In the village churches half a century or more ago it was not considered right to commence the service until the Squire of the parish was safely seated in his high-backed pew. On one particular festival, when the Grittleton church was crowded, the Squire had overslept himself at home instead of finishing his nap, as he usually did, in his pew. My father (who at that time was practically in sole charge on account of his cousin's age and infirmity) waited, as usual, at the Reading Desk till he felt compelled to commence with the usual, 'When 'the wicked man,' on which the village clerk, a ploughman dressed in his Sunday best, bawled out, 'He bain't a'come yet, Sur,' much to the astonishment of the tittering congregation, and the amusement of the Squire when he heard the story.

On another occasion my father exchanged duties with a neighbouring parson who happened to be an inveterate smoker. The two clergymen started about the same time on horseback to fulfil their respective duties, and after a brotherly chat half-way, my father duly trotted on to his destination, while his less consistent friend, yielding to a momentary temptation, took out his beloved briar, turned his horse's head

round away from the wind in order to light up, and, being an absent-minded man, rode quietly on in the enjoyment of a good smoke till he found himself back at his own church door. Needless to picture his dismay, or to add that the Grittleton congregation, who were expecting him, dispersed after a long wait amid verbal expressions more common then than now! This absent-mindedness, which left a pulpit without a preacher, could not have had so distressing a result upon the congregation as that said to have attended a kirk in Scotland, where a certain minister had forgotten the manuscript of his sermon. He could not preach without it, but it lay in his manse a mile away when the time had come for him to mount into the pulpit. Here was a poser for him only to be solved by giving out the 119th Psalm, which, as everyone knows, is of terrific length. While the congregation were singing it, off to his manse for the sermon galloped the minister, and with equal celerity galloped back. When he returned the congregation were still at it, and he asked the clerk, with some trepidation, how they were getting on. 'Oh, sir,' was the answer, 'they've got to the end of the 84th verse, 'an' they're just cheepin' like wee mice.'

In my father's time punning in dog-Latin was in vogue, and he was fond of puzzling us boys by such lines as these:

In firtaris,	*i.e.*, In fir tar is,
In oke nonis,	„ In oak none is,
In mudelis,	„ In mud eel is,
Anda melis.	„ And a meal is.

And again:

Mihibile hæres ago,	*i.e.*, My eye, Billy, here's a go,
Fortibus es in aro!	„ Forty busses in a row!

O! nobile Themis trux;	*i.e.*, Oh, no, Billy, them is trucks;
Inems a an pes an dux.	„ In 'ems hay, and peas, and ducks.

Also (Dean Swift):

Apud in is almi de si re,	*i.e.*, A pudding is all my desire,
Mimis tres I ne ver re qui re,	„ My mistress I never require,
Alo veri findit a gestis,	„ A lover I find it a jest is,
His miseri ne ver at restis.	„ His misery never at rest is.

And

Mollis abuti,	*i.e.*, Moll is a beauty,
Has an acuti,	„ Has an acute eye,
No lasso finis,	„ No lass so fine is.
Omni de armistress,	„ O my dear mistress,
Cantu disco ver	„ Can't you discover
Meas alo ver?	„ Me as a lover?

There were also at that time many well-known stories afloat which I hope I may be forgiven for repeating as some evidence of the extraordinary ideas and simplicity of expression in days gone by in the important matter of prayer. One of these related to a great divine who was anxious as to his property in Essex and elsewhere, and prayed regularly after this fashion: 'O Lord, Thou knowest that I have nine 'houses in the city of London, and likewise that I 'have lately purchased an estate in fee-simple in the 'county of Essex. I beseech Thee to preserve the 'two counties of Essex and Middlesex from fires and 'earthquakes; and as I have a mortgage in Hertford-'shire, I beg Thee likewise to have an eye of com-'passion on that county. And as for the rest of the 'counties, Thou mayest deal with them as Thou art 'pleased.' Another was that of a pious man, who became prosperous as time went on, and prayed assiduously in this fashion: 'O Lord, enable the bank 'to answer all their bills, and make all my debtors

'good men. Give a prosperous voyage and return 'to the *Mermaid* sloop which I have insured. Thou 'hast said that the days of the wicked are short, and 'I trust Thou wilt not forget Thy promises, having 'purchased an estate in reversion of Sir J. P., a 'profligate young man. Lord, keep our funds from 'sinking; and, if it be Thy will, let there be no sink-'ing fund. Keep my son Caleb out of evil company 'and from gaming-houses. And sanctify this night 'to me by preserving me from thieves and fire, and 'make my servant honest and careful, whilst I, Thy 'servant, lie down in Thee.'

These remind one of other records of soldiers' prayers. For instance, that of Bishop Leslie, the 'fighting Bishop,' who, before a battle in Ireland, prayed: 'O God, for our unworthiness we are not fit 'to claim Thy help; but if we are bad, our enemies 'are worse; and if Thou seest not meet to help us, 'we pray Thee help them not, but stand Thou neuter 'this day, and leave it to the arm of flesh.' And here is another—viz., a supplication which an officer offered before one of the battles for Hungarian independence in 1849: 'I will not ask Thee, Lord, to help us, and I 'know Thou wilt not help the Austrians; but if Thou 'wilt sit on yonder hill Thou shalt not be ashamed of 'Thy children.'

Two more well-known anecdotes, and I have done:

The authorities of an old church abroad decided to make some repairs to its interior furnishings, and employed an artist to touch up a very large painting. When the artist presented his bill, the committee in charge refused to pay it unless the details were specified. The next day the bill was handed in, itemized as follows:

	fr.	c.
To correcting the Ten Commandments, embellishing Pontius Pilate and putting new ribbons on his bonnet	8	50
Putting tail on rooster of St. Peter and mending his comb	4	00
Repluming and gilding left wing of the Guardian Angel	6	25
Washing the servant of the High Priest, and putting carmine on his cheeks	5	00
Renewing heaven, adjusting the stars, and cleaning up the moon...	7	00
Touching up purgatory and restoring lost souls...	8	75
Brightening up the Flames of Hell, putting new tail on the Devil, mending his hoof, and doing several odd jobs for the damned	12	00
Rebordering the robes of Herod and adjusting his wig	5	00
Taking the spots off the son of Tobias... ...	1	30
Cleaning Balaam's ass and putting one shoe on him	1	70
Putting earrings in Sarah's ears	1	75
Putting a new stone in David's sling, enlarging the head of Goliath, and extending Saul's legs	6	00
Decorating Noah's Ark and partially dressing Ham	4	00
Mending the skirt of the Prodigal Son and cleaning his left ear	3	00
Total	74	25

And again, more recently, it has been said that a Lancashire parson on entering his pulpit announced that the Bishop of Manchester was making a tour of his diocese, and might shortly be expected to visit the church. He then proceeded, without a pause, to deliver the text: 'Be sober, be vigilant; because your 'adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about 'seeking whom he may devour.' We are told that a worthy old Highland divine preached from this same verse, and that, following a Highland habit of insert-

ing an unnecessary pronoun after the noun to which it refers (*i.e.*, in this case the word 'he'), he began his discourse thus: 'Let us consider this passage, my 'brethren, under four heads: firstly, who the devil, 'he is; secondly, what the devil, he is like; thirdly, 'what the devil, he doth; and fourthly, who the devil, 'he devoureth.'

To resume my narrative. My mother was born on the 17th September, 1805, at Badby, in Northamptonshire, and after her marriage, in 1824, shared all my father's joys and sorrows in the bringing up of a large family. She came from a good stock (Knightley and Poyntz), having a direct lineal descent from Charlemagne and Alfred the Great, and thereon from the Plantagenets, being 17th in a direct line from Edward the First, and tracing the same direct descent from Duncan, King of Scotland, and others of high degree in Ireland and Wales, from one of whose celebrities I myself was named. This pedigree, combined with that of my father, who came from the ancient families of Leiburne and Bodicote, was officially examined in 1865 by Garter King at Arms (Sir Albert Woods), who noted on it that it was very correct, unique and remarkable. This probably accounts for many faults of temper and character in myself and others of our family, seeing that between French, English, Scottish, Irish, and Welsh blood we were of very mixed origin. Although in some degree proud of our pedigree, we boys were never quite sure in after-life what advantage such lineage had given us in an age when money has taken its place in public estimation, and high-born people, if poor, are regarded as pretentious when they refer to their ancestry. This being the case, I only mention the matter casually here, with the object of

drawing attention to the cherished monument of a father's talent and industry in the compilation, amid other heavy labours, of the five volumes of pedigree now in my possession.

As already stated, my own early days were not of special importance to anyone but myself. But I may note that, before the age of 17, I had some narrow escapes of losing my life: once at Plymouth in 1840 from a fall through the snapping of one of the ropes of a swing, from the effects of which the kind friend (Mr. Parker) who was giving me this little boyish enjoyment and fell with me, afterwards died; another time at Biarritz in 1854, when I was all but drowned while bathing, and the late Emperor Napoleon III., then residing at his palace there, handsomely rewarded the two *baigneurs* who with great difficulty saved me. Neither these accidents, nor those that befel me in after-life in the Indian Mutiny and in various rambles over the Himalayas, affected my nerves in any way, as I never had any fear of death.

I was fortunate enough to receive a good, sound home education from my father, who was untiring in his efforts to help his children in this and other matters. I was a good cricketer and oarsman, playing at times against the then All-England Eleven and rowing against certain University crews. I also learnt to ride fairly well, as the result of annual and delightful visits to one of our cousins, Mr. Stephen Poyntz, who gave us boys plenty of hunting with the Fitzhardinge hounds. Some of these youthful exploits were shared by a chum, who has since been a life-long friend (Kenrick Peck), with whose family we were on intimate terms. Thus as a sort of ready-made adventurer I was able in after-life to hold my own with

others both in education and athletics, and, as my father was fortunate enough to obtain a commission in the Army for me, in 1855, from the late Duke of Cambridge, I was able to go up at once to Sandhurst, after being confirmed by the Bishop of Bath and Wells, and to pass my army examination, coming out top of the list. The examinations then in force, during the period of the Crimean War, were of course easier than now, but quite difficult enough for an ordinary youngster. We had (1) to read English correctly and to write it from dictation, this being then made one of the most important parts of the exam.; (2) to show a thorough knowledge of arithmetic, fractions, and logarithms; (3) algebra; (4) to translate parts of Livy's 'History of Rome' and Virgil's 'Æneid,' with parsing and prosody; (5) to show a fair knowledge of French and German; (6) to answer questions in history and geography; (7) to make tracings of fortifications in presence of the examiners, and so on. In my particular exam. there were twenty-five candidates, of whom only twelve passed. I was gazetted a fortnight afterwards to the XXth Reg. (now Lancashire Fusiliers), and within a month was at drill at the Depot in the Isle of Wight, thus moving from home to barracks in a sort of dream with my dear father's and mother's blessing and £25 in my pocket, which was, I am glad to say, the only money I took from the parental coffers either then or during my after-career. Moreover, I found my brother officers, who were most of them rich, very considerate fellows; and I soon learnt the lesson that with ordinary brains, and ability to ride, shoot, and play cricket, it was not difficult, even for a poor man like myself, to hold his own with comrades and others,

more especially as I was perfectly frank in respect to my limited means, and by this frankness avoided being dragged into expensive amusements. So pleased with me was one of my senior officers (afterwards Genl. Sir Pollexfen Radcliffe), that, unknown to myself, he lodged money at my agents for the purchase of my promotion, although I was too proud, when I found it out, to take advantage of a kindness which I sincerely appreciated.

After some months at Parkhurst, I started for the Crimea, in the *Orinoco*, in charge of a draft of about two hundred recruits. I confess to several lumps in my throat on this first departure from home and country, notwithstanding the excitement of embarkation. I could but say:

'Farewell, my native land, farewell!
These bitter tears but faintly tell
How I regret to leave thy shore!
Within my bosom swells my heart
When thinking that I now depart,
Perhaps to see thee never more.'

After an unfortunate, although pleasant, delay at Malta *en route*, I reached the Crimea with my draft some time before the conclusion of the peace on the 3rd April, 1856, and was thus able to imagine myself a warrior of some importance! My regiment was in the Fourth, or Cathcart's, Division, and our good comrades gave us a warm welcome, more especially as our new draft happened to be a fine set of men, composed almost wholly of Irishmen, who turned out to be the best and merriest fellows in our ranks. My stay in the Crimea was an interesting one; we took part, after the peace, in several reviews before Generals Lüders, Pelissier, della Marmora, and others,

the only fault I could find on these occasions being the task which fell to me of carrying the heavy Regimental Colour, which was indeed a tough job in the prevailing high winds that swept over our review ground, the Convent Hill. The British Army turned out for these reviews in splendid condition, and in brand-new uniforms just received from England, and although we were on a very friendly footing both with our allies and with our late enemies, our only regret was the termination of the war just as we were at the top of the wave after months of heavy reverses and privations. In short, throughout the winter of 1854 the allies, especially the British, suffered terrible hardships owing partly to the rigour of the climate, and partly to the lamentable breakdown of the system for provisioning the army. This was in time put right and was succeeded by ease and plenty, but the unfortunate condition of the allied force for so many months helped to prolong the siege, coupled as this was with the prodigious extent and strength of the fortifications of Sevastopol and the skill and obstinacy of the defence.

At the time that our draft arrived matters had, however, been put right, and except for an anxious moment or two until peace was concluded, we could make no claim either to much suffering or fighting. Still youngsters like myself had a never-to-be-forgotten glimpse of campaigning which greatly pleased us, and we were glad at any rate to be able to say afterwards that we were 'with the army in the Crimea,' and to be therefore treated on our return to England as heroes of a most martial type. Prior to re-embarkation for home (24th June, 1856) we had some enjoyable trips into the interior of the Crimea. Those to

Bakchiserai and Simpheropol were very interesting, and as they were within 60 miles of our camp, we managed the journey very well with the help of carts and ponies. We found the Krim Tartars as friendly as they were dirty; so that we came back with an indelible impression on our minds of these simple but rough people, and an equally deep, but fortunately transitory, impression on our bodies of the huge fleas we found in our rough beds. The poor Tartars spoke to us a great deal more warmly of the Turks than of the Russians, whom they appeared to dislike very much since their subjugation some half a century before our visit. I now wish that I had kept notes of all I saw and heard in the Crimea generally, but the youngsters of that day abhorred diaries, and I thought but little of experiences which are now almost passed from my memory.

Before leaving the Crimea we were quartered for some little time in the town of Sevastopol, and enjoyed our stay there very much, more especially as it included a daily swim to the warships which the Russians had sunk in the harbour; and, in leaving for home at last, our thoughts wandered back to the memories of the glorious struggle which in the end bore so little fruit on account of the Russians being allowed by the other contracting Powers to tear up our Treaty with impunity almost paragraph by paragraph. And we did not forget the gallant comrades we left behind in their last sleep on Russian soil.

'There is no Past for them; their deathless fame
Is present now and shall be present still
So long as England owns a nation's name
And English hearts with patient feelings thrill.

They sleep afar in foreign earth:
But English maids shall sing
And feel that 'tis a glorious thing
To be of English birth.

'The English sire shall teach his son,
Through age succeeding age,
To scan their deeds on history's page
And do as they have done;
And English children at their play
Shall pause to think upon the story
Their mothers told with tears that day
Of English bravery and glory.'

After a favourable voyage home in H.M.S. *Centurion* we reached Portsmouth on the 19th July *en route* for Aldershot Camp, where we met with a hearty reception. Returning to Portsmouth some months afterwards, we were again enthusiastically welcomed, being entertained by the townspeople at a public banquet on the 16th Sept., and, in our estimation and in that of others, we held ourselves to be true British heroes, and were inclined to take full advantage of this momentary honour! But we seemed, alas! to live in a movable sphere, for we were soon ordered back to Aldershot (6th Feb., 1857), and then after settling down, as we thought, for some years received sudden orders to start for India, where the famous Mutiny with all its horrors had broken out. At a final review on the 5th August, 1857, the Duke of Cambridge took leave of us in a stirring and complimentary speech, and on the following day we embarked at Portsmouth for Calcutta in the American clipper *Champion of the Seas* with half of the 42nd Highlanders on board with us, or 1,500 souls in all, while in the sister ship, the *James Baines*, the 97th Reg.

and the other half of the 42nd embarked at the same time.

We thus bade a hearty farewell to the old country and to our dear Queen (Victoria), who came out from Osborne in the Royal Yacht to see us off. The three regiments started in these two vessels, side by side, for the voyage round the Cape, which took us more than three months to accomplish. This voyage was practically uneventful except for occasional storms, rough weather, and waves which certainly rolled mountains high. The two ships, oddly enough, never sighted one another again till within a hundred miles of the river Hooghly, although, when afterwards comparing logs, we found that we had been sometimes within fifty miles of one another.

In one respect I had the good fortune to reap some benefit from this long journey, for in order to improve the shining hour and to mitigate the dulness of the daily round, Captain (afterwards General) Thomas Lyons and myself, who had each fortunately brought some Hindustani books on board, climbed up daily into what was known as the 'Futtock shroud' to master this lingo, and were so successful in our studies in our quiet and exalted schoolroom that on arrival at Calcutta we were able to pass what was called the 'Little Go' in the language, then an essential qualification for the Staff. We were thus eligible for appointments, which we both soon obtained, in the subsequent operations against the rebels, and I always look back with satisfaction to this little effort which assisted so much to give me a good start in military life in India. Reverting to our voyage, which was so far fortunate as not to include death or disaster, the two vessels found themselves

side by side (22nd October, 1857) in the Bay of Bengal, and amid the greatest excitement on both sides we so far outsailed our sister ship as to catch the first tug for the river Hooghly, a fact important at the moment as giving us a better place in the rota for return home again; in short this advantage eventually brought us back to England three years sooner than our comrades of the 97th Reg. who were in the *James Baines*. I kept a careful log during the voyage which, although not important enough to transcribe, is still interesting to myself as showing the wonderful sailing powers and capacity of the American clippers of that time, seeing that we sometimes scudded along as much as 370 miles a day, although lengthened calms on the Equator spoilt our total record, and that we had sufficient food and drink on board for all ranks from start to finish, which was somewhat fortunate for us, since we never sighted land between Portsmouth and the Hooghly, a distance of some 8,000 sea miles.

In thus writing of my earlier life I have omitted many boyhood experiences, dear to myself, but of no interest now to others. Life was then full of probabilities and possibilities; the sun shone amid showers; serious responsibilities only came later in life; we had relatives to whom to appeal for help, friends who were anxious to assist in all difficulties, acquaintances who made existence bearable; and indeed life at this stage, so generally gay and joyous and so replete with early friendship and adventure, remains with most men as a pleasant dream, unaccompanied as it is at this early period with the burdens and anxieties of later years. This is doubtless as it should be; and one cannot be too grateful to the

Giver of all good things for thus training us for the various positions we have to occupy, by a gradual process of experience and adventure and a complete trust in a loving God and a merciful Creator, both in prosperity and adversity, and amid good report and evil report.

CHAPTER II

Arrival at Calcutta and march up country—Siege and capture of Lucknow, and subsequent operations in the field—Life in the XXth Regiment—Sir Hugh Rose (1857-60).

As I have already written elsewhere* all I had to say on the general subject of the Indian Mutiny, it is unnecessary to enlarge here on its thrilling incidents. It may be sufficient, therefore, to remark, briefly, that it was an outbreak of some 100,000 trained Sepoys, and was thus primarily a military rising, aided and abetted to some extent by malcontents of the hereditary criminal class; that to have held the country during the entire stages of the revolt with a mere handful of British troops was an achievement to which our countrymen may point with just pride—a pride shared by those who, like my own Regiment, only came on the scene after the tide had turned in our favour, and were glad to take some part in the final suppression of this dangerous rising—and that the shock was a terrible one, although it left British power in India more firmly established than ever. Landing at Calcutta, as already said, in Nov., 1857, we were soon ordered off to Benares by bullock train to join General Franks's Division, consisting of a handy

* Clyde and Strathnairn, 1891, Oxford Series, 'Rulers of India.' This book was very favourably reviewed by the press, and upwards of four thousand copies were sold within a few weeks.

column of British troops, with the addition of a large force of Nepalese under Rajah Pulwan Singh. After impatiently waiting there for three months, keeping communications open and so on, we were at last to our great joy directed to move on to Oudh, with orders to clear away the large bands of mutineers who then harassed the country between Benares and Lucknow.

It was at this critical time that Captain Lyons and myself reaped the benefit of our studies at sea by receiving Staff appointments, and I considered myself fortunate in not only being appointed Adjutant to my Regiment, but also Brigade Major to my kind friend Brigadier Evelegh, who was renowned for his power of command and his ability in the field. He was a great disciplinarian and a fine leader, and would undoubtedly have risen to high rank and fame had he not some years later, for family reasons, retired from the Army, much to the regret of the service. No sooner were we on our way to Lucknow than we had our first serious brush with the mutineers (19th February, 1858), who occupied a strongly entrenched village, called Chanda, under a leader known as Mehndie Hussein. We gave these gentlemen a good hiding and took all their guns, moving rapidly on to a place called Ameerapore, where we had another creditable success, and where I had my first, and a somewhat disagreeable, experience of hand-to-hand fighting with experienced Indian swordsmen. Flushed, as men say, with victory, we again advanced on a fortified town called Sultanpore, situated on the river Gumti, and by sheer good luck managed to catch our old friends in a trap, their numbers being estimated at some

25,000 men with 25 guns. A hot and dusty day it was, with a smart fight of some hours, in which our Brigadier (assisted by his able staff officer !) did well. In short, we carried out a favourite manœuvre of our chief's by making a strong feint in front of the town while quietly moving the bulk of our force round to the rear, and thereby taking the enemy completely by surprise, capturing his strong entrenchments one by one in reverse, and inflicting a loss estimated at 1,800 men, besides capturing 21 guns that were afterwards useful to us. How we all liked this marching ! It gave us new life, and made us glad at any rate to find ourselves taking a humble share in the glorious deeds of our countrymen, who had borne the brunt of the early struggle and had kept the mutiny in check under enormous difficulties.

In our advance to the north-west we were accompanied by the native force, already named, mainly composed of the Nepalese of the plains, tall, stalwart men, who had but little resemblance to those short, sturdy Goorkhas of the hill tracts of Nepal, then and since so largely recruited for our army. Our new comrades proved themselves but moderate fighters, and were not easy to get on with on account of absurd prejudices as to caste and food ; but, as we recognised that these arose from a defective religious education rather than from any actual dislike of ourselves, we did not allow anything to disturb that good feeling between us which was then so essential, and which has existed from that day to this between us and our good allies of the northern border.

After clearing the country as well as we could beyond Sultanpore, we moved on gradually to Lucknow, amid many little arduous marches and fights, in

which we lost men and gained experience. I cannot say that any of us young fellows enjoyed the *ping-pong* of the bullets, or the *whiz* of the round shot, or the eccentric *whiggle-waggle* of the shell; nor did we find in actual warfare that any soldier, who was not a pretentious boaster, cared either to lose his, or to take another's, life. To undergo this experience is, in short, a particularly disagreeable duty, a duty that only finds favour with a true soldier from a consciousness that the mission absolves the act, and that everyone is bound in such circumstances to do his best, at all risks and with no uncertain action, for the Sovereign and country of which he is the servant. Whether this justifies what is called volunteering is a thought that often occurred to me when we moved on in our little fights; I mean that sort of oft-recurring volunteering by individuals for active service which finds favour with many, whether they are wanted or not. I have always set my face against this sort of service. If a country wants men in time of war it will ask for them, and no one is in my opinion justified in taking the life of others or in losing his own, unless it comes in the ordinary path of duty, or, in other words, unless one is strictly deputed to fight by superior authority without unnecessarily leaving one's own post to do so. I hope I may not be misunderstood in saying this much. I only wish to make a mild protest against selfish volunteering on the part of individuals for active service in order to gain medals and fame.

We joined Sir Colin Campbell's army before Lucknow on the 4th March, 1858, after fighting three more minor actions on our way within a few days. We all looked eagerly forward to the capture of this famous

city, more especially as the Commander-in-Chief attached considerable importance to it. Lucknow at the time of the mutiny was in proportion, in extent, and in the number of its principal buildings, one of the foremost in India. Situated on the river Gumti, its beautiful palaces, mosques, and public buildings, many of which had become famous, rose in stately array from a maze of long and narrow streets. The Residency stood on a hill gently sloping towards the river, and was an imposing edifice of three stories. Near it were what were called the Iron and Stone bridges over the river. The southern and eastern quarters of the city were bounded by a canal which crossed the road leading to Cawnpore, and finally reached the Gumti. The siege of the Residency began on the 1st July, 1857, from which date till its first relief by Havelock on the 25th September the heroic garrison of 1,500 souls, European and Native, held their weak fortress amid inconceivable hardships and dangers against thousands of rebels, who were constantly reinforced by fresh levies. The second relief by Sir Colin Campbell took place on the 16th November, when the little garrison was withdrawn after a total loss of 713 men, and the city left unmolested until its siege and capture by Sir Colin Campbell's force of 31,000 men on the 20th March, 1858, after a series of operations dating from the 8th of that month.

The mutineers defended Lucknow with three strong ramparts mounted with about 130 guns and mortars, besides erecting bastions, barricades and loopholed walls to command the streets. The first line of defence consisted of a battery of heavy guns and other formidable works, the second of bastioned ram-

parts and parapets, while the third or inner line covered the front of the Kaiser Bagh. Fortunately, the rebel garrison neglected to provide for the defence of the northern side of the fortress, and of this neglect Lord Clyde took full advantage. Our friends the rebels had been very active in Oudh since the relief operations of November, 1857, as we ourselves discovered in our march up from Benares, and had employed their time, as just said, in fortifying Lucknow with entrenchments of considerable strength. So far as General Franks's force was concerned, we at once established ourselves in outworks near the Dilkusha on the outskirts of the city, and for some days were exposed to a heavy fire, which occasioned us a certain loss of life.

The general plan of attack was briefly as follows: While Sir Colin Campbell's force took up various positions called the right and left attack on the south, so to speak, of Lucknow, the task of operating separately from the left or northern bank of the Gumti had been confided to Sir James Outram, who crossed the river and took up a position three miles to the north of the city in order to take the rebel positions in reverse and to enfilade them with a heavy fire from the left bank of the river, while we were to move on and carry these positions by assault. On the 11th March Jung Bahadur, after long delays, joined our force with about 9,000 Nepalese, and was given the place of honour between our right and left attacks. On the same day the Begum's Palace was captured with but slight loss to us, although we mourned the gallant Hodson, whom all admired for his bravery and military skill, and who here fell mortally wounded, shot by an unseen foe while he and others, of whom I

was one, were searching the Palace for lurking rebels. On this same day we took the Secundra Bagh, the Shah Najaf, and other strong positions.

During this time I had an adventure which brought me more credit than I deserved, and for which I was recommended at the time for advancement in rank, while a later Commander-in-Chief, Sir Hugh Rose, officially stated in the kindest manner that for it he had recommended me for the V.C. To our surprise, one night we found that the communications between the right and left attacks were interrupted, and that the success of Sir Colin Campbell's operations was in considerable danger. My Brigadier, in his soldierlike curt way, sent me off to the front to see what was the matter, being disturbed in his mind by heavy firing at the left advanced posts of the attacking force, while all was silent on the right. I went off on my mission, found that the Nepal troops had retired in a panic from their intermediate positions, which were thereupon occupied by the enemy, and then, after bringing them back to the front as best I could, I started on to the right attack in the dark of the night, being obliged, *en route*, to swim the Canal and to pick my way through an intricate part of the city full of the enemy. Under a heavy fire (not, of course, immediately directed on myself) I crept through the streets unobserved, and came, to my great relief, upon the advanced post of the right attack (42nd Highlanders) close to the river Gumti. The men were overjoyed to see me, as they had been 'left in the air' for some days by the untimely falling back of the Nepal troops, and could get no information as to what was going on. I was fortunately able to tell them all the news and to explain the position of affairs, and after a good

draught of Highland whisky I returned through the city without a scar and arrived safely back at our pickets—who kindly fired on me in the dark as a rebel —to the great satisfaction of my anxious Brigadier. I attached but little importance to this adventure at the moment, but I afterwards felt deeply grateful to the kind providence of God, Who, as on this occasion, guards and saves us in danger often without our knowledge, and as often without acknowledgment for His gracious protection.

At length on the 14th March, when the Engineers under the gallant Napier (afterwards Lord Napier of Magdala) had completed the dangerous work of sapping through houses in the line of the enemy's fire, Franks's Division was ordered, to our great joy, to attack the Kaiser Bagh and Imambara, which were considered to be the keys of the enemy's position. As Brigade Major of the column told off for the attack, I was sent a little ahead with certain orders, which enabled me, on the sly, to accompany our gallant fellows of the XXth and 38th in the assault on the Kaiser Bagh. This gave me the privilege of being one of the first in at the gate, where we were cordially received with a heavy rifle fire from hundreds of rebels inside, and I need not add that I returned as soon as I could to my Brigadier with the words 'all right,' very much as an innocent-looking terrier returns to his master after killing a rabbit in the woods.

The Kaiser Bagh was full of well-trained mutineers, who made a fair stand at first, although they eventually gave way after fighting from building to building, and leaving at our disposal large quantities of jewellery and valuables, which made our mouths water,

and which we should have been glad to annex if the exigencies of the fight had allowed us time to do so. From the capture of the Kaiser Bagh our men moved on to a large, square, loopholed building known as the 'Engine House,' in which attack I was again lucky enough, by a mere chance, to have a share, and in which Radcliffe, Warren, Francis, and others of the XXth Regiment greatly distinguished themselves. In this somewhat fierce hand-to-hand encounter the enemy lost 350 men, while our own casualties were comparatively small. Thence we moved rapidly on to the Chutter Manzil, Moti Mahal, and other buildings on the right bank of the river, which operations resulted in the capture of the city some days before Sir Colin Campbell believed it to be possible. We effected this capture on the 19th March with a casualty list of only 627 officers and men, so that the boldness and rapidity of our attack had a good result, although by some mismanagement, or under some orders from headquarters never afterwards satisfactorily explained, thousands of armed rebels were allowed by Outram's force to escape unmolested over the Iron Bridge of the river.

Sir Colin Campbell gave high praise to the regimental leaders of Franks's Division and the soldiers that followed them for these particular operations, but much regret was felt in the army at this escape of the greater part of the rebels across the river Gumti. That Outram desired to cross over the river from the northern to the southern bank by the famous Iron Bridge to complete the effect of the capture of the Kaiser Bagh by a crushing rear attack on the rebels in the city is a matter of history. But this move was apparently not permitted, for he was said to have been

forbidden to act if he thought that by so doing he would lose a single man, and thus a great chance was thrown away. This lost opportunity, followed by failure a few days later on the part of Outram's cavalry in the pursuit of further bands of the flying enemy, prevented the fall of Lucknow from proving the final and crushing blow it ought to have been, and prolonged the mutiny campaign until the end of 1859.

So far as my particular regiment was concerned, we formed part of Evelegh's Brigade (to which I was still attached as staff officer) after the taking of Lucknow, and had the misfortune to be kept on for some months in the cantonments of the city, where we lost some of our best officers and men from virulent cholera, arising, it was believed, from the number of dead bodies which had either been left lying about or buried only a few inches below the ground. Under the test of incessant vigilance we had become an efficient force, ready at times for sudden night marches, and at times for prolonged operations of sorts under the broiling heat of the Indian midsummer sun. Sometimes with tents, sometimes without tents, invariably suffering a heat which varied from 90° to 120° in the shade, we trudged good-temperedly along in those adventurous days, not altogether without a sense of enjoyment. On one occasion we made a night march against a fortified town called Mohan, and cleared the rebels out of the district in an affair which was afterwards described by Sir Colin Campbell as one planned by our Brigadier with great foresight and rapidity.

In this march occurred one of the many humorous incidents which lightened our incessant work at this time. At daylight we surprised an outpost of the rebels, with two guns, asleep in a large tope (grove)

of mango-trees. They skeltered off at the double, leaving all their possessions behind them, while we boldly took charge of our unexpected prize and settled down for a few moments' rest and refreshment before further operations. Some of our men seeing a lot of wasps' nests about began to destroy them, when down came a winged army which put us to an ignominious flight, in which we lost several men and horses stung to death, while it was to all of us a case of *sauve qui peut*, many throwing themselves headlong into a neighbouring stagnant pond to escape the new enemy. The outpost of rebels, who had not gone far away, seeing our confusion, returned to the tope, recovered their own guns and property, and captured the whole of ours; but it was not many minutes before they were again in full flight, with many casualties from virulent stings, while we, pulling ourselves together and finding that the tired-out wasps had themselves beaten a retreat, regained the day and marched on as best we could against Mohan, which was soon cleared of rebels.

These night marches were somewhat irksome, and often gave us great anxiety when marching through jungle and forest, because at times, as the Bengalee Baboo would say, while pursuing a course as the crow flies to his humble domicile, we often heard a hissing sound, and applying close scrutiny of double optics to the spot whence proceeded the said disturbance, we were much horrified and temporaneously paralyzed to lo-and-behold a mighty, enormous reptile of cobra de capello making a frontal attack. Later on we fought actions at places called Meangunge, Morar Mow, and Simree, in which we inflicted loss on the rebels, took many guns, and gradually broke down the rebellion.

At this time I myself suffered from a severe sunstroke, from which I fortunately recovered without any permanent harm. After these movements, which were all carried out during the hot-weather months of 1858, we at length joined a field force under Sir Colin Campbell for certain operations in Northern Oudh, which at this lapse of time it would be of no interest to describe, but which, in our Commander-in-Chief's opinion, brought the campaign virtually to an end, although, as before noted, the mutiny did not in reality terminate till the close of 1859, for during that year also our column had a good deal of hard work and much desultory fighting. Indeed, so busy in the field had my particular regiment really been that, in addressing the Rifle Brigade before leaving India in 1860, Lord Clyde told that corps that they had been the hardest-worked regiment in India 'with 'the exception of the XXth Regiment.' In these final operations I had the good fortune to serve under Sir Hope Grant for a short time. He was a fine soldier, and he and I, albeit different in rank, became very friendly. He was musical, and was almost always accompanied by an enormous violoncello, carried on a camel. Natives ran away from it whenever it appeared, calling it 'shaitan' (the devil). I also carried about a little hand piano, which I found of great use for singing and keeping up our spirits in these somewhat hard-working times. Sir Hope Grant was afterwards (1859) appointed to the chief command of the expedition against China. I never saw him again, but he was very good to me in 1858, and a few years afterwards wrote very strongly to the Horse Guards (1864) urging my promotion. He died 7th March, 1875.

Sir Colin Campbell left India in June, 1860, after being raised to the Peerage for his services. As Lord Clyde he died at Chatham on August 14, 1863, generally regretted. He was not a great commander, although beloved by all ranks, more especially by the Highlanders, to whom, perhaps, naturally enough, he gave undue credit in the Indian operations. He was too cautious in dealing with the Indian rebels, and in this way showed a marked difference from Sir Hugh Rose, who knew exactly how to tackle them, as he proved in his wonderful campaign of 1858 in Central India. We all believed at the time that Sir Hugh would have ended the whole mutiny campaign much sooner had he been entrusted with the duty. Lord Clyde's excessive prudence gained him the sobriquet of 'Old Khabardar' (Old Take Care). The saving of life, however well intended on Sir Colin's part, did not always fulfil his anticipations, but proved the cause of unnecessary and prolonged operations, and too often of losses to troops worn out by long exposure and disease. In fact, in many cases masterly combinations were designed by him and his Chief of the Staff (Sir W. Mansfield, afterwards Lord Sandhurst), only to result in finding the rebels gone before their complicated plans could bear fruit.

Complex combinations were, on the other hand, rejected by Sir Hugh Rose as unsuitable to the particular kind of warfare experienced during the Mutiny. 'When the enemy is in the open,' he wrote, 'go straight at him and keep him moving; and when 'behind ramparts still go at him, and cut off all 'chance of retreat when possible, and pursue him if 'escaping or escaped.' He carried out these principles with a vengeance, and electrified the country

by a rapid campaign in the most warlike part of India which has never had a parallel. Our final operations against the Pandies (December, 1859) entailed a march to the frontiers of Northern Oudh, where we surrounded and captured the last remaining band of rebels, amounting to about 4,000 men with their women and children. Among these fellows were the original mutineers of the famous Nusseerabad Brigade, who were primarily responsible for the Cawnpore massacre and other iniquities, and for whom therefore we had no pity; but feeling unable to punish them as they deserved, our Brigadier, acting on the advice of the Civil authorities, let them all go to their homes by degrees, in the hope that their long and bitter experiences and sorry plight would be a more profitable warning to their families and friends than condign punishment.

I had myself an interesting talk with one of the ringleaders of the Cawnpore Massacre, Jawala Pershad, who before being hanged gave me two silver bangles and some old rings, which he said belonged to the Nana, in gratitude for some kindness I had shown him when starving; he at the same time told me of the then whereabouts of the Nana in Nepal, information which was afterwards verified as correct. Quartered at Gondah (about 60 miles from Lucknow), for some considerable time after the final close of the mutiny we had in reality a very good time as matters then went. We made the best of our existence, at any rate, by a great deal of shooting, pig-sticking and other amusements, intermixed with duties and parades. I myself have no fault to find, so far as my recollection goes, with our life at Gondah, seeing that I myself had plenty of work to do as

Adjutant, accompanied with a sort of restless discontent which some people call ambition. An Adjutant had at that time great power and influence in a Regiment. I endeavoured to fill the post with credit by being strict on duty, while remaining on the best terms with both officers and men—not always an easy mixture.

Of some matters under my Adjutancy I was a little proud. I taught our Light company to ride, and our Grenadier company to handle guns, so that we had a ready-made Regiment of the three arms able to help both Cavalry and Artillery with recruits in time of need during the campaign. I was also able to establish classes in drill, so that the older soldier was not persecuted with daily instruction with the recruits. Thus, the 1st Class established by a system of marks on parade for excellence were allowed much liberty and only had to be on parade twice a week; the 2nd Class were paraded four times a week, and the 3rd or lowest Class all day and half the night! The emulation for the 1st Class was keen, and the arrangement brought the Regiment into a high state of drill, seeing that the men practised in private as if on parade, in order to advance to the higher classes! The system was thus very successful and was afterwards copied by others, although, as usual, I got no thanks for the original idea nor for being the first regimental Officer to start Reading and Recreation rooms within the Barracks, provided with games and with good liquor to drink at all times, on account of which privileges our men behaved well and seldom went into adjoining villages for arrack.

I find that I wrote to my father at this time that 'without being too confident of my abilities, which

'are of a very ordinary character, I feel sure that 'once I get my foot on the ladder I shall get to the 'top. In the present day one's fortune hangs on a 'hair, and unlooked-for events may happen before 'the year is out.' Again I wrote to the same kind father, who delighted in my epistles and but too often took my grumbles so seriously as to write long comforting letters in reply, 'I have become very 'ambitious lately and shall fly at high game when I 'get the chance,' and so on—words which were, oddly enough, not long in fulfilment through an apparently off-chance; for on the 14th December, 1860, the Commander-in-Chief (Sir Hugh Rose) came to Gondah to inspect the Regiment, with the reputation of being hard to please and quick to reprove, and was unexpectedly warm in his commendations of its appearance and efficiency after a series of severe tests in drill and a close inspection of the interior economy of the corps. I was, much to my chagrin, laid up on the eventful day with a broken collar-bone from a fall from my horse a few days before the inspection, but my Colonel (Colonel Cormick) generously gave all the credit of the condition of the Regiment to myself, a praise which Sir Hugh Rose never forgot in regard to men whom the Chief called a 'fine, smart, 'well-drilled and well-behaved body of men, as good 'in quarters as they are in the field'—no mean praise from so splendid and practical a soldier then in the zenith of his fame after his remarkable campaign in Central India. The ultimate bearing of this inspection on my own career was not unimportant, as will be seen further on in the fact that, as a young Subaltern of no fame or standing, I became Military Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief, with the relative

rank of Colonel, with great responsibilities under such a Chief as one of his confidential advisers and with all the staff appointments of the army in my pocket.

I will only add here that there was a principle in the regiment that a man conspicuous for devotion to his duty and for good conduct was often sought for in after-life to the exclusion of more talented competitors, but that, be these qualities what they may, they failed him unless sustained by a good life. Both officers and men of the old XXth acted up to this principle with greater or less success, and a better set of fellows never existed, cemented as the comradeship between them was by the past sorrows and joys of two great campaigns. We had, moreover, glorious traditions handed down to us during an existence of two centuries, in which such names as Kingsley, Wolfe, and Ross were borne on the rolls of the Regiment, not to mention many others who had faithfully served their Sovereign and country in the stirring days of old. As I write these lines many of our comrades of Crimean and Indian days have retired into obscurity or gone to their rest, but I cannot refrain from mentioning one who, after distinguishing himself greatly in the Crimea, became Sergeant-Major of our 2nd Battalion, and eventually found himself, where he now is, in the Yeomen of the Guard. I allude to Major Arthur Rule, a perfect type of a true soldier, who has received the Silver Medal of the Victoria Order from the hands of King Edward VII., and has had his portrait engraved under Royal auspices after sixty years' service. The mantle of the old XXth has now fallen upon nine descendants, or, in other words, on nine Battalions of the Lancashire Fusiliers, which has the distinction of

being one of the best Regiments in the Service, famous alike for its fighting powers, drill, and discipline.

It can, therefore, well be imagined how sorry I was to leave my old corps, even for a time; but I little knew when I left Gondah that it was to be perhaps for ever! When this separation soon afterwards occurred, I could not but feel touched with the tributes of friendship which it evoked from both officers, non-commissioned officers, and men. Colonel Evelegh had already written highly of me both in public despatches and private letters, and, among many others, Colonel Cormick, who succeeded him, wrote (4th October, 1861): 'I cannot sufficiently 'express how much I regret your leaving the 'Regiment. I always did admire your *esprit de corps*, 'which, combined with your holding the Adjutancy, 'I have no hesitation in saying conduced most 'materially to keeping the Regiment in such an 'efficient state.' It would take up unnecessary space to quote from other letters received from all ranks, so I will content myself by saying that they are much valued by me, although they added to my regret at leaving old friends and comrades, many of whom I never saw again. One of these afterwards wrote officially (Colonel Bennett): 'Most unfortunately all 'Lieut. Burne's contemporaries in this Regiment have 'gone over his head by purchase, which must be in 'the highest degree disheartening; yet, doubtless, 'this Officer is the most deserving of them all in real 'high intelligence and thorough acquaintance with his 'profession.' With this pardonable record of my merits over forty years ago—not always a reliable test—I close this chapter.

CHAPTER III

Visit to Calcutta—Appointment as Military Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief—Reconstruction of the Army—Lord Canning's Durbar at Allahabad—Death of Lady Canning—Inspection tours—Simla (1861-62).

THE change alluded to in the last chapter thus came about. In the spring of 1861 I obtained leave to go to Calcutta, partly with the object of seeing my eldest brother, then Colonel Henry Burne of the Military Department, and partly with a hope that I might obtain a staff appointment which would add to my slender means. I wrote to my father at this time that 'if offered a staff appointment I shall think the 'expense of the journey well laid out.' I had continued to work at Hindustani in order to attain the higher standard—then a necessary condition for a permanent staff appointment—and was able within a few weeks to pass (5th August) what was called the Fort William *College* examination, which gave me the coveted letters of P.C.H.

During this visit I frequently met in society the Commander-in-Chief, who was extremely kind and courteous, and told me that his Adjutant-General, Colonel Haythorne (he died 18th October, 1888) had spoken highly to him about me. This kind and gallant soldier, who was much respected in the army, in evident recollection of the inspection at Gondah the year before, had given me some temporary work

Hugh Rose

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD STRATHNAIRN.

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in his office, on reaching which one morning (17th September) in the course of ordinary business I received the following laconic and characteristic letter from Sir Hugh Rose—viz., 'I have much pleasure in 'asking you to be my military secretary, and hope 'you will accept and come to-morrow morning to 'commence work.' Here was a *higher standard*, and no mistake! I could hardly believe my eyes. But notwithstanding a certain disinclination as a youngster of only twenty-four years of age to take the plunge, I gratefully accepted the offer with hardly any other thought in my mind at the moment than the pleasure the news would give the old folks at home, who, as I afterwards learnt, bought a big flag and drum in celebration of the event, while my father was tempted to take many extra pinches of snuff. I began work the next morning with a somewhat palpitating heart, after ordering from my Calcutta tailor, to whom I owed a small bill, a military secretary's uniform with full Colonel's lace, doing so with such a swing as to make 'Mr. Snip' stare at me as some lunatic at large.

Sir Hugh Rose had just published a general order (2nd August, 1861) in which he said that 'an Adju- 'tancy is a post to which all officers desirous of 'making a career should aspire. It is a good pre- 'paration for the Adjutant-General's Department or 'Personal Staff. An Adjutancy makes officers ac- 'quainted with the discipline, the characters, the 'feelings and amusements of soldiers, and every 'description of drill, official business correspondence, 'and military laws. A good Adjutant is an officer of 'promise.' This order he quickly followed with another (September, 1861), to the effect that 'he in- 'tended to confer the appointments which were in his

'gift solely on officers of tried merit and of good 'promise,' and 'chiefly for service in a regiment 'which has distinguished itself by its discipline and 'good interior economy.' It was no doubt due to these convictions, on which Sir Hugh Rose invariably acted during his command of the army in India, that I owed an appointment which brought me thenceforward in close touch for nine years with one of the great soldiers of the age, who never altered in his friendship for me from start to finish.

Fortunately for myself, I found my new work both congenial and easy, as my new Chief was considerate, and he on his part found me in harmony with him on all points in which he was most interested in connection with the army. He was then at the height of his fame, and had already proved himself to be the right man in the right place as Commander-in-Chief. Quick in thought and temper, rigid in matters of discipline, and a man of iron frame, he was no easy master to serve, although our mutual relations were happily never clouded by a cross word from that time till the day of his death, twenty-four years afterwards. I was greatly helped in my new work from past experience as a regimental Adjutant, which enabled me to assist my Chief materially in all his inspections and in all his schemes for the benefit of Tommy Atkins, whom he devotedly loved, and who returned his devotion in an unmistakable manner. Reconstruction after the great Mutiny was the order of the day when I joined my new appointment; the entire army of India, both European and native, had to go through the mill, for everything was in a state of transition, and it required all the wisdom of those in authority to reorganize institutions, especially those

of the native army, which had been shaken and discredited. On Lord Canning devolved the duty of reconciling the clashing opinions of theorists with the practical advice of experts, and in the frequent consultations which took place between the Viceroy and Sir Hugh Rose I had an interesting share.

During this important period a Royal Commission was sitting at home to decide the fate of the Indian army. Ponderous Blue-Books were issued, and masses of reports, so dear to Indian officials, were collected, the outcome of which, in a few words, was the abolition of the European troops of the old Company's forces, the formation of a so-called staff corps, and a reduction of the native army, which in future was to be enlisted for general service, and to be reconstructed on what was known as the regular system—all great and complex questions which certainly tested my own poor brains and occupied all my time with the Commander-in-Chief, so that in writing again to my father I had to say that 'the Chief requires a lot of work 'done, but I like my new appointment, and am getting 'into the swing of what gives a splendid position, a 'responsible voice in the reconstruction of the Army, 'and the giving away of appointments which at present 'forms an important part of my work.' And here I may say that, on my first introduction to Lord Canning, I was not quite sure of my own identity. He rather chuckled at my youthful appearance as a military secretary, and jokingly asked if I was 'Byrne, the hero of a hundred fights'—the name of a celebrated madman then much talked about in India. For a long time after this I was nicknamed the Hero. I saw a great deal of Lord and Lady Canning in India, and liked them much. He was a grave man, sorrowful,

and borne down with his responsibilities, but always courteous and kind. She was an accomplished and highly-gifted woman, much beloved by all classes.

Our stay at Calcutta in 1861 was comparatively short, as Sir Hugh Rose was anxious to start on one of his rapid tours of inspection, and to be at Allahabad in time for Lord Canning's first Durbar as Viceroy (1st November, 1861), in which my Chief and many of the great Indian Princes were to receive the Grand Cross of the new order of the Star of India. The occasion was an impressive one, in which Lord Canning bore the principal part. His long address to the Chiefs was delivered with all that dignity and choice of language for which he was noted. He spoke of the great Queen who had desired him to decorate them; he thanked all present for their services in the Mutiny; he particularly impressed upon the Chiefs and Princes their duty in the future of abolishing infanticide, of making roads and railways in their territories, and of moving on in the paths of virtue and civilization, and so on—a fine address, unfortunately translated, according to custom, by the then Foreign Secretary, who was an indifferent Hindustani scholar. He bluntly said, so far as I can remember, to the horror of those who knew the language, and to the visible astonishment of the Chiefs: 'Lord Sahib 'fermata hai, Salaam. Tum log badzat hai. Chokri 'mat maro. Rasta banao. Chalo. Bas. Salaam.' Which meant, literally translated, 'The Viceroy com-'mands me to say "How d'ye do? You are a set of '"—— rascals. Reform! Don't kill your female '"children. Make roads and move on. Enough! '"You may go."'

I need hardly dwell on the denouement. Lord

Canning stood in mute surprise at his long and graceful speech being translated in such tiny sentences, and muttered, 'Certainly Hindustani must be a very com-'prehensive language.' Mutual explanations followed, which ended in a clever Baboo of the Foreign Office, who happened to be present, being put up to do the real translation. This Durbar, alas! was to have a sad postscript, for Lady Canning, having taken the opportunity of going to the Darjeeling hills on a sketching tour, caught malarial fever, and was brought back to Calcutta, only to die there (18th November, 1861). From that time Lord Canning lost all his spirit, and left India four months afterwards, to breathe his last in his native country (17th June, 1862), while his wife rested in her grave in the grounds of the Governor-General's Park at Barrackpore. Here she wished to be laid, and a beautiful marble tomb erected by her husband is still lovingly cared for by successive Viceroys.

In speaking of the Allahabad Durbar, I may say that I had many similar amusing experiences later on of the difficulty of conveying our English ideas in an Eastern language. At one of our inspections at Peshawar, for instance, at a time when cholera was prevalent, Sir Hugh Rose had to present new colours to a Native Regiment, and made a really good speech to the men, ending with a passage that he gave these colours with confidence to a fine corps, and was sure they would die under them rather than resign them to the enemy, and so on. The translator (not myself) was a shy man new to his work, and conveyed to them the idea that they were all going to die under the new flags! We noticed a shudder and a movement and mutterings in Hindustani, 'We'll be hanged

if 'we do !' till, grasping the situation, Sir Hugh had to put it all right by a copious explanation of the phrase, and by the expression of a regret that cholera was among them.

Again, at the Imperial Assemblage of 1877 Lord Lytton presented to each Native Chief a banner, of which, by some mistake in England, the pole was of such enormous weight as to require two Highlanders to carry this symbol of the Viceroy's regard. Lord Lytton varied his little address to each Chief. To one he said that he hoped the banner would never be unfurled without reminding its possessor of its weight of responsibility, and so on. The Chief eagerly replied in a loud voice, 'Yes, yes, Lord Sahib ; quite 'true. But the banner is so infernally heavy that 'I can never unfurl it !' till, aghast at the reply, our Foreign Secretary had to invent a quantity of fresh Hindustani on the spur of the moment to lead the poor Chief to Lord Lytton's hope by an entirely new phraseology.

Another good story has been told by Miss Sorabji, which is almost too good for implicit credence. *Suar* means in Hindustani a pig, and is a term, especially when applied to Mahomedans, of the most furious abuse ; *sowar* is a trooper. *Billa* means a medal, while *billi* means a cat. At the Imperial Assemblage just mentioned certain silver commemoration medals were given to various selected men of regiments to be hung round the neck on special occasions. In an evil hour the Colonel of a Native Regiment, new to his work, and not well acquainted with shades of accent, insisted on addressing his regiment in their own language, and this is what he said :

'Pigs ! the Queen Empress has sent to me a number

'of cats, which I now distribute among you. She 'requests me that you will hang them round your 'necks, and continue to wear them for ever.'

After the Allahabad Durbar, we ourselves moved up-country to continue the Chief's inspections, our ultimate goal being Peshawar and the frontier. Here our experiences were both novel and interesting, although I can only speak briefly of them, as my daily work was so heavy that I had little time for memoranda or diaries. In this and other tours Sir Hugh Rose paid great attention to a matter which brought him credit from its advantageous results to the Army—viz., the establishment of soldiers' workshops and gardens, and of reading-rooms, regimental institutions, and canteens. In these matters I myself had had some experience in my old Regiment, and shared my Chief's satisfaction at the ultimate result of his work, seeing that they provided salutary employment for the men in the weary hours of cantonment life, and did much to attract them to remain within their lines instead of wandering into neighbouring villages for poisonous liquor.

Sir Hugh Rose also took a great interest in the men's rations, which formed a groundwork for continual warfare between him and the Commissariat Department. I may, perhaps, relate one of many incidents in this matter, told in better language than my own by my friend the late General Osborn Wilkinson. He says in his interesting reminiscences ('Gemini Generals,' 1896): 'In his inspections Sir 'Hugh Rose was fond of looking into details, and this 'was often an occasion of some tribulation among 'departmental officials. One day Sir Hugh, accom-'panied by his faithful henchman Owen Burne, visited

'the hospital and barracks of a certain regiment, and, 'seeing upon the table a bowl of what he deemed to 'be soup, he asked for a spoon, and tasted it. Before 'giving an opinion, however, he requested the In- 'spector-General of Hospitals, who accompanied him, 'to taste it also. "Excellent soup, your Excellency," 'said that worthy official, smacking his lips, "and '"most nutritious." Sir Hugh turned to one of the 'soldiers and asked, "Do you get such good soup '"every day?" when, to the dismay of all around, 'the man answered in broad Caledonian accent, "It's '"nae soup ava; it's the washin' o' the plates and '"dishes." The Inspector-General of Hospitals col- 'lapsed, and Sir Hugh had no appetite for the rest of 'the day, while Owen Burne disappeared by the back 'door till the storm was over.'

We all had rare times when on these tours of inspection, riding from camp to camp, keeping a good pack of hounds for our amusement between-whiles, and getting a good idea of both country and people in our various progresses throughout a large part of India. In this particular tour to the frontier we reached Peshawar (17th December, 1861) after a series of inspections in the North-West Provinces and the Punjab, and thence galloped down the frontier of some 600 miles on Irregular Cavalry horses specially laid out for us some time beforehand at stages of ten miles (and therefore so fresh as to be almost impossible to ride), at the rate of sixty miles a day. These long rides made us indent largely on our good Doctor (Longhurst) for repairs to suffering skins; and, as our animals invariably ran away with us at each stage, we also became experienced horsemen before the end of the journey.

The end of this tour brought me for the first time (April, 1862) to Simla, a really beautiful spot 8,000 feet above the sea, situated more than a thousand miles from Calcutta, and still further from Bombay. Simla was originally made known to us by two Scottish officers engaged in survey in 1817, and was first visited officially in 1827 by Lord Amherst, who made it temporarily Government Headquarters, and no Viceroy after Lord Canning took office without a clear understanding that this plan of moving headquarters from Calcutta to Simla for the hot weather was not to be interfered with from home! It is impossible to describe in adequate language the impression made on the mind of a newcomer by the climate and beauty of this hill station.

Picture to yourself, dear reader of these pages, many weary months in the Indian plains amid desperate heat, tormented by mosquitoes, choked with dust, and clad in the thinnest of white clothing; then a journey of sixty odd miles in a dakghari, followed by a steady ascent of another sixty miles from Kalka (viâ Kassauli, Subathu, and Dagshai), right up into the clouds, either on a pony or in a hill-cart, till landed at last in a comfortable bungalow perched on a hillside of magnificent deodar and pine trees, fires burning brightly, greatcoats ready to put on, and ease and comfort once more discovered amid beautiful mountain scenery in an atmosphere so clear and rarefied as to make the newcomer feel like a sort of airship ready to sail over the moon! In no other part of the world, so far as I know, could such a rapid transition from heat to cold, and misery to comfort, be made; and this my first arrival at Simla after exceptional heat and hard work in the plains will remain an ever-abiding recollection

of joy. Ofttimes in this happy retreat we were enveloped in clouds charged with rain and electricity as if in a dense fog, and amused ourselves by watching from our elevated standpoint these same clouds passing on from us and pouring their contents on the plains beneath us in raging thunder storms. How we pitied our less fortunate brethren below on these occasions!

Our season of 1862 was a pleasant one, and I had the satisfaction on my first arrival of opening the English mail and receiving the Duke of Cambridge's approval of my appointment as Military Secretary, more especially as I was rather afraid that the Horse Guards might take some exception to it on account of my want of rank, being still a Lieutenant anxiously looking out for the rank of Captain, and waiting since 1858 for my promised Brevet Majority.

Lord Elgin arrived in India, in April of this year, as the new Viceroy; he spent his first season at Simla, and he and Lady Elgin were liked by us all, although they did not entertain much, on account of ill-health and for other reasons. Lest anyone may think that Simla is merely an ideal holiday resort, I may mention that Government work both in my time and since is always harder in hill stations than elsewhere, but fortunately the conditions are such that work is more easily done there than in the heat of the plains. As Sir Hugh Rose was a member of the Governor-General's Council, as well as Commander-in-Chief, all departmental papers came to him, and we passed long hours together in mastering the complex questions that daily came round for discussion in Council. Still, amid all this hard work, Simla was a 'dream' to me after four hot seasons in the plains, and our spare time was pleasantly taken up with

picnics, dances, glee-clubs, cricket (on a level bit of ground some 1,000 feet below, called Annandale), etc., so that our existence was, to say the least of it, endurable, and my own house next to 'Barnes Court,' then the official residence of the Commander-in-Chief, was the scene of many receptions and entertainments. In this sorrowful world, however, there is a thorn in every rose, and my season of 1862 did not end as pleasantly as it began, for, in two well-known military cases to which I need not now refer, Sir Hugh Rose had to take severe measures which the Horse Guards did not at the moment like, although subsequently acknowledging that his action was correct.

As the fault of this action was put by the Duke of Cambridge on the 'youthful Military Secretary,' as to whose junior rank H.R.H. wrote many letters (although he had approved my appointment), I felt it right, against my own Chief's wish, to put an end to the discussion by resigning my berth, after holding it successfully for more than a year. It was a bitter pill to swallow, as it put an end to what might otherwise have led to rapid Army promotion, but I was fortunately able to hide my chagrin, to recognise that there were disadvantages in my want of rank, and to be content with the sudden changes that come to most men in the battle of life! The blow was softened in a measure by Sir Hugh Rose begging me to remain on as Private Secretary, and by his writing an official letter to the Government of India to the effect that the change had come about through no fault of mine. At the same time letters of sympathy and regret came in from all the General Officers with whom I had been in close relations, and the Indian Press bore public testimony to my humble merits in a large

number of articles, written by unknown hands, which I have retained among my papers ever since with some pride. But, alas! what a change it was from Military Secretary, with full relative rank as Colonel, to a humble galloping Private Secretary sort of Aide-de-Camp! Even my Calcutta tailor was horrified!

Our next cold weather tour (1862-63) was in Central India, where Fred Roberts (since Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, K.G.) joined us as a Deputy Quartermaster-General. We two became fast friends, and have so remained ever since that time. Roberts had come to Simla to join the Headquarters Staff with a charming bride, who proved a great accession to our select circle, as being not only handsome, but full of goodness and brightness. 'Bobs' was then a man of thirty, a slim, active fellow, full of life, quick of thought, and an exceptional organizer, to whom nothing came amiss. Indeed, he was as good a fellow as ever stepped—a character which no amount of after advancement to high military and social rank has ever altered. Luck, as some people call it, he afterwards had, because he had the gift of 'seizing 'opportunities when they came to him,' but to his honour be it said no brother officer ever begrudged that luck or found this great soldier otherwise than a sincere friend whose simplicity was never damaged by advancement. No one, perhaps, has described him better than Rudyard Kipling, some of whose verses I take the liberty of quoting:

'There's a little red-faced man,
Which is Bobs;
Rides the tallest 'orse 'e can,
Our Bobs.

If it bucks or kicks or rears,
'E can sit for twenty years,
With a smile round both his ears—
Can't yer, Bobs?

'If a limber's slipped a trace,
'Ook on Bobs;
If a marker's lost his place,
Dress by Bobs.
For 'e's eyes all up his coat,
An' a bugle in his throat,
An' you will not play the goat
Under Bobs.

'Then 'ere's to Bobs Bahadur—
Little Bobs, Bobs, Bobs!
Pocket Wellin'ton an' *arder*—
Fightin' Bobs, Bobs, Bobs!
This ain't no bloomin' ode,
But you've 'elped the soldier's load,
An' for benefits bestowed,
Bless yer, Bobs!'

Another man with whom I was then on intimate terms, and with whom I was associated thirty-five years afterwards on the Council of India, was Donald Stewart (afterwards Field-Marshal Sir Donald Stewart), who was an older man than Bobs. He was a shrewd, canny Scot, and proved himself to be as good in the field as he was an adviser in Council. Lumsden (afterwards Sir Peter Lumsden) was another good fellow on the Headquarters Staff, and with his kind-hearted wife proved a great acquisition to our limited society. I name these three old friends, out of many others belonging to those good days of yore, because their names became afterwards familiar in military history; but if space permitted I could mention scores, such as my old friend Charlie Hume of the Rifle Brigade, Henry Oldham of the Cameron

Highlanders (both now in the King's Bodyguard), Walter Goldsworthy of the 8th Hussars, of Central Indian campaign fame, and others, who were in those happy days associated with us at Headquarters under a Commander-in-Chief surrounded with exceptional men and served by first-rate officers in all parts of India.

Our Central Indian tour of 1862 was an interesting one, present as we were at the consecration by the Bishop of Calcutta of the Cawnpore Memorial, which brought back many memories of the Mutiny, afterwards visiting all the scenes of Sir Hugh Rose's old battlefields, including a pleasant visit to the Maharajah of Gwalior, whom he had assisted so materially in that anxious time to regain his State, from which he had been driven by the mutineers, and who could not do too much during our visit to show his friendship and gratitude. To see Scindiah at the head of his army at the great review he gave us one day was a sight worthy of *Punch*. His great Highness stuttered so badly that his troops could not understand a word he said, and yet, no doubt by previous arrangement, they moved with exact precision at each word of command. One regiment which he was particularly proud to show us was what he called his Highlanders —men dressed in a variety of discarded old kilts, bought from certain Highland regiments in India, and clad in pink tights specially ordered from England to cover their black legs. Before we left Gwalior the Maharajah gave us a great entertainment in which the viands were all cold, besides being as hard as bullets and covered with gold leaf in honour of the occasion. Our Persian Interpreter (Colonel Moore), who was a bit of a wag and a general favourite with us all, had

Fred Roberts. Mrs. Roberts. Self.

SIR HUGH ROSE'S STAFF. SIMLA, 1862.

had a passage of arms with the Chief, and in answer to a whispered question from him at the banquet found an opportunity of paying him out by assuring him that according to native etiquette Sir Hugh would have to taste each dish. This he obediently and sadly did, with the result that he was laid up next morning with a severe attack of indigestion! 'Tit 'for Tat' in Moore's view is open to all men, although Sir Hugh fortunately never found out the trick played on him!

I will not dwell on our rides to Jhansi and elsewhere in this tour, further than to say that to all of us the reminiscences of the Central Indian campaign and the evident pleasure with which the Chief revisited some of his old haunts of 1858 were most enjoyable.

Eventually we returned to Simla through Nynee Tal, and, riding thence through successive ranges of the Himalayas, reached Simla again on the 9th April, 1863, after a delightful few months of hard riding and inspection. And here I may say that all this time Sir Hugh Rose and I got on capitally together. He was very kind in frequently recommending me to the Horse Guards for promotion and expressing his opinion of my services. In one letter he wrote (2nd September, 1861): 'A considerable share of the 'creditable state of the XXth Regiment is due to this 'promising Officer, whose really high qualifications 'and gentlemanlike manner and conduct render him 'a valuable acquisition to the Service.' In another letter he wrote (17th March, 1863): 'The ability 'and thorough knowledge of his profession displayed 'by Lieutenant Burne in the positions which he has 'held for the last three years that I have been 'associated with him are such as to merit any advance-

'ment that the rules of the Service will permit of his 'receiving.' And again (5th October, 1864): 'It will 'be seen that this Officer was mentioned three times 'in Despatches, and had he been more fortunate in his 'regimental promotion he would, in all probability, 'have attained his brevet promotion in 1858. Since 'he has been on my Staff I have been perfectly 'satisfied with his ability and zeal, and with his know-'ledge, remarkable in so young an Officer, of the 'rules of the Service.' And some years later on (14th October, 1868), he wrote: 'On one occasion 'before Lucknow he conveyed at considerable personal 'risk to himself, on account of the enemy's outposts, 'despatches of great importance to a Regiment 'relative to a movement it was to make against the 'enemy, and for which the Committee and myself 'recommended him for the V.C.' These and other similar opinions of my humble self from so high an authority were a source of great pleasure to me, more especially in after-years, when my career, perforce, became political rather than military, although I never ceased to wish, and to ask, to go back to Army Service.

CHAPTER IV

Death of Lord Elgin—Cashmere—Arrival of Lord Lawrence—Sir Hugh Rose's return to England—Life in Ireland (1863-65).

We went through much the same routine in Simla this season (1863) as before, leading a sort of unofficial life, added to a great deal of hard official work. The year ended, however, with a sad and important event in the death of Lord Elgin. The Viceroy had decided to make an autumn tour through the hills towards Dhurmsala, and did so against the advice of his medical adviser, who feared a tendency to heart trouble. Sir Hugh Rose with a small staff, including myself, left Simla on the 6th October, soon after the Viceroy, and followed the same route. Lord and Lady George Paget accompanied us, and we had pleasant rides and walks in almost inaccessible ranges where the foot of man had never trod, and where the scenery was magnificent beyond description from green dale to snowy range. Our route passed through the fine Kooloo valley, whence we took several long rides into Lahoul and other out-of-the-way places, including a visit to the fort of Kot Kangra, which was situated on a high perpendicular rock 2,400 feet above the sea-level. This fort was taken from the Sikhs by General Wheeler in 1846, in which operation my eldest brother, already mentioned (he died 7th November, 1901), then of the 2nd Grenadiers,

N.I., took part. The fort had a romantic history, and was much venerated in olden times both by Sikhs and Punjabis.

We caught up Lord Elgin's party on the 15th October, and shared in some very good bear-shooting with his Staff. Our two parties then practically travelled together to the Rotang Pass (15,000 feet) in Lahoul, crossing at Koksur over a swift-running river, called the Chandra, by a difficult rope bridge. This we crossed and recrossed out of curiosity, as the Viceroy had done just before us. It was, indeed, a difficult and somewhat dangerous experiment for those unaccustomed to such work, for to cross such a bridge one had to cling on like grim death, with a chance of tumbling into the roaring torrent, some scores of feet below, on making the slightest mistake ! Lord Elgin had a great desire to try the experiment, and in an unlucky moment did so, for his heart became affected when half-way across the bridge, on account of the rarefaction of the air at that height (some 14,000 feet) and the swinging of the ropes with his weight, and it was with great difficulty that his Staff got him back again to terra-firma. He never recovered this effort, alas ! as will presently be seen.

Near Koksur we came, in the course of our wanderings, upon two interesting experiences of the weakness of human nature. One was that of a boy who, much to the Chief's anger, was unmercifully beating his donkey. Sir Hugh was about to ride up whip in hand to chastise this young gentleman, but first desired me to ask him why he was so cruel. 'Oh,' replied the urchin, 'this donkey is my uncle Ahmed, who was 'very unmerciful to me during his life, and I am now 'repaying him in his own coin.' *Whack—whack—*

whack! We could thus only smile, but saved the poor donkey from further chastisement by the giving of a little *backsheesh*, lost in wonder at the hold on these simple and uneducated people of the doctrine of the transmigration of souls!

The other incident was an accidental meeting with some Moravian missionaries who had settled some years previously in the wilds of Lahoul. They told us much as to the failure of Christianity, as we understand the term, among the people with whom they were associated, although they acted on its principles in a left-handed manner by giving up formal teaching of doctrine and taking up magistrate's duty, by which means they civilized their surroundings and became trusted advisers of their people.

'But why don't you marry?' said the Chief. 'Oh,' replied Herr Haidee, 'we have had rather a sad 'experience of marriages made in heaven. In short, 'we wrote to our Mission in Berlin to send us out 'wives for the four of us. They did so. The 'ladies were properly told off and labelled with the 'names of those with whom they were afterwards to 'be one flesh. The marriages were to take place up 'here on arrival. To bring them up from Bombay 'we sent down one of our best and most trustworthy 'brethren; but taken in the toils of Satan, this mis-'guided man, in an unguarded moment, changed the 'labels and married on the spot the prettiest one of 'the quartette, so that, discovering the fraud on arrival 'up here, we three absolutely refused to wed the three 'ugly ones that remained, and sent them back to 'Germany. We have therefore renounced matri-'mony, and prefer to remain common bachelors.' We listened to this recital with saddened hearts and

suppressed smiles, and wishing many blessings to these simple fellows, proceeded on our onward journey.

After some further difficult hill-riding, we reached Dhurmsala on the 27th October, where we rejoined the Viceroy's party and learnt of Lord Elgin's illness and its cause. We were further troubled by unfavourable news of the so-called 'Sittana campaign,' which had been organized under Sir Neville Chamberlain for the punishment of a warlike tribe called the Momunds on our north-west frontier. In short, this military expedition had received a mauling, and had come to a standstill in the Umbeyla Pass. As Lord Elgin had become too ill to be troubled in the matter, our Chief had practically to assume personal direction of affairs, which were complicated, and which caused us all so much anxiety that he would have gone himself to the front except for the Viceroy's critical condition.

In the meantime the Angel of Death was near at hand, and on the 8th November Lady Elgin, at her husband's request, and accompanied by myself, walked quietly up to the Dhurmsala Churchyard and selected the spot where he was to lie. On that same day the Chief and the members of his Staff were compelled to go on, post haste, to Lahore, as being nearer the scene of military operations, and we remained there in great anxiety till the 20th November (1863), when, to everybody's regret, Lord Elgin breathed his last. He was buried on the following day in the spot selected by his wife and myself. Poor Dhurmsala! One of the most beautiful spots in the Himalayas, and now razed to the ground, so to speak, by a terrible earthquake in 1905. This earthquake occasioned a great loss of life, and damaged the church tower and

Lord Elgin's tomb, besides levelling to the ground the barracks, bazaars, and houses, with great loss of life.

Lord Elgin's death was an untimely end to an eminent career, and was all the more to be regretted seeing that during the comparatively short time of his Viceroyalty he had not been able to accomplish for India any measures that were sufficiently important to be connected with his name. In the interim the members of the Supreme Council (Sir Robert Napier, Sir Charles Trevelyan, Sir Henry Maine, and Mr. Grey) assembled at Dhurmsala, and Sir William Denison, then Governor of Madras, assumed the office of Governor-General until the arrival at Calcutta of the newly-appointed Viceroy (Lord Lawrence) on the 12th January, 1864. Sir William Denison was a man of decision, and as he fortunately supported Sir Hugh Rose's views of advance against many who advocated retirement, the Sittana operations were carried on to a decided issue, which gave much relief to all concerned.

In due course of time we again made a series of inspections at Rawal Pindi, Peshawar, and along the frontier, during which we had sundry experiences of a novel kind, which will ever remain in my memory, and met many splendid fellows of the British and Native Armies, including such men as Dighton Probyn, who was not only a delightful companion, but a *beau sabreur* of the true old Indian type. Probyn received, later on, a high appointment in the Prince of Wales's (now King Edward VII.) household, and when I meet him now, with a more capacious figure and a long grey beard, as Keeper of His Majesty's Privy Purse, I find it difficult to connect him with

the dashing leader of Probyn's Horse of days gone by, although the same good fellow as ever !

At the end of our inspection, Sir Hugh Rose, accompanied by Moore and myself, started from Murree (17th March) for a trip into Cashmere, getting some good Bara Singha and Markhor shooting on our journey (Himalayan deer and large goat), sport which I myself greatly enjoyed, as then being a good rifle shot. Many of my shooting trophies on this trip adorn the house of a brother-in-law (Lord Kilmaine), as on return to England I had no ancestral walls on which to hang my splendid heads !

We had a good reception at Serinaggar, where we were met by the principal officials of the Maharajah Ranbir Singh, who was himself at the time at Jummoo, his winter residence at the foot of the hills. It is difficult to describe Cashmere without being guilty of word-painting. It may be enough here to mention that it is a valley 90 miles long and 30 miles broad, the level of this valley being 10,000 feet above the sea, covered with lakes, streams, and flowers of indescribable beauty, with the picturesque river Jhelum flowing through it, and bordered along its length on both sides with high snowy ranges reaching to 26,000 feet. Extensive valleys run up from the plain into the heart of these great ranges, developing every description of landscape, and making the valley a veritable Garden of Eden and a second Venice of house-boat life and charming river scenery. Notwithstanding the beauty of the Cashmere Valley, it has had its ups and downs like most other places. Earthquakes have from time to time, up to 1885, wrought terrible destruction ; and great famines, occasional severe floods, and visitations of cholera, have often

brought ruin on inhabitants and crops alike. Moreover, it has not been favoured with good rule since we gave up possession of the valley in 1846 to Maharajah Gulab Singh for the paltry sum of seventy lakhs of rupees. The ruler of whom I speak in these pages was his son, Maharajah Ranbir Singh, who died in 1885. He in turn was succeeded by his son, Partab Singh, who is doing well, and has closer relations with us than his predecessors. Cashmere has been mistakenly called by some an independent State. It is not so, as it is one of the Feudatory Native States of India.

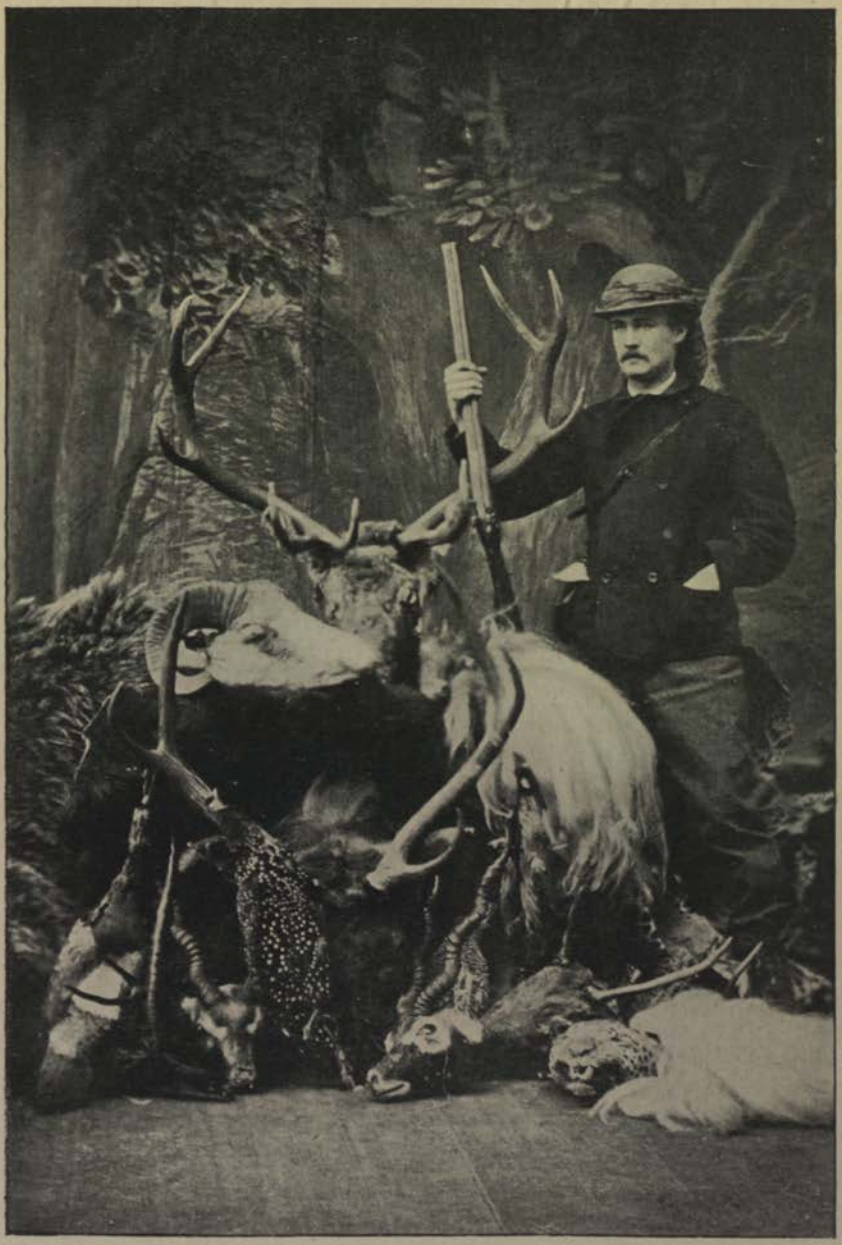
We enjoyed our visit, had capital shooting, camped on the snow, and being the only Europeans in the country, which at that time was forbidden ground in winter, we felt a long way off from the civilized world, and were not exactly sorry! Our shooting, especially in the Sindh Valley and onwards to Tibet, had to be carried out with precaution on account of the deep snow and avalanches. It was, indeed, a job for Moore and myself, as the Chief did not venture into this high, difficult ground, to get at our Bara Singha, ibex (chamois), and Minal and snow pheasants; but we led a life which made us hard as iron, climbed fearful heights, sometimes with bare feet on account of the slippery ice, and were rewarded with splendid scenery, good bags to our guns, and a series of adventures, which, however stirring to ourselves, would have but little interest now to others.

In the Sindh Valley I had another of my escapes when on one of our shooting expeditions. I had started at 5 a.m. (11th April) alone with my Shikaree for the ibex ground, which we reached with difficulty after a stupendous climb of seven hours. A snow-

storm came on, which compelled us to 'cut and run' and to get down into the valley again as quickly as we could. My foot slipped, over I went, but fortunately alighted on a grass slope some forty feet below, which lay over a precipice of 3,000 feet in depth. I was quite powerless from the shock, and would have met with certain death had not an overhanging tree caught me tight for some hours till my Shikaree was able at length, with much difficulty and at great risk, to come to my help. The fall did no harm except to give me a good shaking and a series of bad bruises, which took many days to mend.

With such daily adventures as these, which still remain green in my memory, my visit to Cashmere forms a clear episode in my life. I rejoined my Chief and Moore lower down in the valley, and remained in Cashmere till the 2nd May, when we bade our kind host the Maharajah good-bye at Jummoo, and finally reached Simla on the 6th of the month.

After our arrival we saw a good deal of the new Viceroy, Lord Lawrence, who had already taken up his residence there in May. He had established a great reputation as Chief Commissioner of the Punjab in the time of the Mutiny, and on Lord Elgin's death came out from England with all the glamour of a man who was the only one left in public opinion to govern India. We of the younger generation at Simla never quite took to him. We thought him narrow-minded and obstinate, a man quite capable of ruling a province but less fitted in our opinion for governing an Empire. My own feelings towards him were confessedly rather prejudiced by a certain opposition in Council between him and Sir Hugh Rose, and by his stunted ideas, from our point of view, of the



SELF AND MY SPORTING TROPHIES.

CASHMERE AND TIBET, 1863.

military needs and necessities of India. Oddly enough, he was also in opposition to others of his Council on these questions, and it is a curious fact in the history of Indian Administration, a fact I am able to verify from my own notes, that he was constantly outvoted in his Council, and only carried certain views of his own, which proved not always conducive to the real interests of India, by exercising his right of vetoing the opinion of the majority.

At that time the Council was a strong one, composed as it was of such men as Durand, Maine, Trevelyan, Sir Hugh Rose, and others. I myself was in close personal relations with all of them, and greatly enjoyed this part of my daily work as a relaxation from purely army routine. May I say with humility that in my experience a military man who thus sees a little of political work and governing duty is all the better soldier for it, and that the fault of many military men is their narrowness of vision and stilted methods, arising from ordinary duty and discipline? Lord Lawrence was very courteous to myself, and I should have ventured as a youngster to like him better had it not been for his constant exercise, as just said, of a narrow thought and action which was in my judgment misguided and commonplace.

Our life in Simla in 1864 was much the same as before. It was at any rate both useful and enjoyable, tempered by long rides into the interior hills, in which I became at last a rather unwilling victim of perpetual movement with an iron Chief. In these trips we had many adventures, as Sir Hugh Rose was a bold and reckless rider, who risked his own neck and those of his Staff to such a degree that I have often wondered

since how he or any of us ever lived to tell the tale. In the plains, all right; in the hills, with narrow, unprotected paths or precipices of some thousands of feet below—no! However, I had the good fortune more than once to save my Chief from bad accidents. In one of our trips at this time in the hills he was determined, as usual, to ride up an impracticable ledge. He got jammed between two sides of the ledge, his pony fell back on him, and he was to all intents and purposes a lost man had I not been close behind him, and thus able to drag his pony from him right on top of myself, luckily without any further hurt than a kick! It was done in a moment, and we all rose up sadder and wiser men, with a sense of relief that no bones were broken or lives lost. Yes, to be with Sir Hugh in these expeditions was to carry one's life in one's hand, but he had a charmed existence, and his Staff were obliged to shut their eyes and follow him without question.

Our official existence was now coming to an end, for Sir Hugh was to return to England within a few months, so that on the 24th October, 1864, we sadly rode down the hill after taking leave of many old friends, and saying good-byes with tears in our eyes, little dreaming, so far as I was concerned, that while I was casting a last look, as I thought, at the much-loved spot where I had spent so many pleasant days, I should return to it again more than once in later years with Lord Mayo and Lord Lytton. The later official Simla never quite came up, however, to the Simla of old recollections—a Simla of indifferent roads, inferior bungalows, and few official entertainments; a rural retreat, in short, with a never-to-be-forgotten climate and scenery, and a small society,

the informality of which we greatly appreciated, and the kind geniality of which will never be effaced from my memory. The later Simla had many merits, but was more official and formal than the earlier country retreat.

On our way to Calcutta we made a long final détour of inspections (after being detained at Meerut by our Chief breaking a rib in trying to jump, as usual, over an impossible fence), and finally bade good-bye to Calcutta on the 23rd March, 1865, after a series of farewell entertainments and amid many expressions of regret and goodwill on the part of both officers and men. Sir Robert Napier (afterwards Lord Napier of Magdala), who had acquired the deep regard of the army for an ability and gallantry which became household words in his later career, generously said at one of these entertainments in a manner which brought tears to our departing eyes: 'Never has the 'army in India had a Chief more earnestly solicitous 'to insure its efficiency than Sir Hugh Rose; never, 'I believe, has the army of India been in a more 'efficient condition than it is at the present moment; 'never has the army of India had a Chief whom it 'would have followed to the field against a foe worthy 'of it with fuller confidence of success than this army 'would feel under its present Commander-in-Chief.' And I myself was glad to be included in many of such eulogies, although I am naturally too shy to speak of them.

En route home we paid a very interesting visit to our old friend the Governor of Madras (Sir William Denison), taking Seringapatam, Mysore, and Goa on our way; and after a pleasant few days with the Governor of Bombay (Sir Bartle Frere) we embarked

for Suez and Alexandria on the 14th April in the P. and O. *Carnatic;* made a minute inspection of Aden, which afterwards led to many improvements in its defences; touched at Corfu, which we found in a deplorable state of chaos and grief after our abandonment of it in favour of Greece; and in due time reached Trieste, and thence on to Venice, which we found still in possession of the Austrians, although the greater part of Italy had been incorporated in the newly-formed Italian kingdom under Victor Emmanuel. The Venetians in these circumstances disliked more than ever their foreign masters, a feeling so marked at the time of our visit that the splendid Austrian military bands had to discourse sweet strains on the Piazza di S. Marco each evening without Italian listeners, who steadfastly remained at home rather than be adjudged guilty of appreciating the beautiful music so freely placed at their disposal. Our stay in Venice was a delightful one, made all the more so by the Austrian Princess Clary, who, in a measure, acted as our hostess, and was an enthusiastic admirer of its wonderful history and beauty. As to these, I might myself fill many pages except that my wife has already done so in an interesting little book,* which now forms part of our family library.

From Venice we went on to Milan, and thence visited the battle-fields of Magenta (20 miles) and Solferino (10 miles), as to which my Chief was very interested, and made me take full notes. Magenta was fought on the 4th June, 1859, when the French and Sardinians, under the Emperor Napoleon III.,

* 'Sunny Memories of Sunny Lands' (1904) by Lady Agnes Burne.

defeated the Austrians with great loss, the victory being due in some measure to the reinforcements brought by my Chief's great friend, Marshal McMahon, during a deadly struggle between the two sides, thus turning the fortunes of the day, with the aid of the incompetency of the Austrian General Gyulaï, who allowed the French division under McMahon to cross the river unopposed and to turn the right of his position. After this defeat at Magenta the Austrians gradually retreated across the Mincio, took up a position in the celebrated quadrilateral, and were expected there to await any further attack, although circumstances induced them to recross the river and to take the offensive. The result was a terrible defeat, due again to the superior tactics of Marshals McMahon and Niel, resulting in the close of the war. In these two battles the Austrians lost, in killed and wounded, about 800 officers and 29,000 men, and the French and Sardinians 1,000 officers and 21,000 men. Such is war ! When we met Marshal McMahon afterwards at Lyons he was very much interested in our description of these battle-fields and our comments on the battles, about which I seemed to have a very fair idea after riding over every inch of the ground with a guide, and making copious notes in my saddle field-book. After a pleasant few days in Paris we reached Dover on the 21st May, with the satisfaction felt by exiles when once more reaching the shores of their own dear country.

We received a warm welcome in London, where Sir Hugh became the lion of the season, and where I met for the first time his sister (Dowager Countess of Morton), her daughter, Lady Agnes Douglas, and other relatives and friends, whose kindness was un-

bounded. Among other festivities the United Service Club (Senior) gave a grand banquet on the 16th June to my Chief, presided over by the Duke of Cambridge, who proposed Sir Hugh's health in a very good speech. There were about 150 Generals and others present, and they were so struck by my youthful appearance and by my great deeds as told by myself that they nominated me at once for the club, to which I was finally elected a few years afterwards, and remain as one of its most ancient members in point of time. I had also at last actually arrived at my brevet majority, after a seven years' wait for it with great professional loss to myself since the Mutiny. In the meantime Sir Hugh Rose had been appointed Commander of the Forces in Ireland, so that we had to leave London in July for the Royal Hospital, Dublin, and plunged at once into country visits and tours of inspection of a most interesting kind. At this time I met with another disappointment in being prevented by the Duke of Cambridge, on account of want of rank, from accompanying my Chief to Ireland as Military Secretary. A senior to me in the person of Colonel Leicester Curzon was therefore appointed, and a right good fellow he turned out to be, especially in his kindly attitude to myself, whom he always regretted to supersede. He was afterwards made Governor of Gibraltar, and died at that post as Sir Leicester Curzon-Smyth on the 27th January, 1891.

While again saying nothing to show my disappointment, I gladly consented to accompany my Chief as A.D.C., although I felt that my military career, at any rate according to my own exalted notions of what it ought to be, was again nipped in the bud. I had left my regimental life in 1861 with regret, and I did

not think that an A.D.C.-ship in Ireland in 1865 quite made up for the loss both of that life and of the Military Secretaryship in India. I had been spoilt, perhaps, by youthful success. Giving up, therefore, all hope of military advancement of any value, I was henceforth prepared for new fields of action as opportunity might offer, with due regard to the interests of my kind old Chief so long as he held his few years' tenure of office in Ireland. At this time I experienced a great sorrow in the sudden death of my dear father (14th August, 1865), already alluded to in an earlier chapter. This left an irreparable blank in our family life, and I can only here express my gratitude that I was privileged to see his face once more on my return to England, and to learn from his own lips of the pride he felt at my progress, and his appreciation of my desire in the past to be a comfort to the old folks at home in their somewhat anxious existence.

Our life in Ireland was a very active one between country visits and inspections. At Garbally (Lord Clancarty's house) we met Lady Kilmaine, and her daughters Gertrude and Evelyne Browne, both beautiful girls, the latter of whom became my wife two years later on, and died, alas ! of consumption, to my great grief, at Bournemouth (22nd April, 1878), as will be seen in the sequel, after eleven years of happy married life. One of our visits in Tipperary to Count de Jarnac (twice French Ambassador in London) was engraven on my memory by an unexpected reference to myself at an agricultural dinner there, at which he said :

'No allusion has yet been made to a youthful 'warrior, who, though unavoidably late for dinner, 'has equally honoured us to-night with his presence,

'and has first appeared amongst us. You will see 'him there in the Ladies' Gallery—for a time at 'least the right man in the right place (cheers). 'I am speaking of Major Burne, whose name stands 'associated with one of the highest exploits of the 'Indian war. And I must say that if anything besides 'opportunity were required to make a hero of a young 'British Officer, it would be the privilege of being 'thus encircled by the rival attractions and beauty of 'Tipperary and the Queen's County' (loud cheers).

I hope I may be forgiven for a pardonable vanity in reproducing this speech in a personal narrative like this; for, coming from so charming and well-known a Frenchman, it gave a great deal of pleasure to the down-trodden worm of the earth who was smarting for the second time under the apparent neglect of his claims and services in India on the part of the Horse Guards! In all these visits my Chief, mounted on the best of Irish hunters, rode straight to hounds, and made me do so also, sometimes against my will, although I had fortunately bought two good horses, one of which was the best animal a light-weight like myself could wish to cross, carrying me like a bird over the stiffest Irish country. This horse was sold, when I afterwards left for India, to the Duke of Cambridge, who used him as a second charger, and he was, I believe, very well satisfied with his bargain.

Poor Ireland! a country of beautiful myths and stories, boasting of ancient legends that rival in beauty and dignity the tales of Attica and Argolis, with a history of rebellion and chronic civil war. Although her two great struggles have always been the religious and the land struggles, we had very little evidence of

the former during my own short time in the country, and I never, indeed, thought much of the realities or danger of it except when forced to the front by unscrupulous priests and agitators. But the land hunger seemed to be ever present with the people, notwithstanding their utter incapacity to farm land with advantage, or to keep even ten acres of it in their possession for any length of time. In our various tours and hunting visits we certainly seemed to discover a country full of beauty, a land full of wealth, and a people ordinarily placid, although full of cunning and humour, and fierce and cruel when stirred up. Unhappy country! What its future history may be one knows not, but I often felt when riding over it that I should almost like to transfer her people to some earthly Elysium as far as possible from the British Parliament, and replace them by canny Scots, so as to make Ireland, what it ought to be, one of the brightest gems of the British Crown, which it never can be under present conditions. Whether this be true or not, the fact remains that Irish society is the pleasantest in the world, and that an Irishman has great qualities, especially when once out of his own country.

CHAPTER V

The Fenian rising—Thoughts on Ireland—To India once more as Private Secretary to the New Viceroy, Earl of Mayo (1866-68).

Our life in Ireland was interrupted early in 1866 by a serious and somewhat sudden rising called the 'Fenian Revolt,' so styled from an ancient Irish national hero named Fionna. Under this designation of Fenian, a brotherhood was formed, fostered by Irish-Americans, the members of it being bound by a secret oath to liberate Ireland and to proclaim a Republic. During our tours throughout the country we had learnt something of this rising, and were, therefore, not unprepared for it when it ultimately broke out. While on a visit to Lord Sligo, for instance, in the West of Ireland, about this time we actually saw hundreds of men drilling in the fields; and, again, when urgently summoned to return to Dublin on a Sunday with no trains running, we had to start back at night through Connemara as best we could on a mail cart, and actually drove through several of these bands, to whom we were fortunately unknown. Glad enough we were to reach a railway station next morning after a tiring drive of twelve hours, just in time to catch the first train to Dublin!

The Fenian agitation had originally been set on foot in 1858 by a man called James Stephens, and

was thereafter continuously fostered in America, whence certain Irish-American officers, large sums of money, and pike-heads and muskets had been sent secretly to the 'ould counthry.' The active members of the fraternity had gone far, as we afterwards found out, to undermine the loyalty of some of our Irish regiments, while the American officers, dressed up as women, and innocently welcomed by polite sentries, had visited the majority of our forts and batteries, and had taken accurate plans, which were afterwards discovered and seized by us during the height of the rising. So matters went on till 1867, during which rather anxious time the Executive Government in Ireland, under Lord Wodehouse (afterwards Earl of Kimberley) and Lord Naas (afterwards Earl of Mayo), took every conceivable precaution to control the rising, and did me the honour to approve and accept a memorandum of mine, which is among my papers, on the subject of measures to be taken in the event of the rebellion coming to a serious head.

This rising did eventually come into an active phase, although, fortunately for us, it was so badly organized that the outbreak, instead of being simultaneous in all parts of Ireland, which would have made it very formidable, fizzled, so to speak, here and there like a damp squib, and thus gave us plenty of warning. One of these fizzles took place at Tallaght, near Dublin, on the 7th March, 1867, when our Chief, like an old war-horse sniffing the battle, galloped out with his Staff, accompanied by mounted police and cavalry, and dispersed or took prisoners hundreds of fellows, who made but a poor fight, seeing that I myself, while galloping about, was able to 'surround and capture,' as an Irishman would say, three four-wheelers full of

rifle ammunition protected by half-starved men, who, although armed, made no resistance.

The 'Battle of Tallaght' often afforded a topic of conversation afterwards to us of the Staff, who were mute with surprise at our bloodless victory, and who only found out later on, by the capture of papers, that the intention was better than the execution, seeing that we were all marked down by *name* for assassination, from the Lord-Lieutenant downwards, while sentries and housemaids had been bribed, in the most clever and secret manner, to open the gates and doors of official and private houses at a stated signal, for the accomplishment of these respective murders! To put the matter in brief, this outbreak in Ireland had its counterpart in some parts of England, and satisfied us that we had really escaped what might have been a serious calamity to the peace of the country had it come off as arranged by the Irish-American Colonels. Among others, I was afterwards thanked in public despatches for my humble share during many months of hard work in averting the crash.

In the autumn of this year, when matters had quieted down, I obtained leave to go to Germany to study the language of the Teutons, and spent a pleasant four months at Stuttgart and in the Swabian Alps, returning to Dublin very fit and very foreign to marry Evelyne Browne on the 20th November in the chapel of the Royal Hospital. Archbishop Trench performed the ceremony, and the event gave great pleasure both to my own immediate family and to a large circle of friends, as my wife was a sweet and beautiful girl, and I myself was apparently popular in society. This new start in social life proved a happy one, for having arrived at the mature age of

thirty, I was not sorry to have a home of my own, and to enjoy such domestic happiness and comfort as were possible to us under the conditions of Staff life in Dublin. At this time Sir Hugh Rose wrote (25th October) to my father-in-law (Lord Kilmaine): 'Major Burne distinguished himself by his courage, 'coolness, and intelligence in the campaign, for which, 'although very young, he was rewarded with the high 'distinction of a Brevet Majority, which is the great 'object of ambition of officers. He is so well known 'for his valuable qualifications that before leaving 'India he was offered good promotion on the General 'Staff, and I am sure that if he were to return to 'India, the military authorities would be only too glad 'to offer him again an advantageous appointment on 'the Staff. For myself I cannot say how very much 'I am indebted to him for the very zealous and able 'assistance he has always given me; and when I give 'up this office I should feel myself bound, in common 'justice and in acknowledgment of his great and good 'services, to give him such a recommendation as would 'not fail to obtain for him the high-class appointment 'to which his very meritorious services so justly 'entitle him.'

The Prince and Princess of Wales (now King and Queen) came to Ireland in the following year (1868), during which we had a series of festivities; and indeed they were justly beloved and enthusiastically received both by Loyalists and Fenians, which is the greatest compliment I can pay them. The Prince and Princess were very gracious to us all, and left again for England expressing themselves as pleased as we were ourselves at their visit. The Marquis (afterwards Duke) of Abercorn had in July, 1868, succeeded Lord

Kimberley as Lord-Lieutenant, and it need not be said that to him and his charming family was due much of the success of this visit. The Abercorn régime was indeed stately and splendid both in ceremony and hospitality.

Ireland, as will have been seen, had gone through a crisis which later years showed to be somewhat a chronic one suitable to the character of the nation. Irishmen, in fact, have always delighted, and still delight, in a fight or a crisis or a grievance—they don't care what, so long as it offers a field for excitement, rebellion, and fun. They are the best fellows in the world when quiet, but, like others of the Celtic races, are savage and revengeful when roused by reckless agitators or stirred up by fancied wrongs. In the dim past of some hundreds of years ago Ireland had, no doubt, some cause of complaint on account of drastic treatment and illiberal measures meted out to her. But these old grievances did not seem to us, in the Fenian time, to afford any lawful reason beyond the innate love of rebellion and discontent for the feud being carried on to our own age, or why the British Government should be compelled to treat Ireland with distrust, while anxious in reality to treat her with justice and consideration. The result, alas! has not been conducive up to the present time to the peace or welfare of our Empire, for while Irishmen are, as just said, the best fellows in the world, especially when out of their own native land, Ireland has become almost impossible to govern or to satisfy, seeing that these splendid sons of the Empire are so prone to agitation and so easily roused by false issues.

The Fenian movement was a case in point, although many of us came to the conclusion, when it was all

over, that while under no consideration could Ireland be granted the independent power or Parliament that some gifted but ill-judging statesmen desired, yet that it might not be inexpedient or unwise to grant her certain concessions, within proper limitations, in the management of her own finances and affairs, or, in other words, some better scheme of local government than had yet been produced, which might satisfy, in some measure, a people whose creed is, alas ! not to be content with the Saxon rule, but who might be more reconciled to their fancied misfortunes if given a certain control of their own affairs. How easy to say this, how difficult, alas ! to carry out under our system of party government and political sham ! Some scheme of this kind, short of an independent Parliament, was much in the minds of Sir Hugh Rose and others after the Fenian rising, although no one could live among such lovable but excitable Celts without a feeling of despair as to whether even a residence in heaven itself would satisfy them. Personally, I always had a sort of dreamy idea, difficult of fulfilment in a country so near England and English agitators, that the best sort of government for Ireland would be an autocratic rule like that in India, a rule that might wisely be applied by the appointment of a Viceroy, with full powers as the Sovereign's Representative, assisted by an Executive and Legislative Council, and accompanied by the abolition of all the Jury systems and English laws which are apparently so misplaced in the sister country.

To deal with an Irishman successfully we must treat him with an iron hand, and yet with a silken glove of justice, good temper, and consideration. In this way he may be made a valuable asset of the

Empire, and every true Irishman is conscious of this, for he himself adopts this policy when called upon to manage his own people, and feels that he is misgoverned under a system of English administration and maudling concessions, which is in many respects unsuited to the real needs of his country.

This, perhaps, is mere dreaming, seeing that no one has been able as yet to invent a way out of the difficulty of managing a nation as sentimental as the Scots without their canny sound sense, and as excitable as the French without the Frenchman's power of thrift and economy; a nation moved by every passing wind that blows, more especially by that fatal Irish-American western breeze that comes from over the Atlantic, and that iniquitous east wind of English party politics that finds its way from Westminster. A merry lot indeed are the Irish, 'clever and careless, cappy and hairless,' with everything at their feet in land and climate, yet thriftless, reckless, and a willing prey, apparently, of every adventurer who happens to pass by the way with an axe of his own to grind.

Yes, this insoluble Irish problem is yet to be solved, and only to be solved, in my opinion, by the application of some Indian system of government as unlike that of England as can possibly be applied! Still, as I have said, and may again repeat, Sir Hugh Rose in 1867 attempted to square the circle, and wrote minutes on the subject, his idea being very much what is now suggested from various quarters after so great a lapse of time, that while firmly maintaining the parliamentary union between Great Britain and Ireland, such union is compatible with the grant to Ireland of a larger measure of local government than

she now possesses, with special reference to administrative control over purely Irish finance, and certain executive powers connected with local business, and so on. For instance, while Ireland might be relieved of a certain portion of disbursement for Imperial purposes if found to be too large, the expenditure on purely Irish services, which is said to amount annually to about six millions sterling, might be more *usefully* employed than it is under the present system if local knowledge and authority were brought to bear upon this expenditure and the money be made to go further. In other words, these desirable results might to a large extent be obtained, as Sir Hugh Rose thought, if the control of purely Irish expenditure were taken from our own Treasury, which is now only interested in effecting economies, some of which are very stupid, for the Irish account, and were entrusted under Parliament to a Financial Council under the Lord Lieutenant interested in making savings for Irish purposes.

In short, improvement might be effected by a policy of financial decentralization which has proved so salutary in India, and by greater independence and consequent responsibility in local expenditure, after a fixed contribution was made to the Imperial exchequer for Imperial purposes. If, in connection with this body, a Committee could be appointed to watch the condition of the labouring classes, the question of local rating, the working of the Land Act in respect to purchase, the possible reinstatement of evicted tenants, the progress of improvement in the congested districts, and other matters bearing on the social and economic welfare of the country, as has been for many years recommended by influential

Irishmen, so much the better. Having said this much in favour of proposals which might have been easily carried out in 1866, but which now appear to be impracticable on account of the determination of the Nationalist party to regard them as mere stepping-stones to Home Rule, I repeat that I myself should welcome for Ireland a form of administration after the Indian pattern, and drastic local laws for the arrest of those wicked adventurers and so-called parliamentarians who climb to power on the shoulders of the poor Irish peasant by stirring him up to bloodshed and rebellion, while they themselves have no care whatever for his welfare and happiness.

Oddly enough, the Fenian disturbance was opposed and denounced by that mischievous and meddlesome person called the Irish priest. These Christian gentlemen had fostered the movement in its earlier stages, but became panic-stricken when they saw that one of the objects of the agitators was to throw off the domination and tyranny of the Irish Roman Catholic priesthood, and to effect the absolute independence of the people in both land-tenure and religion. Gladstone broke up the Irish Protestant establishment, and used a great portion of its revenues for English educational purposes, thinking that he would please the Irish people and put an end to agitation. But the Irish peasantry cared nothing about it. Indeed, it was the last thing they wanted, considering that hundreds of poor Irish Roman Catholic peasants entrusted their money, and sometimes their opinions, to the local Protestant parson, and, although superstitious and ignorant to the last degree, were sensible enough to see that the Irish priest only lived for personal power in temporal matters, and only held his

own by fierce and unjust denunciations of individuals from the altar.

How can one wonder, after these and other experiences, that the cry of 'justice to Ireland' is still as loud as ever, and that cry will never, in my opinion, be put an end to until we have some sort of Indian administration established in Dublin, and local Irish questions taken away from a House of Commons which seems to be growing into a machine of incompetency, wrangling, and talk that does no credit to the Empire.

As to Home Rule pure and simple, may we not all agree with Disraeli when he said (2nd July, 1874) that 'there was nothing more extraordinary 'than the determination of the Irish people to pro- 'claim to the world that they were a subjugated 'people. England,' he said, 'had been subjugated 'quite as much, but never boasted of it. The Nor- 'mans conquered England. Cromwell conquered 'Ireland, but it was after he had conquered England. 'I am opposed, therefore,' he added, 'to the notion of 'Home Rule for the sake of the Irish people as much 'as for the sake of the English or Scotch. I am 'opposed to it because I wish to see, at an important 'crisis of the world that perhaps is nearer arriving 'than some of us suppose, a united people welded in 'one great nationality, and because I feel that if we 'sanction this policy, if we do not cleanse the parlia- 'mentary bosom of this perilous stuff, we shall bring 'about the disintegration and the destruction of the 'Empire.' May we not agree also, with all due humility, and with apologies to the Nationalist party, with a sentiment expressed by the *Northern Whig*, which will commend itself to business men, that the

salvation of Ireland is to be found in following this practical advice:

'Drain your bogs, Lots more chalk,
Fat more hogs, Lots more work,
Lots more time, Lots LESS TALK.'

As matters now stand poor Ireland's epitaph is likely to be that written for Bob Lowe, somewhat paraphrased:

'Here lie the bones of ould Ireland, laid low;
Where on earth she is gone to I don't know.
If up to the realms of peace and love,
Farewell indeed to happiness above;
But if perchance to a lower level,
We can't congratulate the devil.'

It has been said truly enough by an experienced Irishman that one of the great troubles in Ireland is drink, which is the cause of half the crime, half the illness, and more than half the misery that exists there. It is not easy to say how this condition of things can be remedied with such a happy-go-lucky people. One can only hope that time may bring some remedy both to this evil and to the unhealthy grip of the Irish priest over his superstitious people by methods of tyranny which ill befit either Christianity or civilization. The worst of it is that Irishmen don't know what they want, and won't be satisfied till they get it. If they ever obtain the Home Rule for which the so-called Nationalists fight and clamour it will ruin the country and drive every good man out of it. It is said that when John Morley was on a car in Ireland, he said to the driver:

'Well, Pat, you'll be having great times when you get Home Rule.'

* 'Reminiscences of an Irish Land Agent' (S. M. Hussey).

'We will, your honour, for a week,' replied Pat.

'Why only a week?' inquired the politician.

'Why, drivin' the quality to the steamers,' said Pat, with a wink and a groan.

Another very good story is told by Mr. Hussey, which says little for some of our English statesmen who attempt to tinker with the Irish constitution from party motives or feelings, such as was done too often during Mr. Gladstone's decade of power. According to the laws of the Roman Catholic Church, perjury in a court of justice is a reserved sin for which absolution can only be given by a Bishop or by priests specially appointed for that purpose. One priest applied to the Bishop for plenary powers, and the Bishop said to him:

'Are the people so generally bad in your parish?'

'It's the fault of the laws, my lord,' replied the priest.

'What laws?' asked the Bishop.

'Firstly, under the Crimes Act, my poor people 'have to swear they do not know the moonlighters 'that come to the house, or they would be murdered. 'Secondly, under the Arrears Act, they have to swear 'they are worth nothing in the world or they would 'not get the good money. Thirdly, under the Land 'Act, while they have to swear up their own improve-'ments, they must also swear down the value of the 'land or they will get no reductions. So you see, my 'lord, the sin lies at the door of those who order the 'infamous laws which lead weak sinners into tempta-'tion they cannot be expected to overcome.'

The Bishop said nothing, but he gave the priest all the powers he desired.

But to return to my personal narrative. The round

of one more year brought another change which again reshaped my career. My position on Sir Hugh's staff was as agreeable as any man could wish, but it offered no prospect of military advancement such as that which I had been led to desire, and many of my personal friends who were interested in both my wife and myself took the same view of the matter and regretted my military standstill. General Alec Gordon, who had been appointed Commander-in-Chief at Bombay, asked me to join him as Military Secretary with a reversion to the Adjutant-General's Department of the Bombay Army; Sir Arthur Cunnynghame and others suggested military preferment in directions nearer home; but I refused all offers, having no wish to leave a Chief to whom I was sincerely attached, and who had at any rate brought into prominence a young officer who might otherwise have lived and died as an unknown wanderer. But I woke up one morning (30th September, 1868) to learn of a letter from Lord Abercorn to Sir Hugh Rose, which my Chief at once communicated to me, to the effect that Lord Mayo, who had been nominated Viceroy of India, was anxious to take me out as his Private Secretary, which was a responsible position carrying with it a large salary. 'Burne knows nothing of 'this,' wrote the Lord-Lieutenant, 'but the appoint-'ment is so advantageous to him, both now and as 'regards his future prospects, that, knowing how well 'suited he would be for the post, I could not refrain 'from letting you know the fact in the idea that, 'although it might be some temporary inconvenience 'to you, you would be glad to further his advance-'ment in so decided a way.'

The Chief was very good about it all, and, rather

than put obstacles in the way, advised me, while expressing himself as sincerely sorry to lose me, to accept the offer. This was duly made by Lord Mayo in a kind and flattering manner, and in all the circumstances of my position I gladly accepted it. What a change! It was indeed a 'turning of the sword into 'the ploughshare,' for my purely military career seemed thus to be ended, and I was not to become a Field-Marshal, although at one time I carried the baton in my knapsack! While sorry to leave my kind Chief, I still felt a certain sort of satisfaction in turning my back upon military authorities who, from my point of view, had arrested my military ambitions. In short, I had to make my bow to these ambitions, and to exchange the gold-braided coat of the Staff Officer for the blue political uniform of the Civil Service. Thus I left Sir Hugh Rose with mutual expressions of goodwill, and had to make hasty arrangements for my fresh start.

My wife and I bade adieu to Ireland with considerable regret, for we left many kind relatives and friends behind us, and were hardly prepared for so sudden a plunge into a new and strange sea; but we put a good face upon a change which was fortunately made smoother by the kind welcome given us by Lord and Lady Mayo and the whole of their family, and by the many congratulations showered upon me from those who recognised that the new rôle which I was called upon to fill was an important one, and likely to lead to future rank and advancement. I had but little time to attend to my own personal arrangements, as I was called upon to accompany Lord Mayo at once to London, and to help him day by day in collecting papers, interviewing officials, receiving deputations,

and in assisting the new Military Secretary, his brother Eddy (who, like the new Viceroy, was a man of fine physique and capability), and others in the intricate arrangements of all kinds which follow on the nomination of a new Viceroy and his departure for India.

All this was made comparatively easy by Lord Mayo's business qualities, added to an Irish humour which was one of his great social charms. He did and said generous things, in the words of Lord Derby, 'not because it was polite, but because it was his 'nature and he could not help it'; and he soon showed his powers of work while in London, where he attended the India Office at all hours, held daily consultations with leading Indian authorities, toiled till late in the night on the documents with which they supplied him, and employed myself and others about him in collecting books and papers bearing upon Eastern questions —all this, moreover, under the disadvantage of his nomination not having been received kindly by the public, who were worked up by the Radical press to believe that the new appointment was a bad one, and had robbed their party, who were anxiously expecting a return to office, of a valuable perquisite. Lord Mayo's one consolation at this time was the steadfast friendship of the man who had offered him the post. 'Disraeli had chosen his man,' as Sir William Hunter points out in his 'Life of Lord Mayo' (1875), 'and he 'supported him in the face of an unfounded but a very 'inconvenient clamour.' And so matters went on until the time of our departure drew near, during which busy days I had hardly leisure to say good-bye to my own family and belongings, although consoled by them with the suggestion that I was in the path of

EARL OF MAYO.

D. FEB. 8, 1872.

duty, and had been called upon to assist my new Chief in the government of a country almost as large as Europe, with an immense population of divers creeds and habits, kept in control and in comparative content by a handful of British administrators.

With these ideas in our minds, we struggled on to the end with our preparations, with every hope and confidence that all would go well with us, and that I was not likely to lose by an exchange between 'Ould 'Ireland' and India, more especially as my past military training and Indian experience would undoubtedly stand me in good stead; besides, innumerable kind friends waited in the land of the Arabian Nights to welcome me once more on arrival.

As India had been moving on apace, however, I could not help reflecting that I might find many changes even during the four years since I had left that country. Indeed, peace and progress had for a long time been the order of the day. The old policy of governing by *division* was now replaced by that of ruling by *unity*. The army had been, as already said, reorganized with advantage from stem to stern; the unwieldy forces of the Native Princes, amounting to some 300,000 men, were gradually being brought into line so as to fight with us instead of against us; and each year the Indian Finance Minister had now to scratch his head and evolve from his pericranium increased grants for schools, courts of justice, police, hospitals, roads, railways, canals, and so on.

To take one item alone, the 200 miles of railway in the Mutiny time were already turned into some 8,000 miles, and at the date of my writing these memories this mileage has advanced to 28,000 miles of a network of useful lines crossing India in every

direction, while telegraph-lines and great steam companies have brought her into close communication with the Mother Country. The strides of education even up to 1869 had also exercised a great effect on the feelings and aspirations of the immense population of the country, and both our great feudatory chiefs and millions of lesser lights began to feel for the first time that they were no longer passive units under the military and political autocracy of John Company, but were living somebodies under a living head, with a loyalty to the Crown and an affection for the Queen which were both astonishing and touching, although greatly due to the personal wisdom and sympathy with which their Sovereign governed her Indian subjects.

Lord Mayo thought much of all these facts during our preparations in London, and was surprised at his discoveries when dipping into statistics and reports. Not the least of these discoveries was the sobering truth that the Queen had in a measure taken the place of the Sultan in the rule of this world's Mahomedans, seeing that in India alone she governed nearly four times as many Mussulmen as were contained within the Turkish boundaries, and that these somewhat high-spirited and restless subjects of the Crown began, even in their mosques, to look to England as much as to the Sultan, if not, indeed, more so, for light and guidance. Lord Mayo never forgot all this after his arrival in India. He was himself a progressive man, full of Irish fire and sentiment tempered with sympathy and caution, which found expression in all his public addresses and speeches, pointing out as he did to all alike that it was the wish of the ruling power to see the people of India well educated and well

governed, and that the coils entwined by England around her great dependency by the steam vessel and the railroad were no mere iron fetters, but were the golden chains of affection and peace, seeing that the days of conquest were past, and that the age of progress and improvement had begun.

As for myself, I was happily at one with Lord Mayo in all his thoughts and ideas, and I felt, indeed, as I have expressed elsewhere in one of my humble writings, that all who have done good service in the preservation and progress of this wonderful country will have their reward in the Great Awakening; that England might well be grateful for the glorious part borne by her children, in handing down to posterity, notwithstanding shortcomings, failures, and errors, a memorable record; and that all that now remained was for the rulers of India to use with wisdom the means which God had placed in their hands for inspiring the people of that country with affectionate obedience to the British Crown while uniting them against either rebel or invader. And lest I am tempted to run into many chapters, on India and her peoples, I will content myself here by merely stating that our great Eastern Empire is not a united country containing a homogeneous population, but a congeries of countries inhabited by races who in number (nearly 300,000,000) are more than double that of the Roman Empire at the time of its greatest extent, who speak a variety of languages, hold many creeds, observe widely different customs, and present every type and degree of civilization. In dealing with India, moreover, we deal with large and thickly populated areas. Bengal, for instance, is as large as France; Madras exceeds Great Britain and Ireland; Bombay equals

Germany; the North-Western Provinces and Oudh cover as much space as Great Britain, Belgium, and Holland; the size of the Punjab is that of Italy; Burmah nearly equals France; while the Native States put together have an area equal to that of the United Kingdom, Germany, and France combined.

There are certain wiseacres in this country who are understood to affirm that the present system of administration in India should be replaced by government by the people themselves, whatever that may mean, accompanied by a reduction of military armaments. May Heaven avert such a catastrophe! Indian administration is, no doubt, capable of improvement here and there, short of turning our varied communities into a mass of electioneering mobs. But let us not forget the fact that, while governing the immense Eastern populations committed to our care with firmness and discretion—ready to defend them against a common foe within and without the borders of India—it were folly to suppose that the authority of our Sovereign can be upheld over these great and warlike nationalities except by a strict and imperial rule, aided by the attachment which undoubtedly exists to his throne and person among the vast majority of those who loyally and willingly submit to that rule, and desire no change.

CHAPTER VI

Start for India—Cairo—Arrival at Calcutta—Departure of Lord Lawrence — Shere Ali of Afghanistan — Umballa Durbar (1868-69).

AFTER making all preliminary arrangements for our start, my wife and I left Southampton on the 7th November, 1868, in the P. and O. steamer *Poonah* for Alexandria, which we reached on the 19th of the month, spending *en route* a few delightful hours at Gibraltar and Malta. Lord and Lady Mayo, meanwhile, left London on the 10th for the same destination, viâ Paris and Brindisi. They arrived in Egypt on the 26th *idem*, and on joining our forces at Alexandria, we all left by train for Cairo, finding ourselves on arrival sumptuously lodged by the Khedive (Ismail Pasha) in a new Palace, which he had only bought a few days before, and was still engaged in furnishing.

The afternoon of our arrival was spent in a visit to the Khedive, whom we found to be an intelligent man of about forty-three. He was anxious to be civil to us, although French influence, then in great measure opposed to ours, was paramount in Egypt. Those of our party who had never seen Oriental scenes before were greatly struck by the transition from London to Egypt. In Lord Mayo's own words: 'The little 'villages looking like clusters of inverted bee-hives,

'the half-naked men, the women with their veiled 'faces, camels carrying heavy loads along the banks 'of the canals, men riding on donkeys, the plough we 'read of in Scripture working in the fields and drawn 'by two bullocks, the old well-wheels for irrigation, 'and the men filling little trenches from the canal, all 'made a scene as we journeyed to Cairo, of which we 'had often read but never witnessed.' Lord Napier of Magdala, who with Colonel (now General Sir Martin) Dillon, one of the best of men and soldiers, was on his way to resume his command at Bombay after the Abyssinian campaign, here joined our party, and went on with us in the Indian troopship *Feroze* (Captain Arnott) to Bombay. On the day of our arrival at Cairo we all made a trip to the Pyramids, which we reached after a two hours' ride from the Nile, and I shall never forget the climb that Lord Mayo, Lord Napier, and myself had up to the top of the principal one, assisted by brawny Arabs! I often remembered with pleasure in after-years the fact of standing on the summit of this pyramid with two such distinguished men, one of whom (Lord Napier) was already a friend of many years' standing.

A visit to the Suez Canal in company with M. Ferdinand de Lesseps gave us two days of great enjoyment. The Canal was not to be opened till the following November, so that we found the work in full swing, that is, the work of cutting through 87 miles of rock and sand between the Mediterranean and Red Seas, with sufficient breadth and depth to admit the transit of large vessels. We were all much impressed with the vastness of the undertaking, not the least of which was the conversion of Port Said

from an uninhabitable sandbank to a busy town, with a harbour capable of holding a great quantity of shipping. The usefulness of the Canal was apparent when we learned that by it the distance between London and Bombay was lessened by 4,500 miles in contrast with the Cape route, and in the same proportion with regard to China and Japan. M. Lesseps, who was most courteous and entertaining when explaining the principal features of the Canal, expressed views differing from those generally accepted as to the point at which the Israelites crossed the Red Sea in the exodus from Egypt, and greatly interested us in his theories.

His views were that it was a mistake to suppose that the capital of Egypt in the days of Joseph was at Cairo. It was, in his opinion, at Saine, on the tributary of the Nile which runs into the southern portion of Lake Menzaleh. Here the waters are quite still, and an enormous number of bulrushes, or, rather, reeds, are found along this branch of the Nile. If Moses had indeed been placed in a cradle on bulrushes near Cairo he must have been swept away, according to M. Lesseps, by the stream. Thus Moses was, he thought, found at Saine. The Israelites were at that time cultivating, by means of Pharaoh's canal, the eastern end of the Desert, that is to say, the most fertile strip of it called the land of Goshen. After Moses had killed the Egyptian he fled into the land of Midian to a place called Elam, which is on the eastern shore of the Red Sea somewhat below Suez. He wandered about for many years all through that country, feeding Jethro's flocks, and must have been acquainted with every valley and hill in the district through which he afterwards led the Israelites. After

meeting Aaron he probably returned to Saine, and there commenced, according to the commandment of God, to intercede for the release of His people. When at last Pharaoh consented to let them go they arrived first at Rameses, and being unable to march on the direct road to Syria on account of the Philistines, they travelled to the edge of the Red Sea, which at that time extended as far north as Lake Timsah, now constituting the centre of the Canal.

It is written in the Bible, M. Lesseps added, that the Lord caused the sea 'to go back by a strong east 'wind all that night, and made the sea dry land, and 'the waters were divided,' an occurrence which was believed to take place occasionally in these shallow waters, and was ordained on this particular occasion by God. Lesseps thought, therefore, that the Israelites passed over somewhere near Toussouns, and thence wandered to Marah, a place now called Bir Mourah by the Arabs, where the wells are still brackish, and in which the Arabs to this day throw in branches of a certain tree to render the waters sufficiently good for camels and donkeys to drink. The Israelites then turned straight southwards along the eastern shore of the Bitter Lakes, arriving at Elam, where are still found twelve wells of water, and a large number of ancient palm-trees. Such were the theories of this extraordinary man, whose views were expressed with all the eagerness and grace of a Frenchman. I only saw M. Lesseps once again (he died 7th December, 1894), although I have since frequently met one of his sons, M. Charles Lesseps, who is equally attractive and cultured.

At Suez we embarked on the 30th November in the *Feroze*, reaching Aden on the 8th December. This

being the first portion of Indian soil, Lord Mayo took a special interest in going over the works and fortifications, about which I myself was able to say a good deal after the experience of former visits. These, we all agreed, were faulty, although built at a cost that then amounted to about £500,000. Our visit was somewhat damped by telegraphic news of a change of Ministry from Disraeli to Gladstone, which we all felt to be awkward coming at such a moment, but fortunately it made no material difference in Lord Mayo's attitude or policy, and he found the Duke of Argyll a kind and sympathetic correspondent. After receiving an address from the townsfolk of this curious volcanic rock, we left at midnight of the 9th on our way to Bombay, breathing through grateful nostrils the warm sea air, and dipping our official heads into every kind of Blue-Book and red box.

Here I may perhaps give my personal impressions of our new master. I had known him in Ireland as Lord Naas—a fine man, a splendid rider, and as keen after a fox as he was in the pursuit of his public work. In a rough diary kept on board the *Feroze*, I find that I wrote: 'Lord Mayo is a man of quick 'perception, with advanced and liberal views about 'India. He seems much bent on railways and irriga-'tion, and he is not far wrong. From his cordial 'manners and good heart I feel sure he will be a 'popular and able Viceroy, who will make his mark if 'his schemes and opinions are not curtailed by the 'too common obstacles that come from Councillors 'and Secretaries.'

I never had reason to alter this opinion, except to add fuller appreciations of his fine character, during the time that I was fortunate enough to be associated

with him; and here I may perhaps note another opinion which I expressed at the same time, and which my new Chief found true in an after-experience of his own which led to his great measure of financial decentralization—viz.: 'It is a sad pity that the 'Government of India is so centralized and over-'grown. When one considers that the country is 'almost as large as Europe, it is not a matter for 'surprise that a Viceroy is overtaxed, swallowed up 'in petty details, and prevented, almost by force, 'from carrying out really good work or measures of 'reform which of themselves should occupy his whole 'time.'

We reached Bombay too late to land till the following morning (20th December), and what a night we had of it in harbour! The heavy dew forced us down into our cabins, and the stifling heat drove us up again. Hopping fleas, friendly bugs, confiding cockroaches, biting red ants, all combined to give us a sleepless night in the gallant *Feroze*, a poor preparation indeed for impressing the Bombay people with our looks in the State landing projected for the morrow!

During our few days' stay at Bombay we met with great kindness from the Governor (Sir Seymour Fitzgerald), and went through the usual addresses and inspections that accompany the arrival of every new Viceroy. We had a treat, during our stay, in a journey by rail up the Bhore Ghat (2,000 feet) to Poonah and Kirkee, and we spent our Christmas Day at Government House, Parell, about which I wrote in my diary: 'Alas! in India one has to endure a very 'different state of things to all our childhood views 'of Christmas. The cold frosty morning, the probable

'fall of snow, the cheery village church, the roast 'beef and plum-pudding, the gathering of the clans, 'and the fun and frolic of snapdragon, are exchanged 'for a scarcely endurable heat and a day which the 'most vivid imagination can hardly believe to be 'Christmas. This day is one of the occasions, in 'fact, on which one feels acutely the fact of being 'cut off from kith and kin, the loving salutations of 'friends, the little interchange of presents, and the 'greetings and gatherings which go so far to unite 'home friends and families.'

From Bombay we started (30th December) in my old friend the *Coromandel* for Beypore, where the Madras Governor (Lord Napier and Ettrick) came to receive us and to take us on some 400 miles by train to Madras. Our party were much struck by the difference between this town and Bombay, my humble self being the only one among us who had previously been to the two places. We felt it to be quite a case of ancient patriarchal simplicity on the one hand against modern energy and grandeur on the other. Madras impressed us with the homeliness, the sociableness, and the quiet demeanour of the people, while the detached bungalows of the town, surrounded by large compounds or gardens, formed a great contrast with Bombay, with its busy and picturesque native town and its fine rows of buildings and institutions.

As has been truly said by others, it can readily be believed that Madras dates back to the spacious times of Charles I., in whose reign the agent of the East India Company erected, in 1629, the beginnings of the fort which in the following century played so conspicuous a part in the long-drawn struggle between France and England for supremacy in India. It was,

in fact, from Madras that the British power set forth on its unpremeditated course of conquest which was ultimately destined to establish the Pax Britannica from Tutikorin to the Himalayas. But the stirring period of Madras history ended with the final overthrow of Tippu Sultan and the transference of the centre of political gravity to Calcutta. As we have been recently reminded by a well-known authority, since the beginning of the nineteenth century, the Madras Presidency has been in the fortunate position of having no history. Its northern rivals spitefully call it the benighted Presidency. No epithet, however, could be more undeserved. For if its annals during the last hundred years have been unsensational, its record in respect of education, intelligent administration, material prosperity, and all that goes with peaceful, continuous progress, would entitle it rather to be called the model Presidency. The whole Presidency of Madras has a charm and interest of its own. The luxuriance of its tropical vegetation and the perennial warmth of its equable climate differentiate it not less widely from Central and Northern India than do the fundamental characteristics of its people. The race is entirely distinct. They speak languages of another stock, their customs are largely different, and, if their religion is Hindu, the interpretation it has found in the great Dravidian temples of the south bears the stamp of unquestionable originality. Southern India is the ancient non-Aryan India, and even Christianity here is relatively ancient, for it dates back to a period far earlier than that of the political invasion of India from the West. In many ways Southern India is more remote from us than any other part of the subcontinent, yet in others it seems to have shaped itself

more readily to our influences. This perhaps is one of the many features which impart to it peculiar interest.

We found Lord and Lady Napier exceptionally kind and hospitable, and greatly enjoyed our Madras experiences of addresses, dinners, and inspections, added to a race meeting and a capital jackal hunt. Indeed, we were sorry to have to start again (7th January, 1869) in the *Feroze*, which had come round from Bombay for our onward journey to Calcutta. As this was our final destination we were all on the alert while steaming up the Hooghly on the 12th January, when we landed at the Chand-pal Ghat and moved in procession amid a great crowd of Easterns to Government House. Here we were met by Lord Lawrence, Sir William Mansfield, and others, who conducted the new Viceroy to the Council Room for the ceremony of taking the oath of office.

Lord Lawrence remained at Government House till the 19th of the month, when he left for England (he died 17th June, 1879). Although he and Lord Mayo did not agree on all points, their few days' intercourse at Government House was useful and cordial, and I need not say what a boon it was to meet the retiring Private Secretary, Jimmy Gordon (afterwards Sir James Gordon), whose assistance at my new start, and whose ever-enduring friendship till his death on the 27th June, 1889, can never be effaced from my memory.

I found that my new position made me senior member of the Viceroy's Staff, gave me about £3,000 a year, the charge of large public funds, the duty of opening public correspondence and official papers prior to submission to the Viceroy, besides the

responsibility for a large number of high civil appointments—all work of supreme interest and entailing incessant care and labour. My wife and I had a spacious suite of rooms in Government House* for our abode, and near at hand was my office of some half-dozen clerks, who were all kept extremely busy. It was not long before I felt the burden once more of perpetual motion and work, entailed by a large telegraphic and other correspondence from home, and innumerable red boxes full of weighty papers that came in at the rate, sometimes, of twenty a day. Not for the first time did I deplore the *cacoethes scribendi* of Indian officials, for boxes and notes made my life, not to speak of that of the Viceroy, one of some anxiety. Fortunately Lord Mayo was a hard and rapid worker himself, and I found it easy to get on with him in all official matters, more especially as he was pleased to find me also a good and systematic worker, able in many ways to tender advice on public questions from a past Indian experience and a personal acquaintance with many of the men with whom he now had to deal for the first time. So I liked my work.

I found myself once more high up on the Indian official ladder, and, grateful as I was for Lord Mayo's selection of me, I was resolved to leave no stone unturned on my part to assist him in making his administration a success. I was also able to keep up

* The present Government House, erected on the site of the old building, was built by the Marquis of Wellesley, and completed in 1803, at a cost of £150,000, after the model of Kedleston in Derbyshire, the seat of Lord Scarsdale, father of the Viceroy, Lord Curzon. The architect of Kedleston was Robert Adam, and a fortune was spent in building it.

a sort of connection with the army by helping Lord Mayo and his brother and Military Secretary, Eddy Bourke, with many important military questions, besides receiving permission to attend parades with the Viceroy in the political coat which now covered my fleshly tabernacle. Thus, with a good adviser like Gordon at the start, and a most devoted and reliable assistant in Mr. Demetrius Panioty, I got hold of most of the ropes before Lord Lawrence took his departure.

On one question the ex-Viceroy was emphatic, and that was the good treatment of the natives. On the last afternoon before he left for home Lord Mayo and he took a drive—I was included in the party—in the course of which he impressed this doctrine very kindly and solemnly on his successor. Lord Mayo thanked him for this helpful advice, and we returned in due course to Government House. The Syce (or footman) was slow and awkward in opening the door of the carriage, when Lord Lawrence jumped out in a rage and gave his ear a good unmistakable tug! Lord Mayo laughed over this early experience of the difference between precept and practice, and said to me in a whisper, 'My first practical lesson in kindness 'to natives was undoubtedly an odd one!' This was just like Lord Lawrence, with whom, it will be remembered, I was associated at Simla in 1864 as a member of Sir Hugh Rose's staff. He was an able and simple man, used to do his work in his shirt-sleeves, discouraged as much as possible all state and ceremony, and was delighted to cuff a Bengalee Baboo or a stupid Syce whenever he had the chance.

The new Viceroy soon won his way in India. He himself was keen to disabuse the public mind of the

unfair criticisms which had been made in England on his first appointment. He was determined to justify Disraeli's selection of him for the Viceroyalty, and all the more so as a change of Government, as already said, had taken place at home. We thus found ourselves under what had been the Opposition when we left England. The Indian public, at the same time, took to him at once. His love of work, his fine tall figure, his unfailing courtesy, and his powerful grasp of intricate questions of social or State importance, not to speak of other qualities, at once appealed to them in a way which was never afterwards forgotten by Europeans or Natives.

After a busy time at Calcutta of entertainments, visits to institutions, receptions of public addresses, and all those duties which beset the path of a new Viceroy and his wife—and Lady Mayo indeed worked hard to fulfil her important part in the new reign—we left Calcutta on the 25th March* for Umballa, with the object of meeting Shere Ali, the Amir of Afghanistan, before settling down at Simla.

As the history of this event has already been written elsewhere by myself and others, I may refrain here from detailed comments. Briefly, Lord Lawrence had pursued in regard to Afghanistan and other border countries a policy which was dubbed one of 'masterly inactivity,' although many of us afterwards more correctly described it as 'meddling inter-

* Meanwhile, on the 19th March, 1869, my dear Gerty was born at Government House, and was baptized on the 1st April at St. John's Church (the old cathedral), built in 1704. About twenty years after this she married Mr. Arthur Edward Ash, and has, at the time of my writing this, four children—Francis, Owen, Evelyne, and Phyllis.

ference.' Since the death of Dost Mahomed in 1863, at which time Shere Ali was the recognised heir-apparent, Afghanistan had been plunged in civil war from the pretensions of other sons to the throne. Our traditional policy of building up a strong and friendly Government in that country was, unfortunately, neglected by Lord Lawrence, who allowed the civil war caused by the contentions of each son to go unheeded, and, in fact, encouraged it in a measure by officially recognising each claimant as he happened to achieve success. Shere Ali, who, as just said, was the rightful heir to the throne, and was recognised as such in Dost Mahomed's lifetime by Lord Canning's Government (1858), and afterwards by Lord Elgin's Government (1863), felt, as others did, that all that was wanted to avert further distraction in the country was a clear recognition of himself by the British Government to the exclusion of other unlawful rivals, and this recognition he had been unable to obtain. At last, however, when at the end of 1868, on the eve of Lord Lawrence's departure for home, he regained the throne, the Viceroy, suddenly and rightly, changed his policy of running, cap in hand, from one rival to another, and not only recognised him as Amir in clear language, but followed up this recognition with substantial aid in money and arms. Thus, when Lord Mayo arrived in India, although he was by no means an approver of the so-called 'masterly inactivity' policy of the past, he was fully in unison with this recent departure from it, and, up to this extent, may be said to have followed Lord Lawrence's new policy in his reception of the Amir.

This came about as follows: On Shere Ali's hearing of Lord Mayo's arrival he expressed a wish to see

him. After some correspondence, in which the new Viceroy insisted on the meeting being held at Umballa, so as to bring the Amir through the Punjab and give him some idea of our power and administration, Shere Ali started from Cabul in the latter part of February, entered British territory on the 2nd March, accompanied by his youngest son, Abdulla Jan, and seemed to be impressed with all he saw at Peshawar, except with the appearance of the Peshawar ladies, about whom he said, 'Ah, you sly people, I see you 'keep your pretty girls at home.' When he finally reached Umballa, after slow marches through the Punjab, he was in great good-humour, so that nothing could have gone off with more success than the Durbar of the 27th March, in which the Viceroy, with that dignity which was so marked a characteristic of his public life, welcomed the Amir with cordiality, and among other handsome gifts gave him a sword of honour, which he hoped, he said, the Amir would regard as a token of his desire that he should be victorious over his enemies in defence of his 'just 'and lawful rights' and in his efforts for the consolidation of his kingdom.

During the time of Shere Ali's stay at Umballa we had many secret conferences in regard to questions between the two Governments, and the understanding finally arrived at was so far satisfactory that the Amir, who had come to Umballa suspicious, anxious for some fixed treaty, very full of complaints against British policy and so on, re-entered his kingdom (22nd April) apparently friendly and reassured, besides being grateful for the hospitality shown to him. Thus, although the Umballa Durbar was only a preliminary step in the right direction, it had the

Shere Ali. Earl of Mayo.

UMBALLA DURBAR. MARCH 27, 1869.

effect of pacifying Afghanistan and of relieving India from considerable anxiety in that direction.

The Amir's new experience of Western ideas had a curious effect on his mind. When, one evening at a reception given by the Viceroy, he heard General Hume, General Maisey, and myself sing in a trio over a piano (an act of heroism that we constantly performed), he exclaimed, 'Ah, I will make my Generals 'do that when I return.'

His new ideas also led him to establish police and post offices, to order his shoemaker to sell off Afghan shoes, and to make boots of English pattern, to dress himself and his officials in English-cut clothes, besides organizing a Council of State, and taking all the means that to his barbaric but impressionable mind seemed to be right to mark his newly-acquired Anglophilism. I myself look back with interest to many friendly conversations with the only ruler of Afghanistan I ever met face to face. He was not a bad man as Afghans go, and I greatly regret the turn that affairs took nine years afterwards in which, more from Russian intrigue than any fault of our own, Shere Ali became our enemy, and caused the alteration for better or worse of our political relations with his country.

While it would be useless at this period of time to narrate all the details of our conferences with Shere Ali and his ministers—which, indeed, I have done in other documents and papers—I may refer perhaps to a matter which, although not made a leading one at Umballa, became in after-years a subject of almost fierce contention (1879) at home. I refer to the question of stationing British Agents, European or Native, in Afghanistan. In the first instance, I may

say that at a council held at Lahore on the 17th March between the Amir and his ministers, Shere Ali said: 'Should the British authorities propose that a European 'Agent be stationed at Cabul itself, although I am 'myself agreeable to such an arrangement, the people 'of Cabul are turbulent and mischievous; but if an 'Agent be located at places like Candahar, Herat, or 'Balkh, there would be no objection, for such an 'arrangement would be advantageous to both Govern-'ments.'

Again, at a similar council after the Durbar of the 29th March, it was resolved by him that, 'should the 'British Government insist that one or two British 'Officers should be employed with the new troops 'which shall be raised, it should be agreed to, pro-'vided that Cabul was not a point selected, on account 'of the evil dispositions of the people at the capital.' As a matter of fact, Lord Mayo did not dwell on this point in his own conversations with the Amir; but in conferences between his officials, Seton Karr, Grey, myself and others, and Shere Ali's confidential minister, it was ascertained to our satisfaction that the Amir was open to any arrangement that was thought desirable for the security of his northern border, and that, while doubtful of the reality of Russian aggression for some years to come, he thought precautions ought to be taken, and would gladly see an agent or engineer superintendent at Balkh and Herat, and, if necessary, with arms and troops to back them.

In the controversies of after-years it was stated by the Duke of Argyll, all in good faith but without substantial foundation, that 'the greatest concession 'that Lord Mayo made to the Amir was a pledge *not*

'to send any European Officers into Afghanistan, a 'pledge which was deliberately violated by Lord 'Lytton under the authority of Lord Beaconsfield's 'Government.' I was unhappily drawn into these discussions against my will, and endeavoured to show that this conclusion arose from a misapprehension of what really passed at Umballa. I merely mention this matter as one not so much of present value as of interest in the history of an event which is now past and gone, and as to which there was at one time much misconception in the public mind and much injustice done to Lord Lytton.

In the main, Lord Mayo's views as to our position towards Afghanistan and Russian aggression were not so different from Lord Lytton's as some interested persons have since tried to make out. On his first nomination to the Viceroyalty, Lord Mayo naturally thought less of Indian foreign policy than of other important subjects of internal administration which came under his notice. But in regard to the former he had misgivings on his mind, after reading confidential papers at the India Office, as to its correctness or success, and frequently expressed these misgivings to myself, who had, since my frontier experience under Sir Hugh Rose, formed strong opinions as to the unwisdom of the inactive, happy-go-lucky, yet meddling and muddling policy which at that time characterized our relations with border kingdoms and states. Lord Mayo was, in fact, resolved to make a change, provided he could do so quietly and without open disagreement between himself and his predecessor, and he was intensely relieved when he heard, just before our departure for India, of Lord Lawrence's definite recognition of

Shere Ali as Amir of Afghanistan, and the alteration from years of frigidity and meddling advice to warmth and material assistance in money and arms to this ill-starred man. I have dealt so fully with this matter in my 'Letters on the Indian Administration 'of Lord Mayo' (1872) that it would be undesirable to indulge in repetitions here. But I may add a few brief quotations from some of Lord Mayo's letters, which give a general indication of his views. He wrote (4th March, 1869):

'We must walk carefully, as I do not wish to 'induce a belief that I am imitating "Pat" policy. 'Still, I intend to show that we are wide awake, and 'that we will not allow clouds to gather without giving 'to the people at home full warning.'

Again (25th March, 1869):

'I hope that sensible men will not continue to 'advocate the extreme line of absolute inaction, and 'the worse alternative of meddling and interfering by 'outsiders and emissaries. The safe course lies in 'watchfulness and friendly intercourse with neigh- 'bouring states and tribes.'

And again (16th May, 1869):

'The Umballa policy is right. Surround India with 'strong, friendly, and independent states, who will 'have more interest in keeping well with us than with 'any other Power and we are safe. In any foreign 'policy as touching India we have not only to look to 'the effect of it outside, but also inside our frontier. 'This is the secret of all political success and stability 'in the East. Boldness, daring vigour, breadth of 'conception, the creation of a real and defined general 'policy, the treating of all policy outside as materially 'affecting our interests inside our frontier—once grasp

'this ideal, and we have, in a few words, our Eastern 'foreign policy.'

Again (8th June, 1870):

'Some may think it desirable to adopt a Thibetian 'policy and discourage all communications with the 'outer Asiatic world. But it is not a policy which is 'English or commercial, and is certainly impossible 'if we are to maintain our position in the civilized 'world.'

Again, he said in a Memorandum, written only a month before his death (29th December, 1871):

'I have never met a sensible politician who held the 'opinion that our true policy is to await an invasion of 'India within our frontiers. I have frequently laid 'down what I believe to be the cardinal points of 'Anglo-Indian policy. They may be summed up in 'few words: we should establish with our frontier 'states of Khelat, Afghanistan, Yarkand, Nepal, and 'Burmah intimate relations of friendship; we should 'make them feel that, though we are all-powerful, we 'desire to support their nationality; that when neces- 'sity arises we might assist them with money, arms, 'and even, in certain eventualities, with men. Further, 'we should strenuously oppose any attempt to neu- 'tralize those territories in the European sense, or to 'sanction or invite the interference of any European 'Power in their affairs. It may take years to develop 'this policy. It is contrary to what has been hitherto 'our course in India; but if it is once established, 'recognised, and appreciated our Empire will be com- 'paratively secure.'

These extracts may be sufficient to indicate Lord Mayo's general line of thought as to our border relations, although in his too brief tenure of office the

question did not become the burning one it did some years later on, as explained in a future chapter. Still, it may here be said that, up to the time of his death, Lord Mayo in no way laid aside the Afghan question, but addressed frequent despatches to the Home Government on the subject, more especially as to Russian intrigue, both in regard to Afghanistan and Khiva. One of the last despatches which he penned, but left unsigned, before his death referred to the Afghan boundary, for the settlement of which he had struggled ever since the Umballa Durbar.

To resume. The Umballa Durbar over, Lord Mayo, after a ten days' tour of 1,500 miles through the lower Himalayas to Mussoorie and Roorkee, reached Simla on the 15th April, and I found myself once more in an Elysium which I thought four years previously I had left for ever.

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CHAPTER VII

Simla—Visit of the Duke of Edinburgh—Opening of the Khamgaon Railway and visit to the Chanda coal-fields—Some tiger-shooting—Visit to the North-West Frontier—Lord Napier of Magdala—Visit of the King of Siam (1869-72).

At Simla, the beauty and peaceful situation of which, in the midst of glorious mountain scenery, much pleased Lord and Lady Mayo and other new-comers, real hard business often superseded the round of innocent enjoyment open to us in such a climate.

Lord and Lady Mayo gave a bright example of hospitality, and made the season of 1869 a memorable one, and we lesser lights did our best to amuse society by concerts and theatricals, in which I was myself glad to take a leading part. One of our playful side-pieces was a Durbar, in which I dressed up as the Viceroy, and took off my Chief in a way which made him roll off his chair with laughter. Beyond saying this much, I need not repeat the history of our life at Simla, which was still very much what it had been in former years, except that the place had become more official and grand than in earlier times. My own work was incessant, but to work with Lord Mayo was really a recreation which I much enjoyed.

We left Simla on the 19th October, and after a successful trip to Nynee Tal, Almorah, Meerut, and Allahabad—quite old ramblings to myself—we reached

Calcutta on the 8th November, after a series of rides, drives, and at times railway journeys, which amounted to about 6,000 miles. Here, after the usual routine of work and public functions another memorable event in our round of duty occurred in the visit to India of the Duke of Edinburgh in the *Galatea*, a visit which was regarded with much interest by all Indians. It was at first intended by the Viceroy to receive him officially at Agra in a grand Durbar of all the Chiefs and Princes. But famine in the south of India put an end to this idea, and Lord Mayo finally settled to receive him at Calcutta, and to bear a large portion of the expenses of doing so from his own private purse.

The visit, which lasted a fortnight at the capital, was one of unqualified success, and was made all the more impressive and picturesque by the presence in Calcutta, by special invitation, of the Maharajah Scindia of Gwalior and the Maharajah of Jeypore, besides other important Indian Chiefs. I gave up my own rooms in Government House to the Duke and his suite, with all of whom I became great friends. Following a round of parades, balls, receptions, and other entertainments at Government House and elsewhere, came an impressive Durbar in an encampment on the Maidan (30th December), in which the Duke was invested with the G.C.S.I. in the presence of about 2,000 people; a fancy ball (31st December) at Government House, which in the large white ball-room was a beautiful sight, and in which my wife and I appeared in magnificent costumes as Darnley and Mary Queen of Scots, myself looking tolerable and she lovely.

Various other fêtes also took place, ending with an entertainment given by H.R.H. on board the *Galatea*.

Lord Napier and Ettrick. Duke of Edinburgh. Lady Mayo. Viceroy.

GROUP WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH. CALCUTTA, DEC., 1869.

We all got on well with the Duke of Edinburgh, who made himself very pleasant. He afterwards wrote me several letters (which I keep as a memento of him), and he asked Captain (now Colonel) Haig, R.E., his Equerry, to write to me (19th April, 1870) to say how very much obliged he was for all I had done for him during his stay in India. He succeeded his uncle in 1893 as Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and died 30th July, 1900.

The Duke left on the 7th January, 1870, for Upper India, and the Viceroy once more settled down to routine work, which had become heavy. But this did not prevent a pleasant run a week afterwards to Benares to meet H.R.H. again at that historic place, where we were all splendidly entertained by the Maharajah. Again, on the 24th February we left Calcutta to accomplish a much-desired visit to the Central Provinces to look at the Chanda coal-fields, and to open the Nizam's railway to Khamgaon, where it was to join the G.I.P. system. In this trip we had long and enjoyable rides, amounting to 200 miles in all, to and from the coal-fields, in which Lord Mayo was greatly interested, having administrative dreams of the importance of India producing its own coal instead of getting it out from England.

At that time the Chanda coal had been highly reported upon, both as to quality and production, and I believe that this good opinion has since been to some extent verified, although it is said to be at present of a somewhat light and fiery character. The opening of the Khamgaon Railway gave the Viceroy an opportunity for an important speech on cotton industry and railway-making. I never heard a better one, and all present were greatly impressed with it.

In short, Lord Mayo having come to India with a reputation, which seemed to us to be undeserved, of being rather a dull orator, developed at this time into a good and fluent speaker, partly from the interest he took in the great questions with which he had to deal, and partly from the advantage of having a most able scribe and shorthand writer in his office (Mr. Latimer), to whom he dictated most of his letters and minutes, and who in after-years was deservedly promoted to be Assistant Secretary to the Viceroy (1895), and made a C.I.E. (1901) for loyal and valuable service.

What a blessing to public men, I have thought from that time to this, is a shorthand writer! Let who can try one. The dictation of a speech, for example, accustoms the speaker to the sound of his own voice, and teaches him care in expressing thoughts and ideas. Just try, dear reader, to dictate a speech the night before delivery, and realize next morning when it is written out what idiotic things you have uttered; you will then value any system which teaches you to condense sentences and to be careful what you say. To this daily exercise I attribute in some measure the Viceroy's increasing fame in India as a speaker. He grew also rapidly in popular favour by his appreciation of the work of others, to whom he took every opportunity of giving credit and reward. He mightily pleased those present at the Khamgaon banquet, for instance, by saying: 'We all labour hard 'in India, but it is on the executive officers, as a rule, 'that the real improvement of the country depends. 'Having seen in such a short time so much of India, 'I am happy to take an opportunity thus early in my 'career of paying my humble tribute to the manner 'in which their duties are performed by the civil,

'military, and political officers of this great Govern-
'ment. I believe that in the history of the world no
'sovereign was ever served by a body of men who
'were engaged in more arduous, more useful, and
'more important duties than are the servants of our
'Queen in India.'

From Khamgaon we went on to Jubbulpore to bid a final farewell to the Duke of Edinburgh, then on his way to rejoin the *Galatea* at Bombay, and ended up with an interesting visit to the beautiful marble rocks in the neighbourhood. It was during this trip that I had a little sporting adventure which has remained impressed on my mind. We joined a tiger expedition in the Nerbudda valley. At the end of a long, narrow jungle an amphitheatre of platforms had been arranged on trees, on which we were all supposed to be stationed, and up to which an army of coolies drove the tigers with drums and torches. I foolishly saw no particular necessity for mounting the platform assigned to myself, and remained on ground which happened to be nearest the jungle, waiting for our playful friends to appear.

Suddenly a magnificent tiger bounded out within a few yards of me; he saw *me* and I saw *him*, but fortunately I kept my presence of mind, and remembering some lessons I had learnt at school as to the power of the human eye, I pointed my rifle at him without making any further movement, which would have been fatal to me, and set to work to catch his eye. As he looked at me and growled within a few yards, I did not let go of that 'ere eye and stood firm, while the Viceroy and others who saw my danger had to refrain from firing for fear of causing him to spring on me. Eventually I forced him by that 'ere eye to

sidle away foot by foot, till, on his reaching a respectable distance, I was up into my tree like a lamplighter, and took care ever afterwards in our shooting-trips not to risk standing within a few feet of a tiger. The experience on this particular occasion was novel, but the recollection is perhaps pleasanter than was the actual occurrence. My tiger was eventually shot by our Foreign Secretary (Aitchison), and a fine beast he was of 10 feet 6 inches from head to tail, and better dead than alive. Our journeys at this period reminded me very much of my old time with Sir Hugh Rose, for we were doing a good deal of inspection and hard riding.

After getting back to Calcutta for the anxious duty of passing the Budget, we left on the 7th April (1870) for the Punjab and North-West frontier, accomplishing a distance of about 3,000 miles, much of it by hard riding, of which Lord Mayo was so fond, sometimes fifty or sixty miles a day, visiting Goojerat, Chillianwalla, the Pind-Dadun-Khan salt-mines, Jhelum, Peshawar, and Kohat, at which last-named place the Viceroy held an interesting Durbar of Border Chiefs. There off we went to Hoti Murdan, Abbottabad, and Sealkote, where we had an important business meeting with my old friend Ranbir Singh, Maharajah of Cashmere, not getting to Simla until the 30th of the month. Would I could write in detail all my experiences in this instructive tour, but I refrain from doing so lest I commit the fault of recording events and adventures full of interest at the moment, but rendered unimportant by the lapse of time. Our combined work and riding continued to be a bond of sympathy between Lord Mayo and myself, more especially as I happened to be both

OUR RIDE THROUGH KOHAT PASS. 1870. Lord Mayo. Selr.

cheerful and handy after a good deal of experience under Sir Hugh Rose as to the value of these commodities! Lord Mayo took a great fancy to the border Afridees because, like some of his old friends the Irish-American rebels, they were the most rascally set of villains in or near civilization. It was, therefore, a relief to us to get him safe away from their haunts and passes!

Our next season at Simla was much as usual, or, in other words, it was agreeable and full of incident. The fact of Lord and Lady Mayo being at the head of society was a guarantee, indeed, of propriety, good taste, and good fellowship, mixed with genuine hospitality and recreation, and a good deal of hard work. While my first-born lassie, Gerty, gave my wife plenty to think about, I myself employed the little leisure that came to me in taking a personal part in the concerts and theatricals that graced our season, and, as Simla happened to be strong in talent, we gave some really first-rate performances. All this time the Viceroy and those with him, including, of course, my wife and self, often rode some thirty miles or so into the interior hills, our little camps being pitched on retired spots in these magnificent Himalayan ranges, thus giving us many days of quiet enjoyment 'away from the madding crowd.' A change had taken place this year in the chief command in India, as Sir William Mansfield left for England, and was succeeded by Lord Napier of Magdala, whose already-formed friendship with the Viceroy made their future official relations very cordial. Colonel Dillon, who accompanied him as military secretary, was also warmly welcomed by us all as an old and valued friend.

On the 4th October we again left Simla *viâ* Patiala, prior to a long-projected trip to Rajputana. Our visit to the very fine broad-streeted marble town of Jeypore was specially interesting, as the Viceroy and Maharajah had formed a sincere friendship — one which extended on the part of the chief and his dewan, Sir Faiz Ali Khan, to myself, and which I greatly valued. We entered Jeypore in state on the 12th October, our retinue including 100 elephants and a fine show of State troops. Here we stayed about six days, thoroughly enjoying the tiger-shooting, pig-sticking, and reviews arranged in our honour. It was a great pleasure, moreover, to meet that best of men, Bradford (now Sir Edward Bradford, Bart.), who was, and still is, one of the most modest and yet one of the most able servants of the Crown.

An inspection of the important salt lake at Sambhur, and a grand Durbar at Ajmere, where we met the chiefs of Oodeypore, Jodhpore, Bundee, Kotah, Kishengurh, Tonk, and other of the principal nobles of Rajputana, ended this tour, which was made noteworthy by the establishment at Ajmere of the 'Mayo College' for the education of the sons of Indian nobles—an institution to which the chiefs at once subscribed £80,000, and which has flourished ever since. After other visits to Benares, the stud establishment, and the opium factories in the North-West Provinces, we got back to Calcutta on the 7th November,* thus ending a tour of some

* Soon after our return to Calcutta my son Francis was born (23rd November) at Government House, and was baptized at St. John's Church. He eventually joined the R.E. on the 27th July, 1889, and is now a Captain in that corps, after doing much good work in it at home and in India, including active service in the

2,000 miles, much of it in very hot weather. We had spent a useful year, seeing that, in addition to all our hard administrative work, the new Viceroy had travelled during it over more than 9,000 miles of ground, making himself personally acquainted with Indian officials and native chiefs, visiting coal-mines, opening railways, inspecting cotton-fields and model farms, salt-mines and frontier outposts, establishing colleges and schools, and pushing on other works of public importance and utility. The only disturbing element in this year to us was the Franco-German War of 1870-1871, which, to our surprise, ended so disastrously for the Emperor Napoleon III. and for France. We received the accounts of this war at Simla with intense interest, especially as we felt some misgiving as to whether our own country might not be dragged into the *mêlée*, although it had the good luck to escape that calamity.

Our time at Calcutta was again marked by arduous budget and other work, intermixed with a great deal of correspondence with the home authorities and others on the subject of the late Durbar and our general relations with Afghanistan, a subject which was then attracting some attention. What my own views on the question consistently were from 1857 onwards I expressed to an exalted person at home (1871), and I have seen no special reason to change them since. I wrote: 'The announcement of a policy 'having for its object the peace and consolidation of 'an outward circle of defence for India within a limit 'of well-defined boundaries ought to be our continual

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North-West Frontier Campaign of 1891 and in the South African War of 1899-1900.

'aim. No one can play this game with such a hand 'as ourselves. We have been well-nigh losing it, and 'may indeed foresee difficulties looming in the distance 'connected with it. But any drawing back from such 'a policy will be fatal to our interests. If we relapse 'into temporizing with Russia, ignoring the unfriendly 'schemes of Persia, playing false with our border 'States and tribes, and awaiting, as it is termed, 'outward attacks from within our own frontier and so 'on, we are neither capable nor deserving of holding 'one of our most valuable and splendid possessions of 'the Crown. Let us now follow Lord Mayo's lead, 'let us fix a foreign policy for India; let that policy 'be, as said before, an outward line, if possible, of 'strong and friendly States; and constant intercourse 'with our neighbours, assistance in advice, and money 'to them when necessary; a large and fixed sum placed 'at the Viceroy's disposal for secret service purposes; 'encouragement of European adventure and travel 'within fixed lines of boundaries; a proper defence of 'our frontier; and full liberty of action to the ruling 'Governor-General within these general limits; and 'we shall in my humble opinion be not only respected 'outside, but, what is much more important, be safe 'inside India. We either pretend not to know, or 'care not to know this ourselves, because we are in 'the hands of irresolute party politicians, who will not 'realize what is perfectly well known by Powers like 'Russia, whose interests are opposed to our own in 'every part of the world, and whose boldness is only 'the result of our timidity. This opinion only touches 'the extent of foreign policy as it affects India. Much 'more can be said of the Central Asian question as 'regards the general designs of Russia on Persia and

'the Gulf, the inroads of the Turks into Arabia, and 'so on. But the one Power I fear is Russia, which 'seems fated to be the disturber of peace through 'Eastern Europe and the Eastern world.' Although this may be looked upon as mere pretty language, yet from 1857 till my retirement from the public service in 1897, I worked in my various official appointments on the lines indicated, and with more or less success, so far as any success can be obtained under a constitutional Government weakened and generally forced to be irresolute by that wretched system of party reprisals and compromises which is so ill-suited to an Empire like our own.

Among other schemes on hand that Lord Mayo had at heart at this time (1871) was the amalgamation of the Central-India native states under a Lieutenant-Governor. He was anxious to appoint Sir Henry Durand to this office, but, on his rather unexpected refusal, the scheme was dropped, and Sir Henry was given the Lieutenant-Governorship of the Punjab, a post which he specially coveted. Alas! he had not been long in the position when he met his death (31st December, 1871) during an official visit to Tonk, on account of the elephant on which he and the Nawab were sitting being allowed to go, by some unaccountable misapprehension, under a low archway. The Lieutenant-Governor, being a tall man, was hurled against the masonry and was swept off the elephant, while his less exalted companion escaped with a shaking. Sir Henry Durand's death the next day from the consequences of this accident caused genuine regret throughout India. How many men, I was tempted to think at the time, meet their end by gaining what they have sought!

During our stay at Calcutta, my wife and children proceeded to Madras on a visit to Lord and Lady Napier, and I took the opportunity at the end of January (1871) of fetching my little party back again. I reached Madras on the 4th February, found all well, and had a delightful visit of nearly three weeks at our kind host's winter residence, Guindy Park. My visit was in some measure an official one, as the Viceroy asked me to go to Mysore and bring him back my views as to that State, in which he took a great interest.

The Mysore country consists of an elevated and undulating plateau surrounded by hills. Its chief town, Bangalore, is about two hundred miles west of Madras, and on the south come the fine Neilgherry hills, which contain Ootacamund and other equally beautiful hill stations. We acquired Mysore in 1799, after the fall of Seringapatam and the death of Tippoo Sultan. I had a delightful time at Mysore with Colonel, afterwards Sir R., Meade, (now, alas ! dead), discussing with him all sorts of questions connected with the young Maharajah's future.

On the 13th February I drove ninety-three miles to the City of Mysore with Colonel Malleson, and visited the Fort, Palace, and State school, in due course, making on this occasion the acquaintance of the young Maharajah, then an intelligent boy of seven years of age. He was being brought up in school with thirty companions, and was most anxious to get on with his lessons and his active exercises. The young fellow gave us a proof of his proficiency in cricket by bowling very well, and it was easy to see, both by the character of the lad and his progress in education and athletics, that Colonel Malleson's conduct of affairs as

Guardian, and in the founding and arrangements of the school, did that officer great credit. Later on in the day we saw the Maharajah and the other boys go through the Riding School, and I presented them all with books and prizes, which I hope they duly valued!

The Palace was ancient and dilapidated, and the state jewels were all kept in old rusty tins in an underground cellar, although estimated to be worth £250,000. Colonel Malleson showed me a lot of beautiful pearls kept thus in salmon tins, and not allowed by the head Ranee to be moved into better quarters! This useful and pleasant visit over, I rejoined my little party at Madras, and duly returned to Calcutta at the end of the month. As a result of my visit I was glad to be able to make such a report to the Viceroy as to enable him to recommend the rendition of Mysore to the Maharajah, since which event it has been a model native State in India.

We all left Calcutta again on the 2nd April (1871), reaching Allahabad on the 6th of that month, after a long riding detour to inspect the Soane Canal works at Dehree. The weather was extremely hot at the time, so that we were glad of a short rest at Cawnpore and Lucknow, *en route* to the Oude and Nepal Terai, where, from the 13th to 26th April, we enjoyed a very good time. We had 208 elephants in our party, all with separate historical names, and very useful in taking us through the high jungles, and our bag was 19 tigers, 3 leopards, and 235 other head of game. I got two tigers and a leopard to my own gun. On one day (26th April), by a little military manœuvring of our lines of elephants, we surrounded five tigers in a small patch of grass, and bagged them all. It was one of the most exciting moments I had ever ex-

perienced. Our trip here was not all play, however, as we visited the Sardah Canal works at Mondhia Ghat, where an important question was pending concerning certain transfers of land between India and Nepal.

After making a number of inspections at Agra and Delhi, we finally reached Simla on the 5th May, almost sorry to end this very interesting tour. Again we had our usual season at Simla, rendered all the more acceptable by a great improvement in our singing from the arrival from England of Herr Mack and Signor Marras and his wife, under whom our music greatly flourished. I myself was able to take a leading part at our concerts, and persuaded my wife to join us also in songs and glees on several public occasions. During this time we also arranged an important series of military lectures and discussions, in which I was glad to take a share in remembrance of my own military career, more especially as the critics were kind to me and I still remember my speeches on the education of staff officers and military manœuvring in the field with a certain sense of regretful complacency. It was pleasant also to get away sometimes from official work to take leading parts in 'Alonzo the Brave,' 'The Turned Head,' 'The Crimson Scarf,' and other pieces. One of our colleagues in theatricals was a son of the Duke of Cambridge, Augustus Fitz-George (now Colonel Sir Augustus Fitz-George), who was a good actor and a great addition to our Simla society. We had, moreover, a good many excursions against the hill pheasants, which were difficult to shoot on account of their swift flight, and were very different to our barn-door pheasants at home.

On the 31st May the Viceroy had a grand Durbar

of the hill chiefs, of whom twenty-one came to pay their respects, and this made Simla very lively. We also much appreciated this season the visit to Lord and Lady Mayo of Lady Blandford, who was with us all the summer while her husband was making a tour in Cashmere and elsewhere. She gave birth (13th November, 1871), in our house, 'Beatsonia,' to a son, who is the present Duke of Marlborough. My wife was one of the godmothers, and stood sponsor at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, in the year following (21st June, 1872), together with the Prince of Wales (now King), who was a godfather. I myself was also present, and H.R.H. was very forthcoming and gracious to us both.

On 21st September of this year (1871) we heard of the death of Mr. Justice Norman from wounds inflicted by an assassin on the steps of the High Court in Calcutta. This event caused us much concern, more especially as it had a political importance, from the fact that the Viceroy had found it necessary to take stringent measures against certain so-called Wahabees, who were stirring up mischief throughout India. Wahabeeism was a Mahomedan movement which had its birth in Arabia, and reached India about 1820. It was really nothing more than a fanatical, religious revival; but it had become suddenly dangerous, so that Lord Mayo, probably remembering his experiences in 1866-67 of the Fenian rising in Ireland, thought it right to take proper precautions, and, with the full consent of his civil advisers, caused several arrests to be made, more especially at Patna, whence the prisoners thus arrested were sent to be tried by Mr. Justice Norman at the High Court. Thus many of us connected Mr. Norman's assassination with this

trial; we were, in short, convinced that the murder was deliberately planned by the Wahabees, and that the assassin was selected as the instrument of revenge.

Once more we set out (1st November) on one of our hard but interesting tours, riding out from Simla to Belaspore, sixty miles on a bad road, and pushing on by long daily stages through the Kulu and Kangra Valleys, till we reached a place called Sultanpore, after a total ride of 150 miles on hill ponies. All these pleasant spots, including Dhurmsala and Palampore, have, alas! been almost destroyed by the terrible earthquake, already alluded to, of 1905. A further ride of seventy-five miles took us on to Palampore, a pretty place in the centre of the tea-growing district of the Kangra Valley, and here a Durbar was held of all the rajahs and wealthy landowners of the district. The ceremony was called a Rural Durbar, which allowed the natives to speak their minds and to bring forward their representations freely, as in the time of Ranjit Singh, and the result was undoubtedly beneficial on account of Lord Mayo's patience and kindness in hearing all they had to say. After a thoroughly enjoyable day, including some games and sports, at which about 70,000 natives from all parts were present (it being an annual fair day), we rode on to Kangra, and thence to Dhurmsala, where we visited Lord Elgin's grave, and Chamba—all of this being old ground to me, and bringing pleasant recollections to my mind of former times and journeys with Sir Hugh Rose. Words fail to convey the impression on all our minds of thus riding through this beautiful hill-country inhabited by a simple and loyal population.

Grant (A.D.C.) and I, while *en route* to Chamba, got leave to go after some bears which had been

Lord Mayo. Lady Mayo. Self.

DOWN THE RAPIDS OF THE RIVER RAVI ON MUSSUCKS. NOV., 1871.

reported to us. While we were resting on a small green spot after a rough climb to our bear-ground we heard a rumble within a few feet of us, when four fine black bears dashed by us down into the forest before we had time to recover our surprise. We were soon after them, but failed to get near them, perhaps happily for ourselves, since they were large fierce brutes and the ground was unsafe and treacherous for such shooting. A little practice at this kind of sport taught us never to fire at a bear when *above* us on a hillside, as in such a case he generally rolls down in an instant on the sportsman and attacks him, so we learnt not to draw our trigger unless our friend the bear was *below* us. I may give this simple hint for the use of my bear-shooting sons.

We had what was to us an extraordinary and fascinating experience in this trip of going down the Ravi River through strong rapids on mussucks, or inflated cowskins, and it was indeed a delightful river voyage of fifty miles through splendid hill scenery. For the use of each of our party two large mussucks were tied together, and a little wooden platform fastened on top of them. The Viceroy and Lady Mayo, as well as the Staff, had each a boat to themselves, with four men swimming to guide it, and down we went at a railroad speed which was invigorating and sometimes alarming, to a place called Madhopore, where we again had a cordial meeting with our old friend the Maharajah of Cashmere, settling with him on this occasion some difficult frontier questions. Thence we went to Umritzur and Lahore, on our way to a place called Sonepore, close to the Nepal frontier, where we met Sir Jung Bahadur of Nepal, and had another impressive Durbar, at which about 150 of

ourselves and our allies were present. Sir Jung Bahadur and his wives and brothers were all dressed in gorgeous costumes, which formed a brilliant picture with bright surroundings of Nepalese and Indian troops. Our intercourse with the Nepalese was most cordial, and I myself had a good crack with Sir Jung on the subject of the capture of Lucknow in 1858, making him laugh at some of the stories I told him about his own troops. He was very friendly, and gave me a fine Goorkha 'kookrie' (knife), which is still in my possession.

On the 25th we left this little gathering with much regret and with a gratifying recollection of our visit, and two days afterwards we were back again in Calcutta, after a journey of some 2,500 miles. In short, our total tours in 1871 amounted to 4,000 miles, and, accustomed as I had been to hard riding and cross-country journeys with my late Chief, I found that it was all that I could do to keep up with Lord Mayo's energy and endurance on these tours. At any rate, the privilege of being with Commanders-in-Chief and Viceroys taught me how to combine work with exercise, and I had experienced both with a vengeance since my first service in India!

After the usual round of duty at Calcutta we started off again (6th January, 1872) to the Camp of Exercise at Delhi, where we stayed for five days, to see some part of the annual manœuvres, after which we returned to Calcutta to receive the young King of Siam (Chulalonkorn), who had been invited by the Viceroy to India. The King arrived at Calcutta on the 13th January, accompanied by six brothers and a large suite. We saw a great deal of this young King during his nine days' visit to Calcutta (prior to his

Lady Mayo. Viceroy. Sir Jung Bahadur.

MEETING WITH JUNG BAHADUR ON NEPAL FRONTIER. NOV., 1871.

leaving for the Delhi manœuvres), and were much impressed both with him and his suite. All were nice, simple Easterns, thoroughly friendly with the British Government, and expressing themselves anxious for closer relations with India.

It seemed here, again, to be a question of the many lost opportunities that occur in British policy, much to our political disadvantage. Siam had always been of political and commercial value to us, but had not been well managed by our Foreign Office at home.

An impression was, therefore, made on our minds in our conferences with the King that, unless we did something to bring him and his people into closer touch with us, the French or others would obtain a preponderating influence in that part of the world, although our own trade relations with the country were far greater and more important than those of any other Power. The King, in short, was anxious for a treaty with India, which, in consideration of the proximity of Burmah to his country, would have been advantageous to us, and the Viceroy saw much to like in the notion. But India was not in a position to sign such a treaty, nor did the Home Government, as was then usual, desire any action to be taken, so the matter was dropped. This visit, at any rate, did some good, as the King and his entourage were delighted with their experiences, and have ever since remained loyal to their British aspirations amid many difficulties.

CHAPTER VIII

The Andamans and Lord Mayo's assassination at Hopetown—Return home and visit to the Queen—Appointment at the India Office (1872).

And now came what was destined to be Lord Mayo's final tour. Ever since his arrival in India he had felt a great wish to visit the Andaman Islands, a settlement used since 1858 for convicts under sentence of transportation for life, many of whom were by degrees allowed a certain amount of freedom, and permitted in cases of good behaviour to have their families with them, to remit money to their relatives, and even to correspond with friends in India to a limited extent. In short, the authorities wished to turn the Andamans from a convict settlement into a peaceful and flourishing colony. Lord Mayo was much interested in all this, and had from the time of his arrival in India expressed a wish to visit the Settlement, especially as he had heard of Mount Harriet (1,200 feet high), which, he hoped, might be made into a sort of sanatorium for Bengal. He was, moreover, anxious to see Burmah, in regard to which he had many important questions to settle.

General, afterwards Field-Marshal Sir Donald, Stewart (he died 26th March, 1900), who had been appointed Superintendent of the Settlement, was exerting himself in making improvements and changes, and

was very anxious that Lord Mayo should visit the place and see things for himself. Wishing this tour to be one of some ceremonial, Lord Mayo asked the naval Commander-in-Chief (Rear-Admiral Cockburn) to place a man-of-war at his disposal, and, indeed, to accompany him himself. Admiral Cockburn was not in very good health at the time, but, while excusing himself from the tour, placed his flagship, the *Glasgow*, at our disposal. The Admiral duly came to Calcutta in his flagship, meaning to return to Bombay by train, but he was suddenly taken ill from inflammation of the lungs, and brought to Government House, to be taken care of during our absence.

When the time for our departure actually came, Lord Mayo was disinclined to start, and nearly abandoned the tour, as he was troubled just then in regard to a disturbed state of affairs in Khelat and other parts of the frontier, as to which he consulted myself and others long and anxiously before his final decision. This anxiety never appeared to leave him afterwards, as he often sat dreamily and listlessly when alone, quite contrary to his usual habit. However, the tour was finally determined upon, and we started on our journey (24th January, 1872) with a party of about thirty-three persons, most of whom were accommodated on board the S.S. *Dacca*, which accompanied us. We reached Rangoon on the 28th of the month, and remained there for a week that was full of hard work and interest—the welcome given to the Viceroy by the Burmese being particularly enthusiastic, and the whole country and the people different both in manner and look from anything we had ever seen in India. On the 3rd February we

left for Moulmein,* where my brother Douglas (died 21 March, 1899), who was then head of the Bank of Bengal at that place and chairman of the Reception Committee, entertained us right royally.

Here we waited for telegrams, as Lord Mayo was resolved to return to India should news be received of an unfavourable character. The telegrams set his mind at rest, however, and we accordingly steamed on to the Andaman Islands, which we reached early on the 8th February, landing at Ross Island (Port Blair), in order to inspect the convict establishment in that particular place, consisting of some 2,000 men. General Stewart and myself had for many months before the tour carried on a long and detailed correspondence as to the measures to be adopted for the Viceroy's safety while going over the Settlement, and prior to landing Stewart explained to Lord Mayo all the precautions he had taken, such as shutting up the worst characters, posting guards at certain localities, providing an armed body of police and warders to accompany the party, and so on. Lord Mayo was quite satisfied with these arrangements, and no additional precaution occurred to any of us, beyond warning the Staff and others who accompanied the party to remain near the Chief when walking through the Settlement, and to keep their eyes open, as it is called, during the day.

* Another brother, Knightley, entertained Lord and Lady Elgin at Moulmein as Deputy Commissioner there on their visit (1893) prior to returning to England at the termination of Lord Elgin's Viceroyalty. He also received Lord and Lady Lansdowne and the late Duke of Clarence on their respective visits to places in Burmah, where he happened to be Deputy Commissioner, and was cordially thanked by them for all he did in their honour.

All went well during our morning inspection, which passed off without incident. At 2.30 p.m. the same afternoon we went over to Viper Island under similar safeguards; but, our inspection being over sooner than was expected, Lord Mayo proposed our going across the harbour to a point called Hopetown, in order to walk up to Mount Harriet, which he had been anxious to see. For this no special arrangements had been made, although there appeared to be no objection to the proposal except that daylight only lasted till 6.30 p.m., and the walk up the hill would have to be quickly done to save our being caught in the dark. Once at the top, Lord Mayo, being tired, sat down for about ten minutes to rest, and seemed to enjoy the scene exceedingly, frequently expressing his admiration at the view, which, he said, was the 'most 'lovely he had ever seen.'

We were all, indeed, in good spirits, and almost off our guard, seeing that we had spent the day in various parts of the Settlement without mishap; and we started off on our return journey as soon as we could, although Lord Mayo was unwilling to leave the spot. Nothing unusual occurred on our return to the pier until we arrived within a few yards of our naval escort and steam launch. It had, however, become suddenly dark (there being no twilight in the Andamans), when Stewart, addressing the Viceroy, asked to go back for a few moments to speak to an overseer as to the arrangements for the next day. In doing this he had to pass through the guard in rear of us, when in a moment a tall, muscular Afridee rushed through the opening, and, fastening on Lord Mayo's back, stabbed him twice between the shoulders before any of us could get hold of him or prevent

the occurrence. It was, alas! all over; for the stabs proved fatal, and, while myself and others of our party got hold of the assassin with difficulty, Lord Mayo, half stunned, fell over the pier (where the water was fortunately shallow), exclaiming to me, as I quickly jumped down to his help, 'Burne, they 'have done it.'

We did our best to raise him and place him in the boat, and, after binding up his wounds, rowed off to the *Glasgow*, which was anchored about half a mile away. It was a dreadful half-hour, during which our dear Chief almost imperceptibly breathed his last, and our party of joy was turned into a band of mourning! With unspeakable grief I had to break the awful news to poor Lady Mayo, while the sailors carried the body to the quarter-deck, where they soon erected a partition of flags, and constructed a rough coffin, over which we breathed a prayer of farewell for one of the most lovable of men and best of Viceroys.

It was, indeed, an awful experience, which words fail to describe, and in now reflecting over the whole circumstances of the event, one can only feel powerless to clear up the mystery of our having arrived, after an anxious day, with such a fatal result at an apparent goal of safety—a pier clear of all except our naval guard, which stood within a few yards of us, ourselves guarded both at sides and rear by an escort, and neither convict nor convict-house near us! It was indeed a mystery—a combination of sudden darkness, the movement of General Stewart through the guard to give an order for the next day, the lying in wait at that particular moment of the murderer, and the assassination of the Viceroy within the space of fewer seconds than it takes to write these words.

Of course, on reflection we felt that there was some risk in visiting the Mount at a somewhat late hour of the afternoon, and that we ought to have dissuaded Lord Mayo from the attempt; but this did not strike any of us at the moment, nor do I think that the Viceroy would have listened to us if the idea had really occurred to any of the party.

It was only on the following day that some light seemed to be thrown upon the event by the court of inquiry then convened. It appeared, in fact, that this man, Shere Ali, who was about twenty-five years of age, was a Pathan whose home was near the Khyber Pass, that he had been in the police, and was found guilty in 1867 of a blood-feud murder in the streets of Peshawar, a crime which he himself denied, but for which he was sentenced to transportation for life to the Andamans. He was by repute a well-conducted man, and behaved so quietly in the Settlement that he had been allowed to act as barber, and in this capacity had for years past had a free run of the Hopetown ground, besides being one of the few permitted to receive letters from India. All this accounted for his being in possession of a knife, and, although when a prisoner he made no confession, there was reliable evidence to show that he had given out openly some time beforehand that he had received a letter informing him that 'his brother 'had murdered Mr. Justice Norman, and that he was 'proud of the deed.'

The conclusion arrived at by the Government was that the deed was one of private revenge for what the man considered to be unmerited transportation; but knowing as I did the feeling against the Viceroy and Mr. Justice Norman on account of the past Wahabee

prosecutions and the consequent precautions we had to take even in Calcutta for the Viceroy's safety, I have myself always retained the idea that by some mischance Shere Ali had received a letter from the Patna malcontents, inciting him to commit the deed, to accomplish which, as we afterwards learned, he had followed us unnoticed throughout the day without being able to get a chance until at the moment we appeared to be in comparative safety.

For this mischance we could hardly blame the superintendent, although we afterwards heard of this man being detected in sharpening his knife and using threatening language some days before our arrival, which seemed to point to some evil intention on his part, and of this General Stewart ought not to have been kept in ignorance by his subordinates. But to throw blame on others or to disagree with the conclusions arrived at by the Government without clearer proof than we were able to get was the last thing that came into the thoughts of any of us. But, as just said, I had a conviction, which I have retained to this day, that the motive of the assassin was not mere private revenge, but that his action was part of the Wahabee plot entrusted to the hands of a man who was allowed freedom of movement and correspondence, and who ought never to have been at large on this fatal day had the subordinate staff at the Settlement been properly on the alert.

Shere Ali was eventually hanged for the crime without making any confession of his reason and objects, for he was a proud obstinate Pathan. Shortly after the crime, Lady Mayo's children telegraphed from England a message to the murderer of their father, 'May God forgive you.' In a letter from

General Stewart (10th March, 1872) he said: 'I gave 'the message from Lady Mayo's children last night to 'Shere Ali. It was not easy to make him comprehend 'the meaning of it, but when he did grasp it he in- 'solently told me to go away, as he was very angry. 'He said if they had sent a message ordering him to 'be cut into pieces he would have been glad, but a 'prayer for God's forgiveness he could not take from 'them. He became very excited, and would not talk 'on the subject. He is eaten up with pride and fana- 'ticism, but thought more of his personal-importance 'than his religion, and indulging the while in a spirit 'of treachery and revenge.'

We had indeed a sad return to Calcutta, where we arrived on the 17th February, and found, to our great regret, that Admiral Cockburn had died at Government House on the 10th of February, two days after the Viceroy's assassination in the Andamans! The *Glasgow* was indeed in mourning, but no one can forget the consideration and kindness we had experienced in those sad circumstances from Captain Morton Jones and his officers and men, some of whom I have met since (Admiral Sir W. Moore among them) in higher grades.

Calcutta — and, indeed, India at large — was now plunged in grief, for the good Viceroy was sincerely beloved and respected, and the news of his death caused widespread regret and mourning. We carried the body in funeral procession from the landing-stage to Government House, where it lay in state for two days to satisfy crowds of Europeans and natives who came to pay their last tribute to the dead; and, finally, on the 21st February (his fiftieth birthday), it was taken in solemn procession to H.M.S. *Daphne* for

conveyance to Bombay. Lady Mayo, my wife, and our two children (Gerty and Frank) followed by train on the 5th March, leaving for Suez in the *Glasgow*, with the body on board, on the 11th of the month, and eventually reaching England on the 6th April.

What can I say more? Our late Chief received a public funeral at Dublin on the 25th April—the procession being a mile long—and was buried by his own wish, without pomp, ceremony, or expense, in the little churchyard of Johnstown, where he now rests in peace, with a beautiful Irish cross placed over his grave. A fine equestrian statue by Thorneycroft was afterwards erected at Calcutta, and was unveiled by the Prince of Wales (King Edward VII.) on the 3rd January, 1876. A bust by Boehm was also placed in the crypt of St. Paul's, and was unveiled on the 26th July, 1886, by the Earl of Cranbrook.

It is not easy to speak of Lord Mayo without fear of exaggeration. He had few equals either in ability or in physical endurance. His manner was dignified, and yet genial and unaffected, both towards high and low, so that he was equally beloved by Europeans and natives, which is indeed high praise in a country where it is difficult to please one without offending the other. By his frankness and sincerity towards all with whom he came in contact, Lord Mayo gained from them more real information during his Viceroyalty than many others would have obtained in a lifetime, while his energy and kindly disposition caused everyone to feel pleasure instead of dread at his arrival at any particular station, and undisguised regret at his departure.

He was a bold and untiring rider, sitting lightly even upon the smallest pony, and so great was his

love of sport that he would remain up many a night with me working at papers in order that we might go for a 'pig-stick' in the morning. Indeed, this love of sport and fund of good-humour stood him often in good stead in periods of anxiety and trouble; for many is the time that I knew him to be more than worried and anxious over public affairs, and yet join in public entertainments and receptions as if he had no cares in the world. To myself he was always a kind and considerate friend, with whom I never had a cross word or a difference of opinion.

As a slight evidence of our work, I may mention that our chief clerk, Mr. D. Panioty, told me, on leaving India, that, according to the record of the office, I had written, on behalf of the Viceroy, 11,094 letters and sent 3,748 telegrams, mostly in cipher, besides an innumerable quantity of memoranda, draft despatches, and other State papers. This, in addition to our tours, amounting in the aggregate to 20,000 miles by rail and on horseback, and numerous social functions, made up a fairly busy life. Mr. Panioty, in his very difficult and responsible position, which gained him the sobriquet of 'Chubb's Lock,' won the respect and affection of all who knew him. He was promoted by Lord Lytton in 1877 to be Assistant Private Secretary, and in 1880 received the C.I.E. He died on 17th July, 1895. I shall always remember this simple-minded man, who was the mainstay of many Viceroys and Private Secretaries, and whose loss was very widely felt.

The following letter, written in Persian (12th February, 1872), was sent by Shere Ali (Amir of Afghanistan) to the acting Viceroy:

'After expressions of sorrow and affliction, be it

'known to your friendly heart that I have just been 'shocked to hear the terrible and mournful tidings of 'the death of the Viceroy and Governor-General of 'India. By this terrible and unseen stroke my heart 'has been overwhelmed with grief and anguish, for it 'can scarce occur again in days so out of joint as 'these that the world will see another so universally 'beloved and esteemed for his many high and excellent 'qualities as he who is now in the spirit-land. All 'great and wise men have always regarded this tran- 'sitory world as a resting-place for a single night, or 'as an ever-flowing and changing stream, and have 'never ceased to remind their fellows that they must 'pass beyond it, and leave all behind them. It is 'therefore incumbent on men not to fix their affections 'on perishable things during the course of their short 'lives, which are, as it were, a loan to them from 'above. Naught remains to the friends and survivors 'of him who is gone from among us but patience and 'resignation. The unvarying patience and kindness 'displayed towards me by him who is now no more 'had induced me to determine, if the affairs of 'Afghanistan at the time permitted the step, to accom- 'pany his Excellency on his return to England, so 'that I might obtain the gratification of a personal 'interview with Her Majesty the Queen, and derive 'pleasure from travelling in the countries of Europe. 'Before the eternally predestined decrees, however, 'men must bow in silence. A crooked and perverse 'fate always interferes to prevent the successful 'attainment by any human being of his most cherished 'desires. What more could be said or written to 'express my grief and pleasure?'

We all felt, indeed, that—

'Weeps now the nation, bowed with bitter pain
In thought of its great loss—a loss without relief;
With wail and woe sounds forth the mournful strain,
Uniting hearts in brotherhood of grief.
Gone that brave soul, so gallant and so true,
True to his country, true to his high trust,
Noble in mind and deed.'

Lord Napier and Ettrick (then Governor of Madras) was summoned to Calcutta to assume the office of Viceroy, and with Lady Napier he arrived on the 23rd February to take up his duties. He had asked me by telegram to remain on and act as Private Secretary, and as he kindly added that it would be useful to the public service as well as agreeable to himself, I deemed it my duty to do this, although ready packed for home, tired out, and overcome with sorrow.

Nothing could exceed Lord Napier's kindness to myself and to all associated with him in his brief term of office, which many of us hoped might be permanent. This good man received afterwards a peerage of the United Kingdom, which greatly pleased him. He died 19th December, 1878.

In the meantime, however, the Home Government had appointed Lord Northbrook to the office, and he duly arrived at Calcutta on the 3rd May, so that Lord and Lady Napier left on the 7th of that month for England, accompanied by myself. Prior to this Lord Napier had been good enough, as some slight personal recognition, he said, of my services, to appoint my brother Knightley, then in the Bengal Police, to an Assistant Commissionership in Burmah, and to entertain him at a wedding-breakfast at Government House on his marriage (16th April, 1872) to Minny

Russell (daughter of General Russell, R.A.), besides lending him Barrackpore Park for his honeymoon.

During the few days that we were at Government House with Lord Northbrook I had many interesting conversations with him and his talented private secretary (Major Evelyn Baring, now Earl of Cromer) on Indian affairs, and I finally left Calcutta with many flattering recognitions in the press, and in public despatches from the Government of India to the India Office, in praise of my past work. Although these commendations were no doubt enlarged in some degree by my association with Lord Mayo, yet during my term of office I had made many sincere friends, both European and native, who regretted my departure, and were good enough to say so in almost exaggerated language (which in the circumstances was gratifying to myself), while the secretaries to Government presented me with a handsome silver vase, accompanied by the following letter, which pleased me more than I can express:

This letter was dated Calcutta, 4th May, 1872, and said: 'In memory of the very happy days we have 'passed together under the administration of our dear 'lost friend and master, Lord Mayo, and in remem-'brance of the innumerable acts of kindness and 'courtesy which we have each and all owed to your-'self, we ask you to accept the accompanying vase. 'This is, we know, but a poor token of the respect and 'esteem with which your abilities, unwearied industry, 'and unvarying good temper have inspired us; but 'more worthy memorials remain in our earnest and 'sincere wishes for your future happiness and success, 'and in the deep and lasting affection we all bear you.

'Sorry as we are to lose you now, we cannot but 'believe that the great (though officially unchronicled) 'services which you rendered to Lord Mayo's adminis- 'tration will secure you in England a wider sphere of 'action and an even higher position in public life than 'you have yet occupied; and in this belief, and in the 'hope of meeting you again at no distant period under 'brighter auspices,

'We remain,
'Your affectionate friends,*

'E. C. BAYLEY (Home),
'C. U. AITCHISON (Foreign),
'C. H. DICKENS (Public Works),
'R. B. CHAPMAN (Finance),
'A. O. HUME (Agriculture and Commerce),
'*Secretaries to the Government of India.*'

Our voyage to England in the P.O. steamer *Sumatra* was without special incident, except that I became temporarily blind from, as the doctors assured me, the strain I had undergone. At Alexandria I got on board the *Massilia,* and arrived at Southampton after a good voyage on the 19th June, meeting my wife and children in London, and going over once more the record of our sad experiences. Here we had a long season of visits and receptions, and I was gratified at this time to receive a kind offer from Lord Sandhurst, then Commander of the Forces in Ireland, to be his Military Secretary. I had reasons, however, for not availing myself of this chance of returning to military em-

* Much could be said of these kind and able men if I were writing a history of Lord Mayo's administration, which has been done by a more worthy hand. Here I will only remark that three have gone to their rest, while two (R. B. Chapman and A. O. Hume) are still enjoying a well-earned retirement after services to India which they may well regard with satisfaction.

ployment, of which not the least was my dislike to be again committed to the untender mercies of the then Horse Guards, combined with a notice from the India Office to keep myself free, as Government wished to employ me there. Meanwhile, I had received (1st June) the C.S.I.

On the 31st July I received a telegram from Colonel Ponsonby, the Queen's Private Secretary, followed by a letter which came by messenger, and was to the following effect: 'The Queen wishes to see you at 'Osborne about one o'clock on Saturday next. If 'you come to West Cowes by steamer and cross to 'East Cowes, a carriage will be sent to meet you. 'You are to dine and stay here till Sunday.' Here I may say that in after-years I became great friends with this truly good man (afterwards General Sir Henry Ponsonby). He died 21st November, 1895, much regretted.

As I was still feeling unwell after all the distress I had undergone, I decided to leave London on the Friday afternoon, in order to rest that night at Cowes. I wrote to Ponsonby telling him of this, and received the following morning (Saturday) a kind reply, accompanied by one of the Queen's carriages to take me to Osborne. On arrival there I was quickly installed in my room, which was a very pretty one, looking out on the garden. I felt somewhat nervous, as I had long been weak and low-spirited, and it was rather an ordeal to be received by strangers, not knowing at what moment I might be summoned to the Queen. My room went by some name which I understood to be the 'Antique' Room. It was full of good pictures, two of which were of the Queen and the Duchess of Kent, her mother.

Ponsonby soon put me at my ease. He told me that the Queen was out walking in the garden, and would probably not summon me till after luncheon. He took me to the Equerry's room, and introduced me to Lord Bridport and others. I also met General Arthur Hardinge, whom I had not seen for some years. We lunched at two o'clock, and here I met the Duchess of Roxburgh, the Duchess of Sutherland, Sir Michael Biddulph, Sir John Cowell, Miss Cavendish, Mr. Collins, General Hardinge, Lord Bridport, and others. We had a nice luncheon, and all my new friends were particularly amiable and civil to me. At 3 p.m. I was summoned to the Queen's presence, and I was glad of the delay in my interview, as it made me less nervous. The Queen was very much what I had pictured her to be from various portraits. She received me, as is customary, standing. After making my obeisance, I stood opposite to her, and in answer to questions told her unreservedly all I knew and thought concerning Lord Mayo's assassination and other events in India, without in any way preparing my story beforehand.

As I proceeded in my recital of the sad events that I had so recently witnessed the Queen became very much interested. Her face flushed, and with great vivacity she turned constantly to Ponsonby, commenting on what I said, and asking me questions. The interview lasted about three-quarters of an hour, during which I was able to tell the Queen a great deal generally about India. It is unnecessary to write down all that was said. But I may mention that the Queen anxiously asked my views in regard to the causes of the Viceroy's assassination, and I may perhaps quote what I remember of this part of the

conversation, hoping that at this lapse of time it may not be out of place to do so as touching a tragedy which she deeply felt.

The Queen. 'What is your opinion of the motive of 'the assassin ?'

Major Burne. 'It is very difficult, ma'am, to give 'any opinion of value. Natives are so wary, and we 'know in reality so little about them, that such deeds 'are committed without the possibility of our dis- 'covering motives or agency. But my firm belief is 'that the deed was instigated from outside. I can 'never believe that the murderer, Shere Ali, was up 'to within a fortnight of the Viceroy's arrival at Port 'Blair a quiet well-behaved man, meriting reward and 'promotion, and that he then without apparent reason 'became a wild beast, meditating the base murder of 'a Viceroy who had never harmed him, and who alone 'might and could give him the freedom he longed to 'obtain. The murderer was quite intelligent enough 'to know that Lord Mayo had nothing to do with his 'transportation, and that if he was tired of his lot his 'chances of Paradise were, according to his belief, as 'good if he killed an overseer as a Viceroy, so long as 'he was an Englishman. I believe, ma'am, that the 'man was instigated by influential Wahabees at Cal- 'cutta, who, encouraged by Chief Justice Norman's 'murder, aspired to seize a favourable opportunity of 'getting rid of a Viceroy who had equally with Mr. 'Norman been their greatest opponent.'

The Queen (turning to Colonel Ponsonby with animation). 'How true it all seems ! But did not the 'inquiry elicit anything ?'

Major Burne. 'Nothing, ma'am, of any moment, 'because it was hurriedly although honestly con-

'ducted. The matter has somewhat died out; the 'assassin was hanged, and we shall always be in the 'dark as to motive or instigation.'

Such was the general tenor of the conclusion of our conversation. Finally the Queen thanked me, asked me all about myself and my wife (of whom she had heard much from her sister, Lady Lurgan, and from Lady Mayo), and allowed me to withdraw. Her Majesty was very kind in her manner to me, and seemed to take great interest in all I was able to tell her. She told Ponsonby after I left that she had felt much interested in my narrative, and he afterwards informed me that he had not seen Her Majesty so animated for some time past. At 5 p.m. Ponsonby and myself walked down to the garden landing-place, and watched a yacht sailing in, escorted by a small tug steamer. It turned out to be Prince Arthur (Duke of Connaught), who had come over from Portsmouth with some companions of the Rifle Brigade for a little sailing trip. Prince Leopold was with him. They did not land, but went on to Cowes Harbour. Sir John and Lady Cowell, who were with them, came on shore and walked with us. We strolled about the grounds, and in the course of our walk called on the Prince and Princess of Wales (now King and Queen).

In the evening I dined with the Queen. Those who were invited consisted of the Duchess of Roxburgh, Mr. Bruce (Home Secretary), the Princess of Leiningen, Ponsonby, and myself. Ponsonby had prepared me for rather a formal dinner, as when the Queen is silent it is not customary for those at dinner to converse. But it proved otherwise on this occasion, as she was animated and put us all at our ease. She

spoke frequently to me, and I threw aside formality, as much as I felt able to do, and told her Indian stories which amused her as much as it shocked the other guests on account of my thus breaking all Court rules ! I sat next the Duchess of Roxburgh, whom I much liked, and who gave me a cordial invitation to Scotland.

After dinner the Queen talked to us all, and in turn came up to me and said how glad she had been to see me. She spoke of Lady Mayo, asking me if we were not all pleased at her being made a Lady-in-Waiting. 'It is all I can do for her, poor thing,' said the Queen. I replied that we all knew what kind feelings Her Majesty had entertained towards her, and much appreciated all she had graciously done in regard to Lord Mayo's memory. She afterwards went out to the veranda, evidently feeling the heat a great deal; but as she had heard me coughing repeatedly she advised me to go to bed, which I thankfully did,*

* Here I got into a difficulty from the similarity of doorways to rooms at Osborne, into the details of which difficulty I will not enter. It was somewhat after the nature of the ghost story told by Admiral Kennedy in his recent amusing book of experiences, when he says :

'I was staying in an old country house in the Midlands some years 'ago. The place was, as usual, said to be haunted. A large party 'was staying in the house for the shooting, among them several 'ladies. One morning a young lady of the party came down to 'breakfast looking pale and agitated. On being questioned by our 'hostess, she said she had passed a miserable night and had received 'a great shock. Her story was as follows: Soon after she had 'retired to rest and got comfortably asleep, a ghost came into her 'room, and, having dragged all the clothes off her bed, silently 'retired, leaving her shivering with cold and fright, in which con-'dition she remained till morning. Of course, she received the 'greatest sympathy from all present, coupled with indignation at

and had a thrilling adventure which will not bear description from going by accident into the wrong room.

The next day, Sunday, we all breakfasted together, with the addition of Sir William Jenner, who arrived from London. The morning was bright and fine, and Osborne was looking lovely. Ponsonby, Lord Bridport, and myself walked to Whippingham Church with Miss Cavendish and others, and sat in the Royal pew. A crowd of people attended in the hope of seeing the Queen, but, as it happened, neither she nor any of the Royal Family were present except two of the Prince of Wales's children. After church, Prince Arthur and Prince Leopold asked to see me, and I went to their room and had a long and interesting conversation with them. In the afternoon the Queen sent me a handsome book of her life in Scotland, in which she wrote my name. I was much gratified at receiving this kind remembrance from her, and wrote an acknowledgment, which I heard pleased the kind donor.

On the afternoon of the 4th, Mr. Bruce, Sir W. Jenner, and myself, after taking leave of the other visitors and household at Osborne, embarked on board the *Elfin* yacht, and steamed over to Portsmouth, reaching London by train at 8 p.m., and thus terminating my interesting visit.

The Queen afterwards wrote to Lady Mayo (7th August): 'I cannot resist writing a few lines to tell

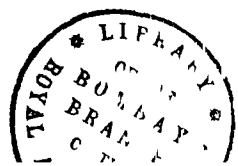
'the outrage. Presently in came a jovial, rubicund Major, who, in 'answer to inquiries as to how he had slept, and if he had seen the 'ghost, replied: "Oh, I slept first-rate. I was rather cold the first 'part of the night, but I went into the spare room and took the 'clothes off the bed, after which I was as warm as a toast!"'

'how much and painfully interested I was in seeing 'Major Burne, and hearing all the heart-rending 'details of that terrible time, the impression of which 'must long remain engraved on the hearts and minds 'of those who were present, as well as on all who, 'like myself, take so deep an interest in, and had so 'great a regard for, your dear husband. I thought 'Major Burne very pleasing and intelligent, but was 'sorry to see him looking ill and delicate. Was he 'always delicate, or has the Indian climate and the 'shock of February affected his health ? He told me 'he had seen a good deal of you lately, and that you 'felt more and more the depression and desolation 'which must, alas ! be the result of so dreadful a loss 'and in so dreadful a manner.' I had a letter from Lady Mayo some months after this (3rd May, 1873), saying: 'The Queen asked after you the first even- 'ing I arrived, and spoke very kindly about you, and 'had been sorry to hear that your wife had lately lost 'her father' (Lord Kilmaine).

On the following day the Duke of Argyll (Secretary of State for India) sent for me, and kindly offered me a newly-created office, called the Political A.D.C. to the Secretary of State for India, an offer which I was glad to accept, as it had a good salary, and consisted of work congenial to me—that is, charge of native Embassies and Chiefs visiting England, and assisting the India Office generally in all questions connected with natives of India. The Duke wrote to Lady Mayo (5th August, 1872) a letter informing her of this, and added: 'We could not have a better man, 'and his name was received with unanimous approba- 'tion by the Council.'

I had, however, for the sake of my health, to take

leave of absence to Kissengen for the water cure, and here I remained till the middle of September, when I entered upon my duties at the India Office under Sir John Kaye, then Political Secretary. I found my work full of interest, more especially as it brought me into contact with a large number of important men, as well as with Indians of every degree, including many young law students in London who wanted a friendly hand, and were grateful for what I was able to do for them.


ROYAL

CHAPTER IX

Life at the India Office—Visit of the Shah of Persia (Nasr-ud-din) to England (1873).

THE next few years of my life were not altogether uneventful, engaged as I was at the India Office in hard and important work, which brought me into daily contact with the Foreign Office, the Cabinet, and all sorts and conditions of men. By continuous work in my new post I was glad to be of use to Sir John Kaye, the well-known historian, at this time Secretary in the Political and Secret Department, who had fallen into bad health, and it will always be a pleasure to look back to his personal kindness to me, and to his loudly-expressed opinion that I was the one who ought to take his place. Our life in London was in many degrees a pleasant one, although here as elsewhere I greatly felt the want of a silver spoon to meet the somewhat expensive conditions under which we were placed. We had, perforce, to entertain a great deal in our house (47, South Street, Park Lane), and to attend endless balls, receptions, and other entertainments. It took a long time to reconcile me to the expensive routine of a London smart-society existence after my stirring and active life in India. Our new friends twitted us a good deal as to the dissipations and irregularities of Simla, and so on; but I was glad to be able to retort, after some experience of both

societies, that the only comparison to be made between Simla and London was that of a white nun to a red barmaid, so eminently superior was the Indian Capua to the London Babylon, both in tone and morality.

In South Street was born (1st April, 1873) my second son, Charles.* This year was interesting and somewhat difficult for me on account of, in addition to my other duties, the visit to England of the then Shah of Persia, Nasr-ud-din. I was asked by the Foreign Office (4th June, 1873) to assist Sir Henry Rawlinson in the reception of his Eminent Majesty, and with Sir Arnold Kemball and Captain Grey I formed part of the official quartette told off to take care of this Eastern autocrat.

We left London for Brussels on the 14th June to receive our guest and to accompany him to England. He did not arrive at Brussels until the 16th June, when his reception was very quiet and undemonstrative; and he was, moreover, reported to be unwell. About an hour after his arrival we were summoned to the Palace to have an audience of the King of the Belgians, and to be afterwards presented to our new charge. The King received us most graciously, and

* He entered the Navy in 1886; served three years in the Mediterranean in the *Benbow;* afterwards in the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* (1894); and did good service in the North American Station (1894-96). Obtained first-class certificate in gunnery (1897). Was Flag-Lieutenant to Admiral (now Sir) Archibald Douglas on the East India Station (1898). Served in the Naval Brigade, relief of Ladysmith, in the South African War (1899-1900), and several times mentioned in despatches. Re-appointed to Royal Yacht (1900). Promoted to Commander for his services in South Africa (1902). Attached to Naval Intelligence Department (1903); and afterwards Commander, in H.M.S. *Berwick*, of Prince Louis of Battenberg's Second Cruiser Squadron.

conversed with us in French for upwards of half an hour. I had met him before, in 1864, at Calcutta, when he visited India as Duke of Brabant, and he seemed pleased to refer back to his Indian tour. After taking leave of the King, we were conducted to the Shah, to whom we were each severally introduced, and Sir Henry Rawlinson addressed him appropriately in Persian, explaining the object of our mission and the cordial welcome which the Queen and the people of England were prepared to give him. The Shah did not look at all well, but was able to attend a special performance in the evening at the Royal Opera, where we all sat in full uniform next to the Royal box, and enjoyed the novelty of the occasion very much. As it was contrary to etiquette to attach ourselves to the Shah's suite while on Belgian soil, we had nothing to do except to take part in the grand banquet and reception at the Palace, to which the King specially invited us.

The day fixed for the departure of the Shah from Brussels for England was the 18th June. We were compelled to make an early start (5 a.m.), and as His Majesty, for a wonder, was punctual, we reached Ostend soon after seven o'clock. Here we found H.M.S. *Vigilant*, with other vessels, awaiting us, under the orders of Rear-Admiral Sir Leopold McClintock, and as everything was well arranged, we had no delay or difficulty in getting the Shah and his suite on board. We were extremely fortunate in the weather, for although it was windy and rainy at Ostend, we had not got many miles out into the Channel before the sun shone brightly and the sea became as calm as a lake.

About four miles from Ostend we were met by the

Vanguard, the *Audacious*, and *Devastation*. These fine vessels convoyed us to the Channel Fleet, which was formed up some miles out of Dover in two lines under Admiral Sir Rodney Mundy, and received us with a royal salute and manned yards, which had a fine effect. The Shah showed great interest and pleasure during the whole journey. The sight of the men-of-war seemed specially to attract him. The Admiral signalled to the *Vanguard* and *Audacious* to come close alongside and steam past us at full speed. I need not say that this of itself was a sight worth remembering, and full of interest and surprise to the Persians. The *Devastation* followed their example, firing a salute on passing. The Shah was very curious as to the price, size, and armament of these ships, and wrote everything down in detail. He was delighted with the English sailors, who manned yards and cheered him heartily whenever they had the chance. After seeing the ships pass he was preparing to go into his cabin for his morning devotions, when he heard bells tolling on board the men-of-war and saw the sailors leaving the rigging. He was visibly impressed and surprised when we told him that the sailors were also about to perform their daily devotions, and that the tolling was the signal for morning prayers! Such an anecdote as this may appear trivial, but we could not but feel glad of a circumstance which showed a Mohammedan monarch the order, regularity, and discipline of a Christian man-of-war.

The impression of the fleet on the Shah's mind was almost effaced by his surprise at the countless number of steamers and boats which came out from Dover full of excursionists, welcoming and cheering him. He at first believed these people to have been sent by

order of the English Government, and we had some difficulty in making him understand that they had all come out spontaneously to see him, at some cost and risk to themselves! The landing at Dover was a sight equally impressive, as thousands of well-dressed people lined the cliffs, shore, and pier. As soon as the *Vigilant* was moored alongside the pier, the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Arthur came on board and welcomed the Shah, who first stepped on English ground about 3.30 p.m., amidst hearty cheers, and after lunching at the Lord Warden Hotel and receiving an address from the Corporation, left by special train for London. As we passed the Shorncliffe Camp the troops were all drawn out to salute us, and many thousands of people lined the railway embankment along the whole route from Dover to London. This fact, and the beautiful green and varied country through which we passed, drew much admiration from the Persians and relieved the usual monotony of a railway journey.

The Shah and suite were much surprised at the large size of London as we entered it by the railway. They were still more so when we told them that it contained close upon six millions of inhabitants, a number nearly equal to that of the entire kingdom of Persia at that time. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge met the Shah at the station, and after the usual reception we left for Buckingham Palace in a well-arranged procession of royal carriages through Whitehall and St. James's Park. Thousands of people lined the streets, having waited for us for some hours with the greatest patience. An unavoidable delay in our arrival ensnared us into a smart shower of rain, which wetted everyone to the skin and marred the

brilliancy of the reception; but the Persians were none the less pleased with their welcome to London, and the cordial sympathy, as they expressed it, which the well-dressed and orderly masses of people showed towards them.

On the 20th June the Shah paid a State visit to the Queen at Windsor. We arrived at 2 p.m., the whole town being in gala dress and crowded with people. Never did the Castle or Park look more striking. At all times one of the pictures of England, yet the bright sunshine, the brilliancy of the troops, and the freshness of the trees and grass after recent rain gave the whole scene an additional beauty, which forced expressions of admiration from our guests. The Queen received the Shah at the foot of the grand staircase, and walked with him to the State reception-room, where she at once invested him with the Order of the Garter in our presence. It had long been the Shah's secret wish to obtain this Order, and he frankly showed his gratification at receiving it. He himself in turn invested the Queen with the Order of the Lion and Sun, which he had brought from Persia. After this ceremony was concluded the Queen passed through the assemblage of Persian princes and suite, welcoming them all most graciously, and the Shah and his suite were much impressed with Her Majesty's dignified bearing. After luncheon the Queen spoke to several of us. She came up to me, and said she hoped I was better in health than when I was at Osborne the previous year.

At 4 p.m. the Shah took leave of the Queen. We drove through beautiful scenery to Virginia Water, and thence through the Park to the Windsor railway-station, finally reaching London again at 7 p.m.

Thousands of people, as usual, lined the streets both going and coming, behaving in a most orderly manner and cheering themselves hoarse. The Shah was reported to have said that he had been told so much of the rough English Channel and the rough English people, that he had never expected to find the one as smooth as a pond and the other well-mannered ladies and gentlemen! It was, indeed, in this instance a truism, for during the whole fortnight of our constant drives through thousands of people night and day, there was not a single disagreeable incident. The number of women of all kinds whom they saw freely mixing in the crowds surprised the Persians as much as anything else. It was so contrary to their own ideas of seclusion and to what they had hitherto seen on the Continent. The English women, full of curiosity and fun, mistook the 'salaams' of the Persians (*i.e.*, raising the hand to the face and bowing the head), for kissing the hand, and they returned the salutation with peals of laughter and kissing of hands, which kept the Persians constantly amused and delighted.

In the evening the Shah went to the Guildhall Ball. The streets were, as usual, blocked with an orderly crowd, kept in hand by a few policemen, and the scene was brilliant in the extreme. To attempt to describe it in detail would be tedious. The Lord Mayor (Sir James Lawrence) received the Shah at the Guildhall door, and subsequently presented him with an address and the freedom of the City of London. The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Czarevitch (afterwards Emperor Alexander III.), the Czarevna, and many members of the English Royal Family were present. On the following day we drove to Woolwich

to see the Arsenal and inspect the Royal Artillery. The day passed off very well. The Secretary of State for War (Mr. Cardwell) and the Duke of Cambridge conducted the Shah over the Arsenal, which was the object of much curiosity and interest, especially the furnaces and steam-hammers, and he was much impressed with the fine batteries of Royal Artillery, which were reviewed after luncheon, and looked remarkably well. Sunday, the 22nd June, was called a day of repose, and the Shah exercised the Royal prerogative of upsetting all the private arrangements that were made for him by fixing on his own place of amusement—the Zoo !

Perhaps one of the most successful days of the whole visit, judging from the subsequent remarks of the Persians, was the following one, which included the inspection of the fleet at Spithead, and a great musical entertainment at the Albert Hall. We had to start very early for Portsmouth. His Majesty, although strongly objecting to do so, resigned himself to fate when he was told that it was an absolute necessity, and on arrival at Portsmouth about noon we immediately went on board the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert.* It was a memorable sight to see this British fleet of ironclads at anchor in two long lines flanked by another line of gunboats—a total of twenty-two ironclads and turret-ships, and twenty-four gunboats. The fine old ships the *Victory*, *Duke of Wellington*, *Asia*, and *Donegal* were drawn up close to us, and saluted us as we embarked from the Dockyard.

The names of the principal vessels of the fleet were as follows, and I give them for 'Auld Lang Syne,' as now all dead and gone, like most of my other friends

and acquaintances, and as forming a comparison with the later Jubilee and Coronation Reviews, when the fleet was completely changed, and had assumed much larger proportions:

Inner Line.	Central Line.	Outer Line.
Twenty-four gunboats of sorts (names unnecessary).	*Valiant* ... 18 guns *Zealous* ... 20 „ *Hercules* ... 14 „ *Hector* ... 18 „ *Audacious* ... 14 „ *Northumberland* 28 „ *Agincourt* ... 28 „ *Devastation* ... 4 „ *Hecate* ... 4 „ *Gorgon* ... 4 „ *Prince Albert*... 4 „	*Penelope* ... 11 guns *Caledonian* ... 24 „ *Black Prince* ... 28 „ *Monarch* ... 6 „ *Vanguard* ... 14 „ *Achilles* ... 26 „ *Sultan* ... 12 „ *Glatton* ... 4 „ *Cyclops* ... 4 „ *Royal Sovereign* 5 „ *Hydra* ... 4 „

After steaming slowly between the lines of ironclads, the Shah and the Royal Princes visited the *Agincourt* and the *Sultan*, and, by some stupid mistake in the turning of the paddle-wheel of our Royal yacht, had a narrow escape of an upset, which might have led to dire consequences. Sir Arnold Kemball and I took the Persian princes on board the *Devastation* and *Agincourt*, and kept them on board the latter ship whilst it fired a salute. They all showed great interest and intelligence in their inquiries and remarks.

After the inspection we all landed at the Dockyard, and were sumptuously entertained at luncheon by Admiral Sir Rodney Mundy. The Shah afterwards inspected the Dockyard, visited the *Blonde* ironclad under course of construction, which was from that time called the *Shah*, and finally left for London at 4 p.m., after another delightful and instructive day.

In the evening His Majesty visited the Albert Hall, where 14,000 people in every variety of uniform and evening dress were seated! The number is hardly credible; but, be this as it may, the sight was a magnificent one, and one which the Persians talked more of as a spectacle than any other they had seen. The Shah sat with the Prince and Princess of Wales and others of the Royal Family, and the Czarevitch and Czarevna, in a line of seats in front of the boxes. He was the object of much attention—much more so than the music. We all stood behind on a crimson platform, and hoped that we attracted equal attention from our good looks and distinguished appearance.

The military review of the following day at Windsor was no less successful than the other scenes of this visit. The morning was heavy and threatening, but the weather fortunately cleared up towards the afternoon. The troops on the ground numbered about 10,000 men, under the immediate command of my old Chief, now Lord Strathnairn. They looked remarkably well, and marched past and manœuvred satisfactorily. After the review the Shah presented the Duke of Cambridge with a handsome sword, and expressed his thanks to Lord Strathnairn. The following day, Wednesday, was spent in a trip down the Thames to Greenwich, where the Shah was entertained at a déjeuner given by the First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Goschen. It is not too much to say that this was the most instructive sight of the visit, for the Shah visited the docks, of the size of which he, and indeed we ourselves, had no idea, and was visibly excited not only at the vast quantity of shipping, but at the cordial reception given to him by the myriads of people who lined the shore from London to Greenwich, and filled

every ship and boat that could under any excuse be pressed into service. There was a State ball at Buckingham Palace in the evening, and on the next day the Shah proceeded on a visit to Lancashire. As Sir Arnold Kemball, Captain Grey, and myself remained behind in London with the Persian princes, I can say no more of this visit than that it was described as very successful. During this short absence of his dusky Majesty we worked very hard at our large correspondence, which consisted of begging letters and petitions, besides taking the princes to the Bank, Telegraph Office, *Times* Office, British Museum, and other places of interest.

To give some idea of the style of correspondence which was showered upon us, and which we had carefully to record and answer when possible, I may be pardoned for quoting a few examples out of many.

One clergyman wrote:

'May it please your Majesty to give us a donation 'of a few sovereigns towards our Sunday-school 'children's treat, for such is the custom of kings.'

A lady adopted another argument, and said:

'I am in real distress, and the only plan of relief I 'can hit upon is for your Majesty to give me a diamond, 'for which I shall be for ever grateful.'

Another person sent a very ill-written book, and thus expressed himself:

'I am one of the working classes whose lamp shines 'every night on every ocean and railway throughout 'the world, and therefore offer my book to your 'Majesty for the benefit of the people of Persia.'

An enterprising tradesman wrote:

'Hearing that the Shah suffers from headache every 'night from his head-dress, may I solicit your power-

'ful influence to enable me to make a lighter one?'

Another clergyman sent a book of his own as to the restoration of the Jews, and added:

'I have sent this book as showing the approaching 'restoration of the Jews. It might touch the heart of 'the benevolent and intelligent Shah, like Cyrus of 'old, to be instrumental with the Sultan of Turkey for 'the furtherance of this great and good work.'

Another memorial from a clergyman ran thus:

'May it please your Majesty. As one of the favoured 'subjects of Queen Victoria, I have the universal in-'terest attached to your Majesty's visit, but I enjoy 'the still higher privilege of being a subject of the 'King of kings and Lord of lords.'

I quote these few extracts from a mass of letters which came into our hands. The demands for money were unceasing. His Majesty received a great deal of advice, especially from clergymen, whilst a great many photographs and valueless presents were sent him in hopes of a more weighty return.

On the return of the Shah to London on the 28th June, we attended a garden-party at Chiswick, given by the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Queen was present, and both weather and the excellence of the arrangements contributed to its success. We also visited the Crystal Palace on the 30th June, where a somewhat untoward incident occurred. When the Shah came out on the balcony to see the fireworks he was received with uproarious cheers, but when the Czarevitch joined him there were unmistakable cries of ill-will from the crowd. The Czarevitch, to whom I was quite near, was very angry at this, and growled in a whisper, 'I will pay them out some day.' The

fact remained that, although it was stated that the future Russian Emperor (Alexander III.) had come over on a private visit, it had got out that the Shah had failed in his desire to contract a treaty of alliance with us, and the public and press at once thought that the Czarevitch had come over specially from Russia to prevent it. He was consequently not very popular with the British crowd. I wrote a full report to the Duke of Argyll on this matter after many conversations with the Shah and his ministers (in the freedom of our social leisure moments at Buckingham Palace), pointing out in language not altogether favourably received, how our then Foreign Secretary, Lord Granville, had missed the mark on this occasion, and how our hold over Persia had been weakened for ever. We lost the game in 1873, and have never recovered the blow.

The remainder of the week was spent in comparative quiet. The Shah received many distinguished members of the Lords and Commons, gave audience to numerous deputations, visited the City and its principal institutions, and saw the working of the fire brigade at Buckingham Palace. The last day of festivity was marked by a garden-party at Argyll Lodge, given to the Shah by the Duke of Argyll. Finally, his Eastern Majesty left London on the 5th July for France viâ Portsmouth. The Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge took leave of him at Victoria Station, but the Duke of Connaught and Prince Leopold accompanied him to Portsmouth. On arrival at the embarkation stage he immediately embarked on board the French steamer *Rapide*, and said good-bye to us all. We lunched afterwards with the Admiral, and left by special train for London, thus terminating our hard round of duty

with no little satisfaction, more especially as we all received the cordial thanks of Government for our services.

There appeared to be sincere regret on the part of the Persians at leaving a country where they had been so cordially welcomed. Many of them wished to prolong their visit, and finally left with protestations of coming back again. But, alas! be it recorded, in refutation of those who consider Western civilization as an infallible panacea for erring Eastern potentates, that on the return of the Shah to Teheran his loyal subjects pressed enthusiastically on his carriage, a proceeding which so agitated him that he drew his finger across his throat (which happened to be in the Persian monarchy a sign for the decapitation of prisoners), and at once seven innocent men were beheaded. What a picture as between Eastern habit and Western civilization!

The Shah gave us all presents of different kinds. To myself he presented a diamond ring with his crown and initials on it, which I was allowed to retain as a memento. It seemed a pity to us that at that time there was no decoration in England of a general nature which could be given to Eastern visitors. Our Persian guests, like many others, received numerous orders from Russia, Austria, Germany, and France, but left England empty-handed and certainly disappointed for want of a bit of ribbon and a cheap cross.

Nasr-ud-din had reigned in Persia since 1848, and had had on the whole a very good time of it, including a war with England in 1856 on account of Persian troops having been sent to Herat in breach of an engagement made with us three years previously.

This little war was ended, as usual, in our favour, and friendly relations were restored, and have subsisted ever since, although the encroachments of Russia on Northern Persia, and her determination to get the southern part of the country under her influence (in order to find an outlet into the Persian Gulf), have caused the Shah's empire to be a constant source of anxiety and irritation both to India and, in a lesser degree, to our Foreign Office at home.

Although Persia is nearly six times larger in area than the British Isles, its total population hardly reaches that of London, and so far as transport and roads are concerned, the present condition of this ancient and effete kingdom is but little removed from barbarism. Wheeled vehicles are practically unknown. Caravan routes are but tracks worn century after century over steep and stony mountain ridges by the feet of camels and mules. Bridges are rare, and where most wanted are represented by ruined piers of a bygone age. Russia on the north and England on the south have from time to time endeavoured with some success to mend matters in this and other respects, although solid improvement has been marred by the political rivalry between these two Powers, in which Russia has achieved greater advantages by those well-known Muscovite means of alternate aggression, threatening, and squeezing which England has always thought it beneath her dignity to employ.

The late Lord Salisbury tried at one time to carry out a good scheme as to giving up to Russia the sphere of influence over Northern Persia, while England should possess that from Ispahan southwards. But it soon became apparent that in this, as in other matters, any agreement with Russia would not be

worth the paper it was written on, and the scheme was abandoned. As already said, Nasr-ud-din came to England in 1873 in hopes of some offensive and defensive arrangement with this country on behalf of the integrity of his kingdom, but circumstances did not favour it, and he got nothing, and left justly disappointed with the political results of his visit. Thus matters between England and Persia continued in the same unsatisfactory condition in which they had so long remained, and indeed still remain, although in justice it must be said that within recent years the relations between the two countries have been decidedly strengthened under the wise guidance of Lord Salisbury and Lord Lansdowne.

The only serious proposal during the Shah's visit was one, which was soon abandoned, of sending British officers to drill the Persian Army—a very mixed lot, said to amount to about 100,000 men. If the Persians of 1873 were at all like those of 1833, when Major D'Arcy Todd was sent to drill the Persian artillery, there could only be faint hope of any success in this line, for after a year's residence in the country Todd wrote: 'I consider the Persian 'appointment a sheer humbug. The climate is the 'only desirable thing in the country. The people, 'especially those about Government, are a lying, 'deceitful, procrastinating, faithless race. When I 'had my interview with the Prime Minister, he sent 'for the two topshee-bashees (commandants). "That's '"Todd Sahib, is it?" said the Prime Minister. '"Todd Sahib, you must have charge of the artillery, '"and you must drill them well. Mind, Topshees, '"you must be *very* particular to what Todd Sahib '"says to you. Go!" And here the oration was

'broken off, and Todd Sahib and his concerns were 'consigned to oblivion.'

And again he wrote: 'One day I had been super-'intending some artillery practice at Teheran. A 'jackass having been placed at the target, I remon-'strated with the Wuzeer against the cruelty of 'putting up one of God's creatures as a mark when 'wood or canvas would answer every purpose. The 'Wuzeer replied: "On my eyes be it. I will stick '"up a pony next time," as if I had specially pleaded 'the case of jackasses.' However, this is not the place for me to go into political or military questions affecting Persia, having reeled off reams of sage memoranda on the subject for the use of various Cabinets during my official career. I will therefore only add that Nasr-ud-din came to this country once more in 1888, and was very civil to me and other of his friends, although his reception had none of the brilliancy of that of 1873. He was assassinated in 1896, after a reign of nearly fifty years, and was succeeded by his second son, Muzaffer-ud-din, who still reigns, and is said to be very much under Russian influence. During papa's visit we did not discover that he had much literary ability, although he was an effective but abrupt talker; but he seems to have kept a diary of events, which was afterwards sent to me, and which is sufficiently interesting and amusing to warrant a few extracts in the next chapter. I hope that in quoting from it I am not transgressing the laws of the Medes and Persians.

CHAPTER X

The Shah's diary.

THE *Chat*, as the French called him, kept, as I have just said, a diary of his tour, of which the following passages may be of interest, even after the lapse of thirty-two years.

He started on his tour on the 19th April, 1873, and was absent from Persia about six months. He reached St. Petersburg on the 20th of May, and was much impressed with his cordial reception by the Emperor and his family, although he contents himself, here as elsewhere in his diary, with mentioning various entertainments, without adding any special remarks. In the course of his sojourn in the Russian capital he visited Cronstadt, Fort Constantine, and Peterhof. 'The guns here,' he remarks, 'are Prus-'sian-made, each of 420 ass-loads in weight, their 'shot weighing 70 maunds each. The fountains and '*jets d'eau* at Peterhof are wonderful. . . . On the '27th of May,' he adds, 'we received a visit from 'Prince Gortchakow, and had a very long interview 'with him. We then had our photographs taken.' And again: 'Among other objects of interest seen in 'Russia are the great number of carriages in Peter-'[burg], tramways in the streets, and many beautiful 'dogs, large and small.'

He left Russia for Berlin, and gives his first im-

pressions of Germany in the following passage: 'Everything is here different from what we have 'hitherto seen—the country, the people, the vehicles, 'the food. The country is more populous and 'flourishing. Wherever I look are villages, horses, 'oxen, mares, sheep, meadows, cornfields, streams, 'and flowers of every colour.' And he adds: 'At 'Berlin, where the number of engines, carriages, and 'trains surprised us—where our train was taken over 'one bridge under another, and made to twist about 'like a horse whose bit was guided by the hand of 'man—we were met by the Emperor of Germany. '. . . I drove and walked about in many beautiful 'streets, squares, and gardens; even in a cemetery, 'which I mistook for a garden, and which was full of 'nursemaids and children who thronged about me.'

After describing with appreciation the various ceremonies he endured at Berlin, he left that place on the 7th of June for Cologne, visiting *en route* the works of M. Krupp at Essen. 'M. Krupp,' he says, 'himself came to the station. He is an old man, tall and 'very thin. He has himself gradually formed these 'works. They are like a city; 15,000 workmen are 'there employed, for all of whom he has built habitations, and to whom he pays wages. He has an 'income, clear of outgoings, of 800,000 tūmāns. 'M. Krupp made me a present of a beautiful '6-pounder gun, complete with all its appliances.' Arrived at Cologne, which much interested him, he attended an exhibition of fireworks, and adds: 'At 'one of the gardens I saw a daughter of Malkam '[Sir John Malcolm], the English Ambassador to the 'deceased Khāqān of blessed memory.'

Taking a trip to Baden-Baden, of which the climate

and country around reminded him of Māzandarān, he adds: 'It is the very paradise of free-livers and 'sybarites. Beautiful women, graceful ladies, for 'ever perambulate on foot, on horseback, or in 'carriages, the lovely walks and roads, the charming 'paths and lawns, of its hills and dales. It is a special 'corner, a city of fairyland.'

He then went by train to Belgium, and writes of it: 'A small stream separates Belgium from Ger- 'many, but what a sudden change in all things takes 'place there. The men, the language, the religion, 'the land, the water, the hills, the plains, all are 'different; nothing remains with the slightest re- 'semblance to those of Germany. The hills are a 'little higher and more covered with forest; the air 'is colder; the language is French, though the people 'have a dialect of their own; the inhabitants are 'poorer; the dresses of the people and of the soldiers 'are different; the religion is Roman Catholic; they 'are more free than in Germany.'

He had a cordial reception at Brussels, and leaving that place on the 18th of Juné for Ostend, *en route* to England, he writes: 'Rose early, though I had no 'sleep. . . . At Ostend the Belgian officials in attend- 'ance took leave, and those of Ostend had an audience, 'at which a very long address was delivered. Pro- 'ceeded to the landing-place and embarked on board 'Her Britannic Majesty's ship *Vigilant*. Larenson 'Sahib and the other Englishmen in attendance con- 'ducted the presentations and did the honours. An 'English Admiral of distinction named MacClintock, 'who has made several voyages to the islands of the 'North Pole and is well known, having come to meet 'me, was in the ship with many other naval officers.

'We went to our special cabin and sat down. The 'ship is very fast and handsome. . . . From Ostend 'to Dover—the first of English soil—is a distance of 'five hours, and the Straits of Dover are famous for 'stormy and boisterous weather. But, thank God, the 'sea was very calm like the palm of one's hand, so 'that no one suffered. It was like a trip on a river. 'Behind in our wake three ships convoyed us; while 'two large iron-clads, men-of-war, kept their stations 'as a guard of honour, the one on our right, the other 'on our left. Now and then they fired a gun. . . . 'At length we neared the English coast. Many 'men-of-war came to meet us. The surface of the 'sea was covered with ships and boats and large 'steamers in which the merchants and nobles of 'England had come to witness the spectacle. . . . 'We then reached the port of Dover.' After noting his reception by two of the Queen's sons, and others, he adds: 'The Queen's second son [Duke of Edinburgh] 'is a very handsome and well-made young man, with 'blue eyes, somewhat of a beard, not very tall, and 'perhaps about twenty-seven or twenty-eight years 'of age. The third son, Prince Arthur [Duke of 'Connaught], is less, his complexion is rather dark, 'and his frame slighter. The Lord Chamberlain's 'name is Lord Sydney, a hale old gentleman. I was 'informed that the Magistrate of Dover had prepared 'a speech which he must recite. I went to a hall 'and stood at the top of a high flight of steps. The 'Magistrate recited the address at full length. It 'contained much in our praise and glorification. We 'made a reply which Larenson explained in English. 'The people clapped hands.' Describing the journey onward to London, he writes: 'The country of England

'resembles no other. It has more forests, the trees 'are large, the population continuous, cultivation more 'abounding, and the wealth of the English is famed all 'over the world. We passed by the neighbourhood 'of Chiselhurst, which was inhabited by the third 'Napoleon, and where he died and is buried. The 'train proceeded with such speed that it was impossible 'for one to see anything. Through its extreme 'velocity fire came from the wheels, one of which 'ignited, and it wanted but little of being totally 'consumed; they stopped the train, they alighted, 'they put out the fire. All was well, and again we 'went on until we reached the first outskirts of 'London. It is impossible to describe the prosperity, 'the populousness, the great extent of the city, the 'number of railways on which incessantly trains are 'passing and repassing, and the smoke of factories, etc.'

'We went over the surface of the roofs of houses, 'and so arrived at the terminus.' Then after a pause he adds: 'Here we stood up, and the crowd of specta- 'tors was beyond limit. Troops of the line, household 'cavalry in armour, His Royal Highness the Heir- 'Apparent of England, known as the Prince of Wales, 'all the ministry, nobles, and notables were present. 'We alighted. I and the Heir-Apparent, the Grand 'Vazir, and Lord Morley, Lord-in-Waiting, took seats 'in an open carriage and drove off.' He continues: 'Both sides of the road, the roofs and upper stories 'of the houses, were all filled by men, women, and 'children. They showed much joy and cried *hurrah*. 'They waved handkerchiefs and clapped hands. I 'incessantly with head and hands saluted the people; 'the crowd of spectators had no end. They say the 'population of this city is more than eight crores. Its

'women are very handsome; nobleness, grandeur, 'sedateness, and self-possession, flow from the faces 'of its men and women. One can see they are a great 'nation. The Lord of the Universe has specially 'bestowed on them power, and wealth, and wisdom, 'and sense, and refinement. Hence it is that they 'have subjugated such a country as India, and hold 'mighty possessions in America and other parts of the 'world. The soldiers are very strong of frame and 'well dressed. The armour-wearing household cavalry 'are very handsome youths, well dressed like the 'cavalry of Russia. Half our journey was performed 'in the rain, which wet the people through. I too got 'very wet, but at my request the carriage was closed 'in part.'

After praising Buckingham Palace and its beautiful grounds, he writes: 'In the morning (19th June) paid a 'visit to the Heir-Apparent—not far off. He has a 'nice house and seven or eight sweet children. His 'wife is a daughter of the King of Denmark and sister 'to the wife of the Heir-Apparent of Russia, who 'with her husband has recently come here on a visit, 'and will remain a month. From thence I went to 'meet Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh. I next 'went to see the Duke of Cambridge, cousin to the 'Queen, who has a fine house. He is the Commander-'in-Chief of all the English land forces, an elderly 'man, but strong and hale, rosy-cheeked and fair of 'complexion, very pleasant of aspect and much 'esteemed. After a little conversation I took leave 'and went to visit his sister, wife of the Duke of Teck, 'who is a Prince and noble of Germany, and a very 'charming young man. He wears small moustachios 'and is well made.'

On the 20th June the Shah paid his first visit to the Queen, then at Windsor; he describes this visit at some length, saying, among other things: 'Her 'Majesty met me at the foot of the staircase. I took 'Her Majesty's hand, gave my arm, and we went up-'stairs through beautiful rooms and apartments to 'a special chamber, where we sat down on chairs. The 'Queen presented her children, relatives, and officers, 'and we did the same with our suite. . . . We then 'rose and proceeded to table, where three of Her 'Majesty's daughters and her youngest son, Prince 'Leopold, who does not yet quit his mother, also took 'seats. He is very young and nice-looking, and was 'dressed in Highland costume, which is thus: the 'knees are bare up to the thighs. One of the Queen's 'daughters, sixteen years of age, is also still living 'with her mother, and has no husband. Two other 'daughters are married. . . . I remained a short 'time. I saw in a small space opposite the castle some 'of the armour-wearing household cavalry, with a 'Regiment of Infantry drawn up. They are very 'fine cavalry and very select infantry. The English 'troops, though few in number, are well clothed, well 'disciplined, well armed, and are very strong young 'men. The bands play well. . . . The edifice of 'Windsor Castle is very ancient, and outwardly makes 'no show of decoration. It has one large tower and 'several smaller and higher. But the interior is highly 'adorned and very pretty, besides being filled with 'objects of interest. Its rooms, halls, and corridors 'are beautiful, and it contains a museum of arms and 'armour. The age of the sovereign is fifty years, but 'she does not seem more than forty.'

In referring to a party on the same evening at the

Guildhall, the Shah writes: 'Being invited for the 'evening to the house of the Lord Mayor, Governor 'of the old City of London, for an evening party and 'supper, we mounted our carriages in the night and 'proceeded thither. In the roads and streets there 'was such an assemblage of men and women as baffles 'computation. They cried out *hurrah*, and I on my 'part incessantly saluted them. All the streets are 'lighted with gas. We passed by large public build-'ings, by most enchanting shops, and by open spaces, 'to the ancient gate of the City of London, of which 'the Lord Mayor is the Governor, but has no authority 'over the other cities and boroughs. These have no 'governor; but each parish has its vestry, and if any-'thing occurs that falls within the province of the 'chief police officer of the parish, who is the patrol 'officer thereof, he reports the same to the Home 'Secretary. The police of this city,' he adds, 'are '8,000 in number, all handsome young men in 'uniform. The public hold the police in great esteem. 'Anyone insulting the police is liable to be put to 'death.'

Arrived at the door of the Lord Mayor's house, he goes on to say: 'We went up some steps where there 'was a hall in which the Heirs-Apparent of England 'and Russia, and all the foreign representatives, and 'the Princes of our suite, and other Princes and 'Princesses, ladies of rank, magnates, and Cabinet 'Ministers of England, were assembled. We ex-'changed compliments with the two Heirs-Apparent. 'This is a Government building where the Governor 'of London resides. It is called the Guildhall. Once 'a year this Governor is changed at the election of the 'inhabitants of the city. The members of the Council

'wear a strange costume with great caps of fur on 'their heads and sable-lined robes. In the hand of 'each was a long thin wand of wood, and in the other 'an old-fashioned small sword. They formed a pro- 'cession before us. We remained in that room, and 'the Lord Mayor made a speech, to which we replied; 'after which, with like ceremonies, we were ushered 'into a very large hall with chandelier and gas- 'lights. . . . The Lord Mayor wore a robe with 'a very long hind-skirt that trained on the ground. 'We went to the place of honour of the assembly 'raised by a few chairs and sat down. The Lord 'Mayor read an address in English, and we made 'a reply. The formal part of the meeting being thus 'concluded, they gave into the hand of each person 'a gold pen, with ink, and a paper on which names 'were written, so that each one might inscribe therein 'the name of whomsoever he might wish to dance 'with. They also presented us a gift, a gold casket. 'After the dance we went to supper—a kind of dinner 'after midnight—through halls and rooms and passages 'and staircases, all crowded with men and women, and 'all decorated with flowers and shrubs, and trees, 'grown in pots, to a large apartment where the table 'was laid out. . . . An individual of the inhabitants 'of the city, and deputy to the Lord Mayor, stood 'behind me, and every now and then in a loud voice 'gave notice to those of the company that they should 'prepare to drink, so that when the master of the 'house drank wine to the health of the guest they 'should rise and drink. The Lord Mayor first drank 'our health. Then the Heir-Apparent of England 'gave a toast, and then again the Lord Mayor. Each 'time that individual gave notice beforehand to those

'of the company. After supper we all went home to 'bed, but on the way back, though it was midnight, 'there were the same crowds.'

After describing in detail, but without special remark, a visit paid next day to Woolwich and its arsenal, he continues: 'In the evening we dressed in 'state and went to the theatre through the usual 'crowds and salutations. The Heirs-Apparent of 'England and Russia, with their wives and other 'Princesses and Princes and the grandees, were all 'there. The theatre is very large, with six tiers of 'balconies, and very beautiful. They gave some 'good scenes, and the actors were numerous. Patti, 'one of the renowned singers of Europe, had been 'specially sent for and brought over from Paris. She 'sang very well. She is a handsome woman. She 'took a heavy sum, and had come to London. There 'was another, also, named Albani, from Canada in 'America, who sang and played well. At length we 'rose and went home.'

Referring to the Naval Review on the 23rd of June, he writes: 'Portsmouth is a town of importance and 'a vast military harbour, furnished with forts and 'bastions of great strength. We alighted at the land-'ing-place. The Mayor and his Council came and 'made a speech. We went on board the *Victoria and* '*Albert* royal yacht—very large, swift, and beautiful '—also the two Heirs-Apparent, the Princes, some 'naval officers, and others. The name of the Captain 'of the ship is Prince Linege (Leiningen). Ships of 'war to the number of about fifty tillers were 'anchored in two rows like a street in the sea. They 'fired a salute. The men went on to the yards and 'shouted, crying *hurrah!* Other spectators from

'London and the coast who had come to see the sight 'in great numbers, were in steamers and boats, large 'and small, so that the sea was black with them. 'They, too, shouted *hurrah!* They had hoisted the 'Persian flag on board each ship. It was a com- 'motion! We went near to the Isle of Wight, a 'pretty island in the English Channel. A town 'thereon, at the foot of a hill, and named Ryde, 'came in sight, the handsome houses of which were 'in tiers, one above the other. The Queen has a 'residence in this island, built by her and her husband 'and named Osborne. We saw it at a distance. Out- 'wardly it has a fine appearance, being on a hill and 'surrounded by a forest and grasslands. Passing by 'there we went through the street of ships of war. 'They all fired a salute. Subsequently we went in a 'boat to visit two of the ships, first to the *Agincourt*, 'the largest of all the English ships of war, and 'commanded by Captain Phipps Hornby with a 'great number of officers. The ship was more than '150 feet long, with a steam-power of 15,000 horses. '. . . Thence we went by boat to another ship, the '*Sultan*, which is also very large. Her *nākhūda* is 'named Vansittart. She had fewer but much larger 'guns. We then returned to our own ship. In the 'boat with us were the Heirs-Apparent of Russia and 'England, with their wives, one of my suite, the 'Duke of Cambridge, and others. A small steamer 'towed us. On reaching our ship it passed the 'ladder and went on under the very paddle which was 'in motion. We had a narrow escape of being struck 'by one of the paddles; had this happened we must 'all have been drowned. Thank God, however, the

'wheel was stopped, we escaped the danger, got on 'deck, and returned to Portsmouth.'

The same evening the Shah went to a concert at the Albert Hall, and, after describing his progress, he says:

'The concert-hall itself was in a very large en- 'closure with a domed top, very high and very 'wide. It has seven tiers of galleries, all with seats 'for spectators, and all filled with women of graceful 'appearance and richly dressed. It was an assembly 'of the noble and great. The place was ablaze with 'gaslight. We went down. In the midst of this 'assemblage chairs were arranged; then we took our 'places with the two Heirs-Apparent, the grandees of 'Persia, the Ministers and notables of England, all in 'order. In front of us was a very large organ, as big 'as a palace, with iron columns and pipes, out of 'which came notes like those of musical instruments. 'It was a huge structure of the size of a plane-tree, 'built along one of the walls of the hall. Right and 'left of the organ were 800 beautiful women and 'maidens, 400 on each side, seated in tiers, and all 'dressed in white; 400 wore blue sashes over their 'shoulders and 400 red sashes. Above these were '800 children, boys nicely dressed, who sang to the 'notes of the organ and orchestra. The organ was 'played by one performer. Its sound went far. He 'played extremely well, but the wind of the organ is 'supplied by steam; otherwise, how could one man 'blow it with his feet or with his hands? There was 'also a numerous orchestra on the lower tier of seats. 'Such an assembly was never seen before since the 'first of the world till now. There were 12,000 'present, not one of whom uttered a word; they all

'quietly lent ear and looked on. It lasted above an 'hour, then we went home.'

After mentioning a review at Windsor, and a trip down the river to Greenwich, both of which much interested him, he describes a ball at Buckingham Palace as follows: 'At night there was a ball in the 'upper apartments of this palace, our abode. We 'went up there, and everybody was there. We took 'the hand of the wife of the Heir-Apparent and went 'and sat down. They all danced. Afterwards a 'Scotchman came in the Scotch costume and played 'a bagpipe, which made a noise like that of a Persian 'horn. Prince Alfred, Prince Arthur, and others 'danced a Scotch dance. Then the company broke 'up and we went to another room to supper. Then 'we went down and retired to rest, having to go next 'day to Liverpool, Manchester, and Trentham Hall.'

As to this visit to the North, he contents himself with a recital of his various movements, and after seeing much that was worth seeing at Liverpool, Trentham, Crewe, and so on, he seemed mostly interested in a game of bowls which he played at Trentham with the Duke of Sutherland. 'I said to 'the Duke, "Will you have a game?" In a moment 'the Duke and the others stripped, took off their hats, 'and played. It was worth seeing.' As to Manchester, he says: 'The walls and windows are black as soot; 'the colour and complexion of the inhabitants and 'their clothes are black also. The ladies usually dress 'in black, as white or coloured dresses so soon become 'soiled.' The Shah seemed to enjoy his trip northwards, and ended it with another game of bowls, 'at 'which the Duke's son was the best hand.'

On the morning of the 30th June the Fire Brigade

attended at Buckingham Palace and went through their exercises in the garden, as to which he remarks: 'The strange thing is that, while on the one hand 'they make these arrangements and take these pains 'to save life, on the other hand, in the factories, 'foundries, and works of Woolwich, in England, and 'of Krupp in Germany, they invent new forms of 'cannon, muskets, and projectiles for the greater and 'swifter destruction of mankind; and he whose in-'vention will slay more men in a shorter time, plumes 'and prides himself thereon and is decorated with 'orders.' He adds: 'About the same time, a set of 'English champions came and performed a boxing-'match, which is an exchange of fisticuffs that demands 'great skill and agility; but they wear gloves of a 'large size stuffed with wool and cotton. Were it not 'for these gloves they would kill each other. It was 'very laughable and exciting.'

As to his farewell visit to Windsor, he says in the course of a description of his reception: 'I presented 'my reflection to Her Majesty as a souvenir, and the 'Queen gave me one of herself and one of Prince 'Leopold. Indeed, from my first arrival on English 'soil up to this present day Her Majesty has exercised 'towards us the fulness of kindness and friendship. 'We drove to the mausoleum. The sarcophagus is 'of stone, and an effigy of Prince Albert lying in 'death of beautiful marble is placed on it. I laid on 'the tomb a nosegay which I had in my hand. I was 'much affected and saddened.' Finally, on his de-parture from England, he wrote: 'If I were to 'entertain the wish to describe, as they deserve, the 'details of the city of London or of all England, I 'should have to write an immense volume of English

'history. For a stay of eighteen days in London 'more than this has not been written. In justice I 'can only add that the conduct of the English, as 'everything else of theirs, is well ordered, well regu-'lated, and excellent. In point of prosperity, of 'wealth, of commerce, of art, of industry, and of 'indolent ease and pleasure, they are the chief of all 'nations.' In some parts of his diary he mentioned individuals, such as: 'Lord Sydney, a hale old gentle-'man'; 'Larenson' (Rawlinson); 'Lord Gladstone'; 'Colonel Ostantene' (Stanton); 'Lord Choseby' (Shrewsbury); 'a gentleman named Cok' (Lord Loch); 'the regulator of the House of Lords, an old 'man named Clifford' (Sir A. Clifford); 'a man of 'the name of Biteston' (Wheatstone); 'the Master 'of Drurelam' (Drury Lane), and others.

The Shah returned to his country through France, Austria, and Turkey, and reached Persia again on the 7th of September, but not without an unpleasant adventure which will appeal to all persons who have experienced rough weather or are subject to sea-sickness. He writes in reference to his voyage across the Caspian from Baku to Enzeli: 'The sea is calm; 'we are nearing Enzeli. Dressed in state ready to 'disembark. But by degrees the sky became overcast 'from the south and west. With a telescope I could 'see a large Russian man-of-war steamer anchored at 'Enzeli and awaiting my arrival, pitching and rolling 'fearfully, as was also a sailing merchantman. There 'being no alternative we made all speed. When I 'could no longer remain on the deck I went below, 'undressed in despair, sat down, and resigned myself 'to the will of God. My suite also took off their 'uniforms and decorations, varying this operation

'with vomitings. Each one slunk into a corner, as 'none could stand up. It wanted but two hours to 'sunset; the rain was pouring in torrents, and the 'sea was so tumultuous that it was not possible to 'look out. The mast-heads touched the waves to 'the right and left as the ship rolled. The sea 'made a clean breach over us, and the ship listed 'so much that nothing remained but for her to 'upset and for us to be rolled into the sea. The 'cabin furniture was dashed about; the creakings 'and dashings were frightful, and we feared the ship 'would break up. Rain was falling over our head; 'the waves were boiling beneath us; the ship was 'full of water; no one could walk for her violent 'motions. I was oppressed with the thoughts that 'when after my tour through Europe my own home 'at Enzeli was in sight, and when so many of my 'servants had assembled there to welcome me, such 'a misfortune had befallen me, and that, should this 'storm last three days, we should inevitably drag our 'anchor and be carried out to sea. These impressions 'made life a burden indescribable; I felt somewhat 'unwell; I perspired incessantly from the heat and 'from apprehension; the wind struck to my chest 'and I coughed. I could not sleep by day or 'night. . . . I rose and saw that a shore boat with a 'crew of twelve men had come at the risk of their 'own lives to inquire news of me, and that the sea 'was abating. . . . Morn appeared; other boats 'came off. The weather became promising, and at 'length my little steamer was seen to be approaching 'out of the back-water lagoon. When she was along-'side it was no easy matter to get from one vessel to 'the other as they kept at a certain distance; so they

'brought my barge alongside, into which I got some-
'how or other, reached my steamer, and was pulled
'up on to her deck by hand. I thanked God. I
'breathed freely again. We reached the landing-place
'of Enzeli. I went to my house and held an audience.
'Again I returned thanks. At night there was a
'grand display of fireworks, after which I went to
'bed and slept in peace.'

I hope I have not dwelt too long on this novel experience of 1873. It interested us exceedingly, and afforded some relaxation from the tedium of an ordinary London season.

And here, if I may refer to that part of the Shah's diary as to an 'exchange of fisticuffs,' I may relate an experience which, although amusing to recollect at this lapse of time, was rather alarming at the moment. The exchange of fisticuffs was brought about at the special request of the Shah expressed to myself. He said: 'You people have shown me everything under 'the sun except what I most want to see—*i.e.*, a prize 'fight in which plenty of blood can be drawn.' I replied that this would be most unpopular in England, and would not, I feared, be allowed, but that I would make known his wish. Here was a go! I saw the Equerry-in-waiting, and after anxious thought and much consultation with Lord Queensberry, we prepared an innocent glove fight in the Buckingham Palace stables, arranged to take place quietly half an hour before the Shah was to receive Lord Shaftesbury and the Archbishops and Bishops with a memorial asking him to protect the interests of the Christians in Persia.

To our dismay the Shah had had a bad night, and we could not get him down in time. In the

meantime our Prelates had assembled in the ground-floor reception-room at Buckingham Palace, which led out into the grounds. The Shah said: 'I don't 'care; I won't see the Bishops till I have seen the 'fight.' The Equerry said: 'This is maddening. 'There is no time now to walk down to the stables. 'Get the men up quietly behind the corner wall here, 'and we can show our Eastern Cyrus a few exchanges 'of fists, and get him back sharp to the reception-'room for the deputation.' Unluckily, the Shah, eluding our vigilance, came right into the room with a gold epauletted footman, who threw open the window-sash and ushered His Majesty out into the garden (while we were waiting for him to come, as arranged, out of a side door), followed in a trice by Lord Shaftesbury and the whole of the reverend gentlemen in their lawn sleeves. Like sheep without a shepherd, curious to know what was going on, they followed the Shah, and so in a moment found themselves more or less in a ring round the two prize-fighters, who, fortunately, had special orders not to draw blood. Oh, the rage and the surprise! The Bishops hustled back to the reception-room, the fight was stopped, the Shah was angry and disappointed, and Lord Shaftesbury was heard shouting: 'A prize-'fight in the garden of the Queen's Palace, forsooth! 'I will denounce you all over the kingdom!' Mutual explanations followed, the matter was set right, we sent special messages to the reporters to keep it out of the press, and I was later on privileged to explain it all to the Queen, who took the matter much more calmly than her Lord Chamberlain. Once back, however, inside Buckingham Palace, we all smoothed our ruffled feathers, and listened to a most gloomy

oration from Lord Shaftesbury, who was spokesman for the deputation.

The address was carefully explained to the Shah, who, still angry at his fight being cut short, turned to Rawlinson and myself, who happened to be nearest him, and said in Persian, in his guttural and rough manner: 'Hang the Christians in Persia! Tell 'them they're all right.' Rawlinson, in his clever way, after a momentary consultation with myself, then gave a long, expressive, and beautiful reply, to the effect that His Majesty had received the deputation with intense pleasure, and that his first thought on his return to Persia would be to protect every Christian he came across, and so on. So long and eloquent was the reply, that many whispered to each other in surprise: 'What an expressive language 'Persian must be—such wonderful promises in such 'few words from the Persian monarch.'

The situation was awful. We lived in terror for the next few days lest good Lord Shaftesbury might play us false; but the kind-hearted man was afterwards satisfied, and left us alone, and the secret has remained a secret to this day. The Lord Chamberlain blamed *me*, I blamed the *Shah*, the Shah blamed the *Equerry*, the Equerry blamed the *footman*, the footman blamed *everyone all round*, and we gave the prize-fighters £5 apiece, with a resolution written in blood that never would any of us again arrange a prize-fight even for a Shah of Shahs in a Royal Palace garden!

CHAPTER XI

Appointment as Secretary, Political and Secret Department, at the India Office in succession to Sir John Kaye—Afghan affairs—Marquis of Salisbury (1873-75).

THE Shah's visit over, I got through other numerous engagements, and left with my wife for a short visit to Germany. Just about this time Parliament was prorogued. I was summoned to Osborne on special duty, and travelled down in the train with Mr. Gladstone and others going for an audience with the Queen, and I crossed with them from Portsmouth in the Royal Yacht. Mr. Gladstone was very kind and civil, and paced up and down the deck with me in earnest conversation, while those around imagined that I was being offered the post of Deputy Prime Minister or a Bishopric. I couldn't put in a word for a long time. In short, instead of asking me about India, as I rather expected, he descanted eloquently on Dr. Carpenter's deep-sea fishing, a matter then much to the front on account of the exploring expedition in the Pacific of the *Challenger*. At last I had my chance. Partly in anger and partly in sorrow I spoke of the deep-sea fishing in the Red Sea and Indian Ocean as something very different. As I went on I invented every fable I could devise as to the colour and size of the fish and the depths of these

seas, adding a little about monsoons, typhoons, and laws of storms, till Mr. Gladstone was dumfounded and silent, while I was ashamed. He afterwards said: 'A remarkably clever and well-informed young man,' and asked me to come and see him in London on our return. This I never did. I was afraid of being found out. But I was much struck with Mr. Gladstone's simplicity, his manner of impressing his own ideas on others on all kinds of abstract matters, while forgetting to draw them out as to things they really knew, and his complete receptivity, or, in other words, his credulity. But, with all these weaknesses, he was a very kind man, and was much beloved by all who came within his personal influence.

I still found my work at the India Office interesting, and my health became much improved after the recent trips and recreations. There was nothing, indeed, to disturb the even tenor of our way till the early part of 1874, when followed in succession the Ashantee War and other events, including a somewhat unexpected change of Government from Gladstone to Disraeli (21st February, 1874), in consequence of the defeat of the Liberal party at the General Election. Personally I was glad of this change of masters, as it brought Lord Salisbury and Lord George Hamilton to the India Office, and many other personal friends within the official ring, although my relations with the Duke of Argyll, Grant Duff, and others of the late Administration (from all of whom I experienced much courtesy and kindness), were friendly and cordial.

The London season of 1874 was marked to my joy by the appointment of our dear old friend Count de Jarnac as French Ambassador to the Court of St.

James's. (He died 22nd April, 1875.) This year brought me also much advancement, for on 16th April I received a letter from Sir John Kaye saying that he had heard from Lord Salisbury that the 'Council of 'India had on that day appointed me Assistant Secre-'tary to the Political Department,' a promotion all the more welcome because he himself added: 'I am 'delighted in all respects, both as regards the present 'and the future. I should wish you to take over 'duties in the Secret Branch, and will talk the whole 'matter over with you.' Again, on the 16th July I was promoted to be a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Army, and on the 31st October was informed in one of Lord Salisbury's ever kind letters that he had nominated me Secretary in the Political and Secret Department in succession to Sir John Kaye, who had retired on account of ill-health. I was rather proud to succeed two such men as John Stuart Mill and John Kaye. The latter died on the 24th July, 1876, much regretted. I was the more pleased at this promotion as Lord Salisbury consulted the Prime Minister about it, and he was emphatic in his approval. I had at that time seen a good deal of Mr. Disraeli (Earl of Beaconsfield), and had assisted him in difficult Eastern questions.

The new appointment was one which gave me a good salary, and was enough to satisfy my highest ambition so far as promotion in the Civil Service was concerned. I felt now as if I was really making up the lost ground in past years, for the military promotion I thought the Horse Guards might have given me many years previously had come at last; while, to my great satisfaction, it was specially decided that, as in the then condition of affairs in Central Asia and

Viscount Cross. Earl of Cranbrook. Lord John Manners. Earl of Malmesbury. Marquis of Salisbury. Earl of Carnarvon. Sir Stafford Northcote. G. W. Hunt. Lord Cairns. Duke of Richmond and Gordon Earl of Derby. Lord Beaconsfield.

DISRAELI'S (BEACONSFIELD) CABINET OF 1874.

elsewhere it was of value to public interests that an officer of both military and political experience should fill this particular post, my future promotion in the army should go on without question. Although I doffed the red for the blue coat in 1869, it will always remain a satisfaction to me that I was regarded by others, then and in after-years, as one who had some military knowledge. In 1869, as already said, I was offered by General Alex. Gordon the Military Secretaryship in Bombay, with right of reversion to the Adjutant-General's Department in that Presidency; in 1872 I was offered by Lord Sandhurst to be Military Secretary in Ireland; in 1874 (a time of great political and military anxiety in Central Asia and elsewhere) my appointment by Lord Salisbury to be Political Secretary was based in some measure on my military knowledge, for which I was allowed by Government to count the post towards military advancement; in 1878 I had the opportunity, on the recommendation of the then Viceroy (Lord Lytton), to be Military Member of Council in India; and in 1885 I was offered by Lord Randolph Churchill to be Military Secretary at the India Office, although reasons existing at the moment, which need not here be entered into, precluded me from accepting these various offers. I was much pleased also at receiving a letter from Lord Wolseley, then Adjutant-General (10th November, 1888), giving his opinion of my military qualifications in terms which I much valued as coming from so distinguished a soldier. I mention all this, as said before, as showing that I had not in the opinion of others lost my military instincts in civil work. In short, I fancied myself a soldier, and found it consoling to take an active part still in all

military questions either connected with or outside my appointment.

But my work at the India Office became of increasing importance, and among other things I was able to completely reorganize my department, not only in the method of correspondence, but in the writing and tabulating of memoranda on all the great questions of the day connected with Central Asia, Afghanistan, India, Siam, and Egypt. These papers were, I am glad to say, of great use year by year to successive Secretaries of State and Cabinets, and gave me and others great labour in their compilation. Here I may mention that some few months after I became Secretary a vacancy occurred in the post of Assistant, to which A. W. Moore, then in the Financial Department of the India Office, was appointed. I can never forget the work and labour of this good and talented fellow (whom I again mention further on) in the busy years that followed, nor the helpful aid given by A. N. Wollaston, Grey, Hastings, and others, in the general business of what became at this period a very important branch of the Office.

What pleased me most in all these promotions were the unanimous expressions of approval in the press and of men of eminent position both in India and England. These records, of which I am naturally proud, would be out of place in a narrative like this. None gratified me more than a letter I received from my old chief, Lord Strathnairn, who wrote (28th November, 1874): 'I cannot say how sincerely 'I rejoice at your good fortune, or rather, your re- 'ceiving the just reward of your merits, in having 'been given the very important and trustworthy office 'to which you have been appointed; and my opinion

'that it has been justly and well bestowed is univer-
'sally re-echoed.'

Lord Salisbury, happily for me, was a pattern chief and an untiring worker. In the then secret branch of my work the Secretary and himself (as Secretary of State) were by Acts of Parliament and by custom placed in direct communication with one another without the intervention of either Under-Secretaries of State or of the Council; and as the bulk of the work during my troublous tenure of office happened to be *secret*, I greatly prized the freedom which this gave me of directly consulting and carrying out the policy of this truly good man in the questions of the day, a statesman whose ability and genius made my own existence, as well as that of others in the Office, one of great interest, although also of care and responsibility.

Lord Salisbury was always inclined to be absorbed in thought over great political and scientific questions. He appeared shy and reserved, therefore, to those with whom he was not in constant personal communication, but in his daily work with those whom he liked and trusted he was brimming over with quiet fun and cleverness. So far as I was concerned, I quite enjoyed my personal work with him, as he was not only an appreciative and masterful chief, but a fair and indeed humble-minded man, who courted rather than resented frank expressions of opinion even when against his own views, although at the same time he was uncompromising in his attitude towards those who had given him cause for distrust.

The further privilege that I had in these and after-years of being in direct and personal communication with the high officials of the Foreign Office on all

matters connected with the Eastern Question gave me a further interest in my work, although I seem to have missed some of the rewards that were given from time to time to others of my rank and standing, for whom I wrote State papers that are now buried in the archives of a forgotten past.

On assuming my appointment as Political Secretary Sir Louis Mallet (Under-Secretary of State) wrote to me a kind letter of advice as to not wasting my substance, as he thought my predecessor had done, in unnecessary hospitality and entertainment. I was glad to say to him in reply (14th December, 1874): 'I have no wish to make capital out of my present 'appointment by expensive entertaining or by joining 'any political clique, either of which is liable to warp 'one's independence and judgment. So much am I 'impressed with the idea of reticence and the necessity 'of keeping one's head clear, that I am about to move 'to a suburb in order to avoid going out night and 'day. I think the Political Secretary is obliged more 'than other secretaries to exercise hospitality within 'bounds, but that need only be extended to natives 'and political friends of importance. My sole object 'as Secretary will be what has been my rule through 'life, viz. (1) encouragement of subordinates in every 'shape and form by trusting them, working them, 'testing their powers, giving them credit for all they 'do, and making them full of *esprit* and genuine 'political knowledge; (2) strict secrecy and reticence 'with the outside world; (3) care in regard to corre-'spondence, while encouraging it from any quarter; '(4) frankness with one's superiors, even at the risk 'of that frankness being occasionally misunderstood; 'and (5) an entire sinking of self and of self-interest

'as far as practicable. I have never found the above 'principles fail in a varied experience of twenty years, 'and you will always find me full of loyalty, with no 'wish whatever for self-aggrandizement or entertain-'ing. If I *have* a wish, it is at some future time to '*be off*, leading an army in Afghanistan or thrashing a 'Russian, leaving the office in such a good state that 'you will have no difficulty in finding a successor. 'But I am deeply grateful for my present position, 'and thankful to have obtained it in such gratifying 'and kind terms as it was offered to me by Lord 'Salisbury.' To this letter I received a kind reply to the effect that 'if everyone had the same view of the 'public service and of personal dignity as yours we 'should have no reason to complain.' So I was naturally pleased.

Although life in London, as already said more than once, was rather dull and prosaic after that of India, yet it had its bright side, not the least of which was my friendly official relations with certain leading statesmen and others of both parties, with many of whom I became in after-years a personal friend. Week by week I had to write important memoranda (amounting sometimes to fifty or sixty pages of print each) upon questions of the day, then very much to the front, connected with Russia, India, Persia, Afghanistan, the Persian Gulf, Egypt, etc., and in this duty I had the good fortune to be assisted by Moore and others I have already named.

At this period India was a country much misunderstood by men of light and leading in England, and I was therefore glad to be able, in the midst of heavy official work, to mix a good deal in society, and to correct misapprehensions as to frontier questions and

Indian administration in general, besides carrying on a close correspondence with the Queen's Private Secretary on matters which much interested a good woman and a gracious Sovereign, to whom we sent our more important official drafts before issue. Some of the Queen's corrections and observations on these papers were very helpful, and were invariably adopted.

The situation of the so-called Central Asian Question at this time was somewhat as follows: We had come to an understanding in 1873 with Russia as to our respective boundaries in Central Asia, but our relations with Afghanistan were still as unsatisfactory as ever, arising from the fact that, while we gave successive Amirs large subsidies and grants of arms, we had no access into the country, and no means of acquiring such reliable information as to justify our responsibilities in promising to defend it against unprovoked foreign aggression, while, in fact, we could no longer rely on our own native agent at Cabul, although Russian agents from 1873 onwards seem to have full access to the reigning Amir.

In regard to this question, the residence of a British mission at Cabul had formed part of certain stipulations agreed to in 1857 between us and Dost Mahomed, but was not then enforced. The Dost said that the Afghan people would view it with dislike, although Sir John Lawrence, who then conducted the negotiations, deemed it more probable that the real motive of our ally was a disinclination to let British officers discover the weakness of his rule, or come in contact with disaffected chiefs at his capital. But provision was eventually made that an Indian Vakeel, not a European officer, should remain at Cabul, while an Afghan Envoy should reside at Peshawar.

After the death of Dost Mahomed in 1863, Afghanistan became involved in civil war, without active interference on our part (for which Lord Lawrence's Government was then much blamed), until 1868, when Shere Ali, alone and unaided, regained his father's throne, and was given by Lord Lawrence a present of money and arms. This act was followed by the conference at Umballa in 1869, already described, between Lord Mayo and Shere Ali, when an intermediate policy, susceptible of future expansion, was agreed upon. Assurances were given to the Amir which for the moment satisfied him, while his confidential ministers who accompanied him to Umballa gave clear opinions to myself and others that we could never do much in Afghanistan, or protect the Amir from foreign aggression, until we had British missions on his frontiers or elsewhere to watch events and to ensure him necessary aid.

At this time, however, Shere Ali was more concerned about himself and the re-establishment of his power at Cabul than about Russian aggression; but, as time went on, he began to be seriously disturbed by the forward movement of the Russians in Central Asia, and early in 1873 deputed an envoy to wait upon the then Viceroy, Lord Northbrook, in order to submit this and other matters to his consideration, resulting briefly in the intimation that the Viceroy, under instructions from Mr. Gladstone's Government, did not see his way to give the definite promises that the Amir wanted, or any further assurances than those received from Lord Mayo, on the ground that the British and Russian Governments had come to an agreement in regard to his boundaries. The Amir was told that his mind might be at ease. In reporting these pro-

ceedings home, Lord Northbrook took an opportunity of saying that, although his Government thought that the presence of accredited British officers at Cabul, Herat, and perhaps Candahar, would for many reasons be desirable, they were alive to the difficulties in the way of such a measure until the objects and policy of the British Government were more clearly understood and appreciated in Afghanistan; they were, however, of opinion that the deputation of an officer to examine the boundaries might remove some of these difficulties. Unfortunately, the Afghan Envoy, having left India without attaining the avowed object of his mission, was believed to exercise his influence to the prejudice of our relations with the Amir, who, by all reports available to us, became thenceforward seriously offended, and, indeed, inimical.

Thus, notwithstanding the receipt of money and arms from Lord Northbrook, the attitude of Shere Ali became sullen and rude, an attitude apparently encouraged by counter-attentions from General Kauffman (Governor-General of Russian Turkestan) and his agents at Cabul, attentions which afterwards bore dire results to the poor Amir. In short, Shere Ali refused to comply with Lord Northbrook's suggestion that a British officer should visit his boundaries; left the gift of a hundred thousand pounds sterling to remain in the Kohat treasury, and gave other indications of extreme irritation and alienation. This unsatisfactory state of things led to a long and difficult correspondence between the Home Government and that of India, while Russian intrigue at Cabul became more and more evident, so that, acting with the concurrence of the Cabinet, Lord Salisbury decided that the necessity for bringing our relations to a definite

issue, and promptly defining the position in which they could be left by us, was no longer open to reasonable doubt, and that action should be taken at an early opportunity in this sense.

If I may be pardoned in this personal recital for dwelling at some length on this matter, I may quote two opinions which form good evidence as to the accuracy of this state of affairs. One is that of the Amir's son, Yakub Khan, who said to Lord Roberts (October, 1879): 'In 1869 my father was fully 'prepared to throw in his lot with you. He had 'suffered many reverses before making himself secure 'on the throne of Afghanistan, and he came to the 'conclusion that his best chance of holding what he 'had won lay in an alliance with the British Govern-'ment. He did not receive from Lord Mayo as large 'a gift of arms and ammunition as he had hoped; but, 'nevertheless, he returned to Cabul fairly satisfied, 'and so he remained until the visit of his Minister, 'Nur Mahomed Shah, to India, 1873. This visit 'brought matters to a head. The diaries received 'from Nur Mahomed during his stay in India, and 'the report which he brought back on his return, con-'vinced my father that he could no longer hope to 'obtain from the British Government all the aid that 'he wanted, and from that time he began to turn his 'attention to the thoughts of a Russian alliance' (*Narrative of Events—Afghanistan*).

The other opinion is that of Major Warburton, Assistant Commissioner on the frontier and a near relative, on his mother's side, of the Amir, who wrote (18th September, 1887): 'In 1869 Shere Ali appeared 'at Umballa and was received by Lord Mayo, and the 'honourable reception accorded him, coupled with the

'gracious manner of the Viceroy, made a deep impres-
'sion on his heart. The attempted mediation some
'years later on between him and his disloyal son,
'Yakub Khan, who had broken out in revolt at Herat;
'the result of the Seistan arbitration of 1872, an award
'which was perfectly fair, but was somewhat adverse
'to Afghanistan and in favour of Persia; the rejection
'of his overtures in 1873 for a defensive alliance with
'England; the sending of presents to one of his
'subjects by the hand of a British agent, for services
'performed towards some officers of the Yarkand
'mission—all tended to turn Shere Ali against us, till
'in 1878 he was an open enemy, and had received
'a Russian mission at Cabul, while the British Embassy
'moving towards the same place was stopped by the
'Amir's representative at Ali Musjid and sent back
'with threats.'

With these and other questions in hand my life at the India Office was a busy one, although the work was lightened by cordial personal relations with Lord Salisbury and others in the Cabinet and elsewhere, including Sir Henry Ponsonby, with whom I was in constant friendly communication as to all that was going on, and who frequently referred to me from the Queen questions as to foreign policy, presents from India, and similar matters, and conveyed her thanks for the information given. In writing from Balmoral on one occasion Ponsonby said: 'We have just
'arrived, to be established in this howling wilderness
'for some time to come. The papers you now send
'to the Queen really interest her. Serious questions
'with native princes; anything to do with the Afghans
'as regards Persia or Russia, and, perhaps, anything
'of interest from Kashgar—these are the sort of

'things Her Majesty likes to hear about. She does 'not, in fact, like reading a sensational telegram in '*The Times*, and not hearing anything on the subject 'from the India Office.'

Again he wrote (9th July, 1875):

'Your letter was deeply interesting as to the Gaikwar 'of Baroda, and I am grateful to you for it. As to the 'Prince of Wales's visit* to India, the Queen is a little 'nervous about it. She always has Lord Mayo's fate 'before her mind, and dreads the possibility of a native 'fanatic getting at the Prince. There seem to be 'numberless difficulties connected with this visit crop-'ping up at every moment, and the question of presents 'is a curious one. Max Müller suggests that the 'Prince should take out some copies of his "Vedas," 'but I presume this is with the intention of giving 'them to academies, and not to Maharajahs, who, I 'presume, would scarcely relish the gift, even though 'accompanied, as has been suggested, by the lately-'published portrait of Alfred Paget! Parliament is 'disposed to be liberal, and I think we should leave as 'little as possible for the Indian Government to pay. 'The Germans have got a wild idea that we are ner-'vous about our Asiatic possessions, and that we have 'undertaken the royal visit for the purpose of getting 'ourselves straight again. P'raps the wish is father 'to the thought, as they are a little sore with us at 'present, and wouldn't be sorry if we had a little more 'trouble in India, though, as they are equally angry 'with the Muscovites, they don't want them to have

* The Prince of Wales (now King Edward VII.) left London on the 11th October, 1875, reached Bombay on the 8th November, and arrived safely back in England, after a very successful tour, in April, 1876.

'any advantage, but would be delighted if we took to 'quarrelling with each other across the ocean.'

Again Ponsonby wrote (17th August, 1875):

'I feel like a penitent burglar. But what could I 'do? P—— came, a very agreeable man, and settled 'the Queen's Cashmere patterns most satisfactorily. 'Of course all the ladies in the house came to see his 'samples, and before he went he said that the Mahara- 'jah would insist if he were here on giving them each 'a shawl. Northern prejudices predisposed us against 'this, but the female sex did not at all see it in my '*lamps*, and, having asked the Queen's leave and got 'it, they heartily accepted the presents, and I went 'snacks! He gave each a shawl and something else. 'My mind is uneasy. Is this against regulations? If 'so, I must explain to the Queen and make them dis- 'gorge. If not, I had better leave it alone, for at the 'present moment Ranbir Singh is the most popular of 'princes in this house, and P—— is only next to him. 'He offered the ladies their choice, and they may say 'with Clive, "By —— I wonder at my moderation!" 'But my mind is uneasy until the crime is made 'known to you.'

I quote these, from many other such letters from Ponsonby written at this period, to show the character of a long and continuous correspondence which formed one of my pleasurable recreations until his death.

As I saw Lord Salisbury personally nearly every day, my correspondence with him was limited, and I have thought it right to destroy* confidential notes and opinions only intended for myself.

* Here it may be said that the practice varies very much with different men. Disraeli once asked a young supporter of his if he preserved letters or kept a diary, and being answered in the

Having said this much, I may here quote only two out of many characteristic letters. For instance, he wrote on one occasion (27th March, 1875):

'Colonel ——'s facts are interesting and valuable, 'but I think his fears exaggerated, and his precautions 'would, in my judgment, be more dangerous than the 'dangers he apprehends. The mistake into which 'writers of his school fall is in treating the economy 'of the Indian Government in the tone they would 'address to a stingy man in private life who, from 'avarice, would not educate his sons properly or give 'marriage portions to his daughters. They forget 'that expenditure means taxation, and that taxation in 'India means danger. Every question, therefore, of 'military expenditure is a choice between two dangers. 'Colonel —— proposes about 4,000 miles of railway in 'a country where they would cost £10,000 a mile at 'the least, and would not pay working expenses. 'This would cost £1,600,000 a year to be added to the 'taxation of India. I would rather hear that a force 'of 300,000 Russians were at Merv than face the 'population of Hindustan with such a budget. But

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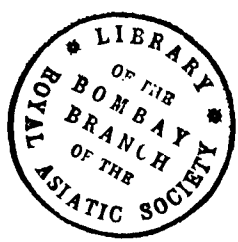
negative, metaphorically folded him to his bosom. On the other hand, his great protagonist, Peel, left us the perfect revelation of himself in his letters and diaries. His attitude in this matter was exemplified in a strange midnight scene in the bedroom of Lord Cardwell, then his private secretary. Peel entered as his secretary lay abed, and strode moodily from side to side of the chamber. Cardwell lay watching him in some alarm, for Peel spoke no word, but paced on from side to side of the room. Just as the faithful secretary was beginning to doubt the sanity of his leader, the latter broke silence. 'Never destroy a letter,' he said in solemn tones, adding fiercely, 'No public man who respects himself should ever destroy a letter.' And with that he stalked solemnly out of the room and showed himself no more.

'the case is not one for this class of measures. We 'are in occupation of the strongest entrenchments in 'the world. All we want is to keep our scouts 'abroad so that no enemy may begin to make 'approaches without our knowing it; to perfect our 'internal communications; and to keep our finances 'in such order that they will bear a heavy sudden 'drain. This will be our best precaution for any 'possible danger. But above all, we ought not to 'prepare for it by creating, through excessive taxation, 'a home enemy far more numerous and dangerous 'than any that can cross Afghanistan. Writers like 'Colonel —— always seem to me to be rather like the 'French soldiers in the late war, who were so very 'vigorous that they shot away all their ammunition 'before the enemy came in sight.'

And again (17th December, 1875):

'I have read your drafts with much interest. In 'their main tenor I agree, and the principles advocated 'are, I think, judiciously as well as forcibly expressed. 'Any alterations I may introduce will not be of an 'extensive character.'

I need not quote other letters of a similar character much valued by me.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CHAPTER XII

The Indian Imperial title—Another change in my career—Our start with Lord Lytton for India—Simla revisited—Afghan affairs—Our autumn tour—The Imperial assemblage at Delhi (1876-77).

At this busy time the question came to the front of the Queen making the addition to her sovereign titles, which ultimately took the shape of 'Empress of 'India.' On this subject I wrote a note (22nd December, 1875), which it may not be uninteresting to mention even at this lapse of time, as it advocated a change in the Indian title backed by facts and information, and was considered of value at the moment as assisting the Prime Minister to form conclusions, acting with the cordial consent of the Queen herself, which were really sound, but which, unfortunately, gave rise to party feeling and unseemly debate* in the Houses of Parliament, although since recognised, as were so many of Lord Beaconsfield's ideas and measures, as wise and acceptable in the interests of the Empire.

And now another unexpected change in my career came about, which once more directed my steps to India. During the year I moved my family from

* The Titles Bill was introduced into Parliament by Mr. Disraeli on 17th February, 1876, and was finally passed by the House of Lords on 7th April, 1876, after much unnecessary opposition.

South Street to a larger house in Dorset Square, and had incurred considerable expense in decorating and furnishing the new abode in which we then hoped to remain for some time to come, seeing that my appointment to the India Office was for life.

In the autumn holidays we made a pleasant visit to Schwalbach and other places on the Rhine, which did us all good; but not long after our return to London Lord Northbrook notified his wish to resign the Viceroyalty for purely domestic reasons, and Mr. Disraeli nominated Lord Lytton to fill the vacancy. On Lord Lytton's arrival in London from Lisbon in January, 1876, Lord Salisbury referred him to me for information on all the great Indian and Central Asian questions of the day, and in the course of this duty I was surprised one morning by his walking into my room to ask if I would go out to India as his Private Secretary. He assured me that he had talked the matter over with Lord Salisbury, who expressed his acquiescence in the plan on the ground of my being able to help the new Viceroy in his new and difficult duties—viz., to restore friendly and sound relations between India and Afghanistan, and at the same time to proclaim the Indian* Imperial title, in regard to both of which questions I was recognised as having some special knowledge.

This offer was followed up by so kind a letter from

* When the proposal for the title of Empress of India was made, so calm and judicious a man as the late William E. Forster earnestly exhorted Lord Salisbury against it, and told him that he was convinced that any alteration in the royal title would destroy the prestige of the royal dignity and seriously affect the relations of the people to the Crown. That fear was, we all know, commonly shared in London, but not in the Empire generally.

Lord Lytton that, after conferring with my Chief, who expressed himself as sorry to lose me even for a time, I accepted the appointment on the condition made by the Council of India, viz., that it was to be for two years only, after which I was to return to my India Office work.

Thus my face was turned once more eastwards, and I had a very busy time with Lord Lytton prior to our departure. I was obliged hurriedly to sell up house and home, as it was arranged that I should take my wife and my two boys, Frank and Charlie, out with me, leaving our eldest girl, Gerty, at home for a time. At last, after much packing and many farewells, we left London with Lord and Lady Lytton (1st March, 1876), for Paris, where we spent some pleasant days at the Embassy with our host, Lord Lyons, with whom Prince Leopold was also staying, and the latter was very kind and civil to me although I had not met him since my visit to Osborne. We called, after our arrival, on the President (Marshal McMahon), whom we found very nice, although rather bored, as he said, with his *haute position*. We dined one evening with the Duke Decazes (Foreign Minister), where we met Blowitz, then *Times* correspondent, and a host of other French and English celebrities, among whom I aired my broken French with great success. Blowitz was a man at that time in great favour with the French, and wielded his powers very wisely. I had an interesting talk with him on matters in general, more especially as I had known Delane and Chenery well, and had written a good deal myself for *The Times*.

On the 6th March we dined with the ex-King* and

* King George V. of Hanover, a cousin of our own Queen Victoria, who lost his throne in 1866, when his kingdom was

Queen of Hanover. The good old King was blind, and much touched us all by the dignified manner in which he bore his sorrows and the loss of his kingdom ten years back, and still kept up his regal state in the hotel in which he lived. Punctually at 7 p.m. he and the Queen, followed by his two daughters, Princesses Frederica and Mary, came into the room in which we were all assembled.

The King spoke English admirably, and was led up to each of us, to whom he spoke a few kind words. He questioned me closely, among others, as to all I had done and seen in the world, about which he seemed to know more than I did myself. The Queen spoke French only. The dinner-party was small, and was to me very amusing and novel. The blind King spoke very loud, and enjoyed making jokes at table and having a rap at each of us in turn. In this way he had a laugh at Lord Lytton, who had remarked that he hoped to see His Majesty as well as he then was when he came back from India through Paris.

'Ah!' replied the King, laughing very heartily, 'why Paris? It would have been more polite to 'have said Hanover. I hope,' he added, 'that before 'you return, the wretch Bismarck will have dis-'appeared, and that I may get back my kingdom 'from the robbers.'

The Princesses were very amiable and nice, and although preserving a somewhat royal attitude, seemed pleased to meet us. After dinner I sat on a very comfortable sofa, chatting to handsome Princess Frederica, who was apparently watched closely by

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incorporated with Prussia. He died (12th June, 1878) two years after we met him.

Baron von Pawel-Rammingen (the King's Private Secretary), whom she married in 1880, and I was, as I thought, making myself very agreeable, when suddenly, at about 9 p.m., the King shouted out loudly: 'Burne and the rest of you young fellows, I 'know you think this dull and want to go to the 'opera. Be off.'

Well, we *didn't want* to go to the opera at that early hour at all—myself less than anyone—as we had left our hats and coats in the Embassy carriages, which were ordered to come back at 11 p.m. But as the King expected his jokes to be regarded as commands, we had nothing to do but to rise and kiss his hand, and to walk to the Embassy as best we could in heavy snow, hatless, coatless, and in thin evening pumps. It took a lot of warming-up afterwards at the opera to get rid of our respective chills.

We all started next day, viâ Bologna (finding heavy snow along the line), for Rome, which we reached on the 10th March, staying at the Hôtel *Costanzi*, a particularly clean and comfortable place, in which we dined with the Pagets (Sir Augustus Paget was then Ambassador), and worked hard to see all that there was to be seen before leaving for Naples, which we voted to be both ugly and filthy, although the bay and the view of Vesuvius in eruption made up for local discomforts. Lady Holland made our stay at Naples very pleasant, and we had interesting excursions to Pompeii, Sorrento, and other places, until we embarked on board H.M.S. *Orontes*, commanded by Captain (now Sir Edward) Seymour, whom we found extremely nice. He seemed to be a careful officer, who knew what he was about, and was very kind to us all, as, indeed, were all his officers.

We had a rough passage to Alexandria, but got to Cairo by the 22nd of the month, and duly paid our respects next day to the Khedive—my old friend Ismael Pasha—who received us very cordially. He was at the moment in great trouble and anxiety as to his finances, seeing that in a few weeks' time he was called upon to pay £5,000,000 to his French creditors, and was being urged by Decazes to establish a French bank, and to hand over the management of his finances to Paris. The Khedive told us that he preferred being under England, and was ready to adopt a plan which had been proposed to him by Sir Rivers Wilson as to the Rothschilds advancing him the money, and he begged Lord Lytton to make representations on this subject to the British Government, which kept us all night cyphering telegrams to Lord Derby and Lord Salisbury.

At Cairo we met General Stanton, whom we all liked. I had previously known him in 1865. After the usual visits to the Pyramids and to the canal at Ismailia (where we fell in with our old friend Ferdinand de Lesseps), we reached Suez by train, and once more got on board the *Orontes* (24th March), to await the arrival that night from India of the Prince of Wales. We all breakfasted with the Prince the next day, and had an interesting time, I myself being specially pleased to meet Fayrer, Probyn, Sir Bartle Frere, FitzGeorge, and many other old friends. H.R.H. was very cordial to us all. He congratulated me on my new appointment, and was very kind and flattering in all he said to me.

He was particularly keen as to the position of the native chiefs of India, and the necessity for political officers being careful in their attitude towards them.

Both the Prince and those with him seemed to be impressed with the necessity for a stronger Central Asian policy, and this, of course, pleased me, more especially as Sir Bartle Frere showed me two emphatic letters which he had written to Lord Salisbury on the more active course that ought to be pursued in Afghanistan. Saying good-bye with some regret to the Prince and his party of the *Serapis*, we started on our further journey (26th March) in great heat through the Red Sea, reached Aden in a few days, and, after a careful inspection of the place, steamed on for Bombay on my little Charlie's birthday (1st April). Lord Lytton, having heard of it, was kind enough with his usual consideration to propose his health at dinner.

At length we arrived at Bombay on the 7th April, and landed at 5 p.m. in an imposing procession of boats, being received on shore by Lord Napier of Magdala, Sir Frederick Haines (the retiring and incoming Commander-in-Chief), and others, with whom we drove to Parell as the guests of the Governor, Sir Philip Wodehouse. All the deputations, ceremonies, and public demonstrations reminded me of my last visit to this place, eight years before with my dear Lord Mayo. Starting from Bombay on the 9th April, we got to Allahabad next day, and had a few pleasant days with the Lieutenant-Governor (my kind old friend Sir John Strachey), whom Lord Lytton at once annexed by asking him to be his Finance Minister.

On the 12th April we reached Calcutta, after saying good-bye to Lady Lytton, and my wife and children, who left direct for Simla, and at once went to Government House. Here we were received by Lord North-

brook, and adjourned to the Council-Room, where the new Viceroy took the usual oath of office in presence of the Council. It had not been usual in the past to say anything on such an occasion, but the circumstances in which Lord Lytton came to India were so unusual that, after careful thought and with some trepidation, he made a graceful and conciliatory little speech, which many of us thought admirable. This was well received by his new colleagues, who were believed not to be very sympathetic with him after the somewhat sharp correspondence between the India Office and Lord Northbrook on certain questions of frontier policy, in which the home Government and that of India differed, and which the new Viceroy had been instructed to set right in accordance with the decision arrived at by the Cabinet.

The next few days at Calcutta were full of hard work in hot and steamy weather. It was pleasant to meet Lord Northbrook again, and he and Lord Lytton had many long and friendly talks. On the 15th April the ex-Viceroy left Calcutta, with Miss Baring (now Lady Emma Crichton), in the *Tenasserim*, and there were many to regret his departure. He was specially cordial to me, and in leaving shook me warmly by the hand, saying, 'I only hope your second term may be 'as successful as your first.'

Having had our preliminary canter, so to speak, at Calcutta, we all started for Simla on the 22nd April, reaching it after a good journey of some four days, and finding our respective belongings settled down—our own abode being *Beatsonia*, in which we had formerly lived, and which had, therefore, many pleasant memories. I need not again describe a Simla season. At this particular time we had a good

deal of anxious work on account of the two difficult questions in hand, among many others, of Afghan policy and the coming proclamation of the new title; but we varied our existence by the usual dinners, concerts, and receptions of society in general and of native chiefs, besides occasional trips into the interior hills which were very enjoyable. On one of these trips, when riding out to our little country house at a place called Mushobra, Lord Lytton's pony shied at a coolie who was carrying a rather formidable package, and over the Khud (cliff) went both pony and rider down a sloping hillside, in which trees, as it happened, arrested the fall. Fortunately, Lord Lytton rolled off clear of the pony and was unhurt, and we got both rider and pony up again on the road with some difficulty. I was riding some yards behind, and was unable to do more than assist my Chief up again, feeling very thankful that the affair was no worse, for in less favourable circumstances it might have been certain death.

In the course of time the even tenor of our existence was varied by Lady Lytton giving birth (9th August, 1876) to a son—the present Earl of Lytton, soon after which my wife went through the same ceremony (14th August), making me a present of our third boy, Edward Robert,* to whom the Viceroy stood godfather, and who was, of course, pronounced by the ladies to be a fine little fellow!

* Now a Captain in the Royal Artillery. He has done very good service, especially in the South African War of 1900-01, for which he was mentioned in despatches and recommended, I believe, for a reward which did not come to him, but which he thoroughly deserved. He was in Q Battery of Horse Artillery for a time. This battery distinguished itself in the war. He has now gone once more to South Africa with a Battery of Field Artillery.

Both these boys were christened at the Simla church on the 23rd September by Archdeacon Baly, in the presence of a large number of friends and of the public at large, devoted to Lady Lytton, whose grace and charm had won all hearts in India, and who, year by year, increasingly gained the affection and esteem of all who knew her.

As to our Afghan policy, Lord Lytton spared no pains to work it prudently and successfully. He was extremely anxious to conciliate Shere Ali, and yet to initiate, if possible, a somewhat firmer and more consistent policy than hitherto, in accordance with the instructions of the Cabinet, with which he was himself in entire accord. Much interesting information reached us at this time through a trusted source that the Amir had been long disturbed in his mind as to his relations with us, and that in speaking of England he had said that 'the Minister (Disraeli) who ap-'pointed Lord Lytton had also appointed his true 'friend Lord Mayo, and that the new Viceroy had 'brought with him Lord Mayo's Secretary, and would 'undoubtedly be his friend also.' Encouraged by this indication of possible friendliness, although assured from other sources that Shere Ali was alienated beyond recovery, Lord Lytton opened communications with him through the Commissioner of Peshawar (Sir Richard Pollock) and others of the Amir's old friends, proposing to send a complimentary mission to Cabul to inform him of the Queen's assumption of the new Imperial title, and to invite him to the projected assemblage of 1877 if he cared to come, when an opportunity might be taken of talking over matters of interest to both parties.

Thus, Sir Richard Pollock wrote (8th February,

1876): 'It is the Viceroy's sincere desire not only to 'maintain but also materially to strengthen the bonds 'of friendship and confidence between the British 'Government and the Government of Afghanistan, so 'that the interests of Your Highness as the Sovereign 'of a friendly and independent frontier State may be 'effectually guaranteed against all cause of future 'anxiety. But the support of the British Government 'cannot be effectual unless it is based on reciprocal 'confidence and a clear recognition of the means 'requisite for the protection of mutual interests.'

But Shere Ali, to our great regret and disappointment, received these and other advances sullenly, and was evidently in a very bad humour. After some further efforts in the same direction, the Viceroy thought it prudent to put an end to the correspondence and to summon our Cabul Native Agent (Sirdar Atta Mahomed Khan) to Simla to talk matters over.

The Agent arrived on October 6th, primed, it was hoped, with the Amir's real thoughts and feelings; but the interviews with him were not satisfactory, for Atta Mahomed seemed to be almost as unfriendly as the Amir himself, although we made the best of him! I myself then believed, and still believe, that there was at the moment a great deal of intrigue between party-pullers of British and Russian descent and party-pullers at Cabul determined to render the whole matter a failure, such was the extraordinary party and pro-Russian feeling at the moment in England on this difficult question and the determined purpose of Russia to gain a footing in Afghanistan. Still our Agent was well treated by us, and left Simla for Cabul with an *Aide Mémoire* for the Amir, as

admirable as it was moderate, which explained frankly and fully the position of affairs and our desire to give effective help to Shere Ali on a basis set out in the memorandum for discussion in a friendly manner.

During all this time my own correspondence with all sorts and conditions of men at home was constant, and I received some very kind replies. Among others my good friend Ponsonby wrote (21st November, 1876): 'When I think of you in the midst of heat 'and bustle affording time to write me a letter of such 'interest as you have, I feel grateful, and lament that 'from this cold and cheerless solitude (Balmoral) I 'have so little to say. The Queen talks much of 'what Lord Lytton tells her, and shows me his 'letters, which she likes talking over, and very 'agreeable letters they are. I am much obliged for 'the Durbar papers. It will be a magnificent sight, 'and as the Empress is to be proclaimed it is fitting 'it should be grandly done. What you say about 'your foreign relations is most interesting at the 'present moment, and we receive telegrams about the 'proceedings on your borders. The Afghans seem 'to be very unpleasant allies. We have very little 'hold on them, and yet are held liable for their 'games; but if you can place British officers at 'Cabul, things may improve. Russia puzzles me 'more than ever. Intrigues here, inexplicable moves 'there, the apparent falsehood everywhere; but when 'explanations are asked and given they seem to be 'frank, and really have the merit of being real 'explanations.'

In the meanwhile we left Simla, soon after the departure of Atta Mahomed on his return to Cabul, for the customary Viceregal autumn tour. It was our

intention to travel through the hills, viâ Sultanpore and Kangra, to Cashmere, but owing to the prevalence of cholera in that State, it was decided to ask the Maharajah to come to Madhopore (on the border of his territory), where we met him on the 17th November, after a splendid tramp through Palampore, Dhurmsala, Dalhousie, and other places among my old haunts, of which I had so many memories. At this interview we settled many important matters with the Maharajah in respect to frontier arrangements at Gilgit, Swat, and Chitral.

From Madhopore we went to Peshawar, Lahore, and Multan. Here it may be said that in former days Multan had been visited by great heroes of antiquity, and certain palm-trees around us were still held by the people to mark the footsteps of Alexander the Great, whose followers introduced them. It was at this spot that Alexander himself was wounded by a javelin in the throat at the assault of the 'city of the 'Malli.' In those days the city was situated on the borders of the river Ravi, which ran through it, and was watered also by the Beas on one side and the Chenab on the other. Starting from this point the Greek Fleet made its way by the mouth of the Indus to the shores of Arabia and Persia.

Travelling onwards to Bhawalpore, and thence by steamer to Sukkur and Jacobabad on the Sindh frontier, we met the Khan of Khelat and his wild followers, and signed a new and important treaty (8th December, 1876) with him, of which I had the satisfaction of suggesting the principal conditions. These arrangements with Khelat were very important, although for many reasons it was unfortunate that, from the circumstances of the moment, we had to

make them *before* instead of *after* attempting to come to some understanding with Shere Ali. Be this as it may, the occupation of Quetta at this time was the best thing ever done, and gave us practical command of the roads leading from Candahar and elsewhere to our south-western frontier. In fact, our complete hold of Khelat, with the full concurrence of the Khan and his chiefs, has been productive of far greater results than any arrangements we could make with Afghanistan, and reduced our negotiations with the Amir to less importance than might otherwise have been the case.

It was afterwards spitefully said that it was this very occupation of Quetta which offended Shere Ali; but, as a fact, he had been inimical ever since 1873, and when his envoy came down to Peshawar, as will be seen further on, some months after our occupation of Quetta, this question was not even mentioned by him. Twelve years after our treaty (November, 1888) Quetta and the districts of Pishin, Thal, Chotiali, and Sibi were annexed to British territory with the full approval of the local rulers and inhabitants, one of the many results of Lord Lytton's frontier policy, unrecognised at the moment, and even now forgotten, although still of momentous value. I do not venture to say much as to the climate of these new districts. At any rate, in regard to Sibi the inhabitants have a saying, 'O Creator of the 'Universe, when you made Sibi why need you have 'made hell!'

After a few days we continued our tour to Kurrachee and Bombay, where we were again received by the Governor (Sir Philip Wodehouse), and eventually reached Delhi on the 23rd December,

after a tour of two months' duration. For several months previously a Committee, consisting of myself, Thornton (our experienced and able Foreign Secretary), Fred Roberts, Bradford, and Colley, had been entrusted with the arrangements and acts of grace connected with the Imperial Proclamation, which gave us hard work and plenty to think about. I was glad when our proceedings came to an end; for the amount of correspondence it brought on my own shoulders was of no mean quantity, as thus specially representing the Viceroy and writing his wishes and our own conclusions to heads of administration and executive officers throughout India, and receiving their views on the many intricate questions that came before us. The Queen took such a keen interest in the forthcoming proclamation of her new title* that Lord Lytton was anxious to carry out the ceremony in a manner befitting the occasion and agreeable to the chiefs and people of India generally, so that we had to be very careful in all our recommendations and arrangements.

Unexpected visitations of famine in Southern India and other unforeseen difficulties limited our original intentions as to this historic gathering; every pains were therefore taken to insure that no one should be encouraged to attend at Delhi if it involved undue individual expenditure; and to make this as easy as possible local durbars and ceremonies were arranged

* Here it may be said that the translation of this title was settled to be 'Kaisar-i-Hind.' One of the titles of the ancient Kings of India was *Kesari*, of which the Persian *Kaisar* is but another form, passing, in fact, from Latin (Cæsar or Czar) into Persian at a comparatively early period, and becoming current in Hindustani and other literary languages of India.

at the principal centres throughout India, a plan which met with great success. I can only attempt here to give a general sketch of our proceedings, of which I have already written a full account in the *Asiatic Quarterly Review* of 1st January, 1887; besides which Mr. Talboys Wheeler published a complete official record of the ceremony and other commemorations in the various presidencies and districts.

Notwithstanding our efforts to keep the assemblage within reasonable limits, the number of chiefs and others who attended exceeded our anticipations. No fewer than sixty-three ruling chiefs were present, including the Nizam of Hyderabad, the Gaekwar of Baroda, the Maharajahs of Jeypore, Scindiah, and others, all representing territories exceeding the combined areas of England, Italy and France. There were, besides, about 300 titular chiefs and native noblemen present, including the Prince of Arcot, the Princess of Tanjore, and representatives from Bengal, Oudh, Punjab, Sindh, Chitral, the North-West Frontier, Bombay, Madras, and Burmah; and, in addition to these came the Governors of the Portuguese settlements, the Khan of Khelat, deputations from Muscat, ambassadors from the Kings of Siam and Nepaul, an envoy from the Amir of Kashgar, and many representatives from the foreign consular body.

The chiefs and nobles, with their followers, and most of the visitors present, were accommodated in large encampments converging on a central group consisting of those of the Viceroy, the Governors of Madras and Bombay, the Commander-in-Chief in India, and the various Lieutenant-Governors and Chief Commissioners of provinces. For the multitude thus brought together, which amounted to about

100,000 souls, in addition to horses, elephants, and camels, ample supplies were available, besides which the sanitary and police arrangements were admirable. In short, nothing could have been better than the arrangements made both by our committee and by every official concerned, encouraged as we all were by Lord Lytton's own untiring exertions and example. Speaking of the Khan of Khelat and his followers, they were very much alarmed when put into the first railway-train they had ever seen. They had all the carriage-doors securely locked, and held on to the seats like grim death, expecting that every moment would be their end. They were no sooner lodged in their sumptuous camp than they ate up for supper the whole of the cakes of Pears' soap which we ventured to supply to them for long-neglected ablutions, in addition to which they kicked out of their tents our fine bedsteads, and used our jugs and basins for eating and drinking purposes !

On the Viceroy's arrival at Delhi he was received by the President in Council (the late Sir Henry Norman) and all the high civil and military officers, besides the whole of the native chiefs ; and this reception, from its representative and picturesque character, formed one of the most interesting events in the assemblage. Many of the chiefs had never previously met one another ; some had never before left their own principalities ; but they seemed to evince great eagerness to meet the new Viceroy, and moved about, happily for us, without ceremony or question of precedence.

From the 26th to the 29th December Lord Lytton held receptions, and conferred on chiefs and others banners and gold and silver commemorative medals,

of which I was myself proud to receive one of the twenty-five gold ones sent by the Queen. There were also a number of state dinners and other entertainments, ending up with one of the largest levees ever held in India, of which it was said by the press: 'About 3,000 persons, chiefly military officers and 'members of the Civil Service, were presented. The 'tents were too small for such a large assemblage of 'persons, and the crush was in consequence over-'whelming. The aides-de-camp and bodyguard did 'all in their power to stem the crush, but to no 'purpose. Officers had their dress torn, others their 'helmets crushed, and others lost their caps. One 'unfortunate Indian gentleman was heard shouting 'out frantically, "Master! oh, master! I die here! '"Oh, master!" Another fat person took refuge on 'a sofa and broke it to pieces.'

The 1st January, 1877, now came upon us, and fortunately proved a fine day. The assemblage was held in three large pavilions specially erected for the purpose on an extensive plain to the north of the city. The largest of these pavilions was semicircular in form, containing all the high officers of Government and the native chiefs and nobles, and facing a smaller one, in which the Viceroy and his staff were seated. Other surrounding pavilions held foreign representatives and high officials, while the troops, 15,000 in number, were drawn up in a large circle on the plain around. Lord and Lady Lytton arrived on the ground at noon, and received a most impressive welcome, after which the proclamation formally declaring the Queen to be Empress of India was read amid the usual *feux-de-joie* and a salute of 101 guns.

This ended, the Viceroy rose and addressed the

VICEROY'S CAMP (LORD LYTTON). IMPERIAL ASSEMBLAGE. JAN. 1, 1877.

assemblage in an admirable speech, which was concluded by the reading of a telegraphic message from the Queen assuring all concerned of the deep interest and earnest affection with which the Sovereign regarded the people of her Indian Empire. At the conclusion of this address the whole assemblage spontaneously rose and cheered, and Scindiah, the Begum of Bhopal, Sir Salar Jung, the Maharajah of Jeypore, the Maharajah of Cashmere, and others, did their best to be heard in expressing their satisfaction and pleasure.

This, in few words, ended the proceedings of the day, which were of a most imposing character, and were carried through with unbroken success. We were not a little pleased at the result, all the more so as we learnt from subsequent letters and telegrams that the Queen herself was intensely gratified at the success of the whole affair. A review of the troops on the 5th January concluded the unique events of the Imperial assemblage, a picturesque adjunct to this review being the marching past of some 30,000 of the so-called armies of the native chiefs present, one of the most theatrical and interesting spectacles I have ever seen. My little daughter Gerty, whom we had left behind in England in 1876, arrived at this time at Delhi with her uncle, Lord Kilmaine, who had brought her out to us, and she enjoyed the fun as much as any of us.

Looking back at this assemblage,* which was

* Some years afterwards Earl Roberts, when receiving the freedom of the city of Birmingham (18th July, 1903), said: 'One of the finest 'regiments I served with was the old 6th Regiment, the present War-'wickshire Regiment. That regiment furnished the guard of honour 'at the Delhi Assemblage on January 1st, 1877, when the Queen was

accompanied by many concessions and acts of grace throughout the country, including the release, without the slightest harm or accident, of 16,000 prisoners, I consider it a very important act, from an Indian point of view, of Lord Lytton's viceroyalty. It gave a long-desired opportunity for personal official conferences between high officials, European and native, thus drawn together in one place from all parts of India, the results of which meetings were of great significance and benefit. It brought the native chiefs into line, caused them to realize clearly for the first time that they were under one Sovereign, induced them to offer from that moment their personal services and troops to the Government, and effected generally a change in tone and feeling towards the British Empire, which has from that period onwards been of great benefit. This is not my own testimony only as one personally interested in the matter, but that of numerous high officers of State and officials in all parts of India, who at the outset opposed the whole idea of the new title and did their best to deride it.

'proclaimed Empress of India. It was on the model of that assem-
'blage that Lord Curzon on January 1st last arranged his great
'Durbar at Delhi. He wrote to me about it, and I replied:
'"You may have a larger assemblage, but I am perfectly certain
'"you cannot have one which will have a greater effect upon Indian
'"history than the one which Lord Lytton held on January 1st,
'"1877." It was the turning-point in Indian history; it was the
'one single occasion on which every native chief, every native
'potentate from all parts of India, came to do obeisance to Her
'Majesty's representative. (Hear, hear.) I have always declared
'that that one day and that great meeting had more effect in welding
'the people of India to England than anything that has ever
'happened before or since.'

Yes, a great change in this respect rapidly ensued and has since remained—a change which will ever remain an enduring monument not only to the statesmanship of Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Lytton, who originated the idea, but also to Lord Salisbury, who loyally strengthened the hands of the Viceroy throughout an anxious time, the only blot in the proceedings being the unfortunate acrimonious discussion on the matter in Parliament at home, which damped our proceedings, attributing the action taken, as many did, to the personal vanity of the new Viceroy, instead of generously according him praise for one of the best acts, from an Eastern point of view, of his administration.

Up to a certain point I may make some claim to a share in the inception of the arrangements afterwards carried out for the Imperial proclamation, and this was in Lord Lytton's mind when he wrote to the Queen (12th August, 1876) a letter of which he gave me a copy: 'I am very hopeful that the various 'measures contemplated in connection with the 'proclamation of your Majesty's Imperial title will 'be productive of the best political results. I feel 'bound to say that if they succeed, as I confidently 'expect, the person to whom the Government of 'India will be chiefly indebted for their success is my 'Private Secretary, Colonel Burne, who is intimately 'acquainted with the personal character of the principal 'native princes and chiefs, and from whom I have 'received the most valuable assistance in this matter.' And, again, to Lord Salisbury on the same date: 'I 'really believe that the 1st January next is likely to 'prove an historical epoch of considerable importance 'in India. But if my favourable anticipations are 'realized, I can certainly take no credit to myself for

'the success. The whole idea originated entirely with 'Burne, and without his valuable assistance the details 'of it would never have been worked out.'

Lord Lytton was a generous man, to whom it was always a pleasure to give undue credit to those who served him; but up to a certain point, as just said, these kind acknowledgments of my share in the matter were justified, as he and I worked out, together and alone early in 1876, the general scheme of the proclamation of the new title, from which scheme very little deviation was afterwards made, whether as regards ceremonies or acts of grace.

Proceeding on the night of the assemblage southwards, we stayed a day at Patiala to install the new young ruler as chief of the State, then went on to Umballa, and reached Allyghur next day to lay the foundation-stone of the Mahomedan Anglo-Oriental College there under Syed Ahmed; thence travelling on to Agra, we finally reached Calcutta on the 13th of the month, to resume our usual routine of work and duty, which, however interesting to myself, is unnecessary to record here.

CHAPTER XIII

Failure of our Afghan negotiations—Famine in Madras—Return home of wife and children, and afterwards of myself—Transfer of Marquis of Salisbury from the India to the Foreign Office, and succession of Viscount Cranbrook—Russo-Turkish War—War in Afghanistan—Change of Government and Lord Lytton's return home (1877-80).

To revert once more to Afghan affairs, the return to Cabul of our native agent was not productive of much fruit, although at last Shere Ali, soon after the Delhi assemblage, deputed his Minister, Syad Nur Mahomed, to Peshawar to meet our Envoy, Sir Lewis Pelly, to talk over the matter contained in the *aide mémoire* already alluded to, which so fully explained the whole situation to the Amir. The Minister, however, seemed to be furnished with no real authority to conclude any arrangement, and described Shere Ali as having been completely alienated from us for many years past. Reports at the same time reached India of the Amir's continued intrigues with General Kauffman, of preparations for a religious war, apparently directed against India, and of the massing of Afghan troops on our frontier; and so this conference dragged on without fruit until ended by the sudden death (26th March) of the Afghan Envoy. The result was a sore disappointment to Lord Lytton and to all of us, for we had not been without hope of coming to some satis-

factory understanding, although handicapped by Russian intrigue at Cabul and Shere Ali's apparent revulsion from British to Russian influence. But the hope was not fulfilled, and the Viceroy sadly and reluctantly had to admit failure, and to refrain for a time from further action, seeing that he had no wish to press the Amir to an unwilling assent to arrangements which were really favourable to himself and his dynasty.

So far as my own labours were concerned, the mission for which I had come from England in Lord Lytton's aid was ended. Events were too strong for us. The Amir, rightly or wrongly, had been alienated from us before we arrived in India. We were too late to gain him back, and thenceforth we had to count with Russian intrigue in combination with his own suspicions and sullen character. I almost began at this time to think that the Afghans were really the lost tribes found again; at any rate, greater rascals never existed, and one felt almost driven for refuge into the sacred 'masterly inactivity' camp, had such a policy been any longer possible!

Thus, having returned to Simla in due course for our summer season, we had no further communication with Cabul beyond the ordinary news-letter correspondence, and contented ourselves with putting our own house in order in various ways in dealing with internal administrative questions, in regard to which the Viceroy worked indefatigably.

In the meantime I still received many interesting letters from Ponsonby. Among others he wrote (17th August, 1877) 'Rim Macdonald (lately Naval 'Commander-in-Chief in India) came here the other 'day to get the K.C.S.I. He wanted to wear his gold

'assemblage medal. Garter told him he mustn't—so 'he didn't. But all the same he put it on before he 'went away. When on his knees before the Queen 'the Lord Chamberlain read out his name *Reginald.* '"I think not," said the Queen, turning towards me. 'I felt inclined to answer *Rim.* "*Ronald,*" said the 'Queen. "No," answered the Lord Chamberlain. 'The Admiral, distressed at this buzzing round his 'head, spoke out, "*Reginald,* your Majesty," so he 'was knighted *Reginald,* and now his family tell us he 'was wrong and say he is *Ronald!* The Envoy from 'Kashgar is here—a fine looking man and a London 'lion, but he couldn't speak English. General Grant, 'U.S.A., was the other lion. He could speak English, 'but didn't speak much. He brought a son with him 'and had a talk with the Queen, in the midst of which 'his son pulled him by the coat-tails. "Pa, introduce '"me!" Are we not in this country a little too 'much afraid of the marvellous power of Russia, 'which, when it is put into action, comes to terrible 'grief?'

Towards the end of our Simla season (1877) we received bad news of the famine in Southern India, which had reached a point that was most alarming, and apparently it was not well managed by some of our officials. After issuing a Minute on the subject, Lord Lytton determined to go down to the famine district himself, notwithstanding that the journey had to be made in the middle of the hot weather. He accordingly started from Simla on the 16th August, with myself, Colley, Sir A. Arbuthnot, Charles Elliott, Thornton, Bernard, Steuart Bayley (on whose sound judgment the Viceroy much relied in these and other matters), Villiers, Loch, and Dr. Barnett. We

reached Poona on the 20th August, and remained there for some days, inquiring into famine matters* and visiting relief works; and finally arrived at Madras, viâ Bellary, on the 29th of the month, where we had some hard day, and sometimes night, work with the Governor (Duke of Buckingham), visiting neighbouring relief camps and settling general lines of famine policy, resulting in changes and improvements which were afterwards much praised by the public at large.

Thence we went to Bangalore, and to the relief camps at Coimbatore, finally reaching Ootacamund on the 12th September, all rather seedy and draggled from heat and work! We started for Mysore itself on the 16th inst. on a brief visit to the young Maharajah, which we all enjoyed, more especially myself, as it gave me an opportunity of renewing our acquaintance, and of seeing my dear old friend Jimmy Gordon, who was then Resident at Mysore (he died, alas! 27th June, 1889), and who made our visit extremely useful and pleasant. Eventually we returned to Poona for a few days, and reached Simla again on the 27th September, after a trying journey in great heat—103° in the shade—to the joy of our respective

* Lord Lytton much appreciated the help given at this time by (Sir) Charles Lawson, then engaged in journalism in Madras. His clear and able views on famine and other State questions were of great value; and although I am not writing the history of Lord Lytton's administration, which has been better done by his gifted daughter, I may add that the untiring exertions of (Sir) Roper Lethbridge at headquarters among other duties at this and other periods, as Press Commissioner (charged with giving correct and frequent information on all subjects to European and native newspapers throughout India) were productive of great advantage to all concerned. It was a pity, in my opinion, that this useful office was abolished later on.

LORD LYTTON AT MADRAS. AUG. 29, 1877.

belongings. Rain had fortunately followed us in our wanderings southwards and caused much relief in the famine districts where the natives attributed the rain to supernatural influences following the Viceroy's visit.

Our journey to the famine districts in Southern India did not eliminate from our thoughts the tangled and tiresome Afghan question, although we were all rather sick of it; and we were therefore pleased at receiving, soon after our return to headquarters, a despatch from Lord Salisbury (4th October, 1877), which was satisfactory, as indicating that the Cabinet were in accord with Lord Lytton's past action.

He wrote: 'The independence of Afghanistan is a 'matter of importance to the British Government, and 'as an essential part of the arrangements for its pro-'tection Her Majesty's Government would still be glad 'to station agents upon whom they could rely at Herat 'and Candahar. In the event, therefore, of the Amir 'within a reasonable time spontaneously manifesting a 'desire to come to a friendly understanding with your 'Excellency on the basis of the terms lately offered 'to, but declined by, him, his advances should not be 'rejected. If, on the other hand, he continues to 'maintain an attitude of isolation and scarcely-veiled hostility, the British Government stand unpledged to 'any obligations, and in any contingencies which may 'arise in Afghanistan will be at liberty to adopt such 'measures for the protection and permanent tran-'quillity of the North-West Frontier of Her Majesty's 'Indian possessions as the circumstances of the 'moment may render expedient, without regard to the 'wishes of the Amir Shere Ali or the interests of his 'dynasty.'

We enjoyed a short rest in the Simla hills, but it proved to be my last look at this place of happy memories, for my wife began to show signs of serious ill-health, and was advised to leave for England, and this fact helped to remind us that the two years special leave of absence from my post at the India Office would expire within a few months. As an evidence of Lord Lytton's personal regard for me, I may here mention that this gave him so much regret that he consulted Sir John Strachey* with a view to my receiving some high appointment in India if it could be arranged.

As I was not on the Indian Establishment this could not be, and Sir John, in communicating this fact to the Viceroy, said: 'I wish we could come to a dif-'ferent conclusion, for Burne's loss to you cannot be 'supplied privately or publicly'; which letter Lord Lytton communicated to me in words that I can never forget, for he said (21st September, 1877): 'Read the 'enclosed letter from Strachey. I feel I must not 'allow you to think any longer of the sacrifice which 'I believe your generosity would accept if I were 'selfish enough to accept it myself. I know the 'struggle it costs you to leave me. During the year 'and a half that we have lived and worked together, 'you have done for me, and been to me, all that one 'man could have done or been. I shall never forget 'this, but I know that when you return to England 'you will not cease to be my true friend, as you have

* One of the most prominent men of the Indian Civil Service and now a G.C.S.I. It is difficult to speak adequately of the invaluable and unselfish services rendered by this distinguished man both to Lord Mayo and Lord Lytton, not to mention those to the Empire at large. To myself he was always a kind and firm friend.

'ever been, with all your great gifts of heart and 'head.'

We left Simla (my wife, self, and four children) on the 4th November for Bombay, amid many sad good-byes, just after an earthquake, which fortunately proved a slight one, although it mightily alarmed the community at large, and on the 9th of the month my belongings left in the P. and O. *Surat*, under charge of my dear brother George (he died 11th December, 1903), and reached Southampton on the 15th December. I myself returned to meet Lord Lytton at Agra in order to accompany him to Calcutta, where we arrived on the 29th December.

I thought it right at this time to remind Lord Salisbury of my possible early return home, and received a letter from him (17th November, 1877), saying, among other things: 'We shall be very glad 'to see you back at the head of your own department, 'though Mr. Moore has been a very sedulous and 'efficient *locum tenens*. The questions in which we 'were most interested when you went away, so far as 'they have changed at all, have all moved in the right 'direction. The movement into Khelat, though from 'the Parliamentary point of view it was a hazardous 'proceeding, has answered very well really, and I 'hope may be the means of securing us a genuine and 'permanent influence in Khelat. On our success in 'attaining this object the security of our North-West 'Frontier in a considerable measure depends, for our 'hope of getting influence over the Afghans appears 'to be very distant. However, our genuine protection 'is our monopoly of good weapons. There is no one 'subject in your department of such vital importance 'as the arms question, and I hope we shall never allow

'Liberal crotchets or false confidence to diminish 'our superiority in this respect. I am very sorry 'the Amir was ever allowed to have breechloaders. 'He certainly ought not to be permitted to get any 'more.'

To this I wrote a reply, part of which I may be pardoned for quoting. I said (24th December, 1877): 'Your letter of the 17th November has given me 'infinite pleasure. I was very pleased at my name 'being in the first list of honours (1st January, 1878) 'connected with the Imperial title, especially as I hold 'strong opinions as to the value, in an Indian sense, of 'all that has been done in that direction. I have had 'two years of incessant hard work out here, and have 'done my best to assist to keep matters in a right 'groove. My only regret at returning to my appoint-'ment at the India Office is, first, at having to leave 'Lord Lytton at a time when, after an uphill game, 'the tide of public feeling out here is turning in his 'favour; and, secondly, at ousting Mr. Moore,* who, 'I feel sure, makes a better Secretary than myself. 'But I have gained some fresh experience, have learnt 'more caution, and hope to be of use to you in my 'small way when I return. I think that you are right 'when you say that our real and genuine protection 'is our monopoly of good weapons. We shall one day 'realize the truth of this. We are doing so now in

* It gave me great pleasure at this time to receive a letter from my devoted assistant Moore, to whom I refer later on, to the effect that he longed for my return, and preferred it to any idea of himself filling my post, as he and I together were all right, but he felt unable to cope by himself with so many difficult questions as now came before him daily. He therefore warmly welcomed me on my return later on.

'some measure, as the Lieutenant-Governor of the 'Punjaub writes to me: "I have informed you of the '"unvarying success of all the military operations '"which have now been undertaken. I gather that '"the Snider rifles with which the native troops are '"armed have been used with great effect. The '"possession of such weapons inspires our men with '"the greatest confidence."'

I had to devote every moment of time on reaching Calcutta to complete official work and to prepare for my return home—a return now hastened by increasingly bad news of my wife's suddenly failing health. But I will only touch lightly on the painful events of the next few months. It was some solace at such a time to find my name among those first gazetted (1st January, 1878) to the 'Most Eminent 'Order of the Indian Empire,' as this decoration further identified me with India, where I had spent so many years of my life, and specially with the proclamation of the new Imperial title in connection with which it was instituted. It was a great satisfaction to me to be thus associated with a country and an event which were both dear to me. Further telegrams from home, urging my immediate return to England, compelled me to leave Calcutta on the 11th January, amid many sad farewells from the Viceroy and from a large number of friends who came to the railway-station to see me off to Bombay, including Dr. and Mrs. Barnett, with whom my family and myself had been close friends in the past on the Staff of Lord Mayo and Lord Lytton. Dr. Barnett died in England on the 24th July, 1885, and his wife on the 31st August, 1905, both deeply regretted.

As I had been barely two years with Lord Lytton,

my work with him was less noticed, if I may use such a word, than if I had remained with him during the whole of his term of office. Among my private papers are articles from the press as to myself from 1861, when I first joined Sir Hugh Rose, until I left the public service in 1897. I do not know to this moment by whose hands they were written, as they were anonymous and unsought for on my part, and for this reason I attach much value to them. If I now quote but *one* out of the scores which are among my papers, it is only for the above-named reason, which made me feel exceptionally glad that on thus leaving Lord Lytton, the Indian public (for many other similar articles were written at this time) appreciated, as Lord Lytton himself generously did, the character of my humble work during this brief period. The article, which was sent to me in England by Lord Lytton along with others, ran thus:

'The Howrah station on Friday night, at the 'departure of the up-train carrying the mails, pre- 'sented a busy scene that was both interesting and 'touching to those who understood its significance. 'Colonel Owen Burne, the right hand of the Viceroy, 'and the most popular Private Secretary that India 'has known in our time, was leaving for home, prob- 'ably for good, and a great bevy of his friends and 'admirers, native as well as European, had assembled 'to bid him God-speed and see the last of him in this 'country.

'The Viceroy brought Colonel Burne down to the 'station, accompanied by nearly the whole of the 'Staff, and the train moved off amidst the chorus of 'affectionate adieus, that showed how deeply the loss 'of the gallant Colonel is felt by everyone, from his

'Excellency downwards, with whom he has been 'brought into contact. Colonel Burne was indeed an 'ideal Private Secretary—kind, courteous, and con- 'siderate to a degree. It has often been observed 'that a "No" from Burne was robbed of all its sting 'by the way in which it was said. He was singularly 'unassuming, and even reticent, about himself, and I 'have heard it said more than once by those who are 'well acquainted with the fact that no one but Lord 'Mayo formerly, and Lord Lytton more recently, 'ever knew of how much practical use his clear in- 'telligence and wide experience had really been to 'the Viceroys, or how greatly his counsels had been 'valued by both. The estimation in which Colonel 'Burne is held by the present Viceroy is well known, 'and it must be a source of great consolation to 'his Excellency in his present loss to think that his 'faithful assistant and friend, though leaving India, 'is not leaving the service of India. The presence 'of Colonel Burne in the India Office as Political 'Secretary will doubtless do much to strengthen the 'hands of Lord Lytton out here, and it is a matter of 'consolation for the Empire just now that a man at 'once so capable and so thoroughly in accord with 'the Indian administration should be holding the 'reins at home. All Calcutta, and, indeed, all India, 'in wishing the late Private Secretary well, will 'heartily join with us in hoping that the domestic 'affliction which has called him away so suddenly will 'have passed away, or, if that may not be, will have 'assumed a less distressing and threatening aspect 'before he arrives on the scene of his new labours. 'It very seldom falls to the lot of an official to receive 'such spontaneous testimony of his worth as Colonel

'Burne has. His departure is equally regretted on 'both sides of India, and probably no one regrets it 'more than Lord Lytton himself' (*Calcutta Englishman*, 12th January, 1878).

I left Bombay by the first available mail steamer, and reached Bournemouth on the 3rd February, after a rough voyage home, only to find my wife very ill from an unforeseen attack of rapid consumption. On the 13th February I reported myself at the India Office, and saw Lord Salisbury, who was very sympathetic, and I was much comforted in my trouble by letters from India and elsewhere. Lord Lytton wrote (7th March, 1878): 'I am sure you would like 'to know the kind and sympathizing terms in which 'Lord Salisbury has written to me about you, and 'therefore I quote from his last letter. "It is," he 'says, "a terrible sorrow for Burne to have brought '"home with him. There are few men whose sorrow '"will invite deeper sympathy in all who have worked '"with him. He is so hearty and loyal."' And, again (4th April, 1878): 'Your own private troubles 'are constantly in my thoughts, and your place in my 'heart is made by them larger and larger. Alas! we 'know not what is best for ourselves or for those who 'are dear to us, but we must trust that there is One 'who does know. We miss you sadly.' And again (10th April, 1878): 'Simla reminds me more than I 'like of my dear Private Secretary of last year, whom 'I miss at every hour. I have not had the heart to 'enter *Beatsonia* since I came back.'

My youngest daughter, Evelyne, was born at Heathercliff (Bournemouth) on the 20th February. She was privately baptized by the Rev. W. Mouton two days afterwards, on account of her not being

expected to live, but she has since grown up to be a healthy girl.*

Meanwhile public affairs, based on difficulties with Russia, were looking ugly. The Russo-Turkish War, which had broken out in April, 1877, was now terminating in favour of Russia, who had lost no time in advancing on Constantinople. Thereupon part of the British fleet was ordered to that place by Lord Beaconsfield, and entered the Dardanelles without asking permission of the Porte, while in Parliament a supplementary estimate of £6,000,000 sterling was voted to increase the armaments of the country, the reserves were called out, Indian troops were ordered to Malta, and many other measures were taken to provide for the crisis which the possession of Constantinople by Russia was likely to bring about in European affairs.

This warlike policy on the part of the Beaconsfield Cabinet caused the resignation of Lord Derby (28th March, 1878) as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and the transfer of Lord Salisbury, to our regret, from the India to the Foreign Office. Lord Salisbury was succeeded by Lord Cranbrook, to whom I refer later on. Mr. Edward Stanhope at the same time followed Lord George Hamilton (who was made Vice-President of the Council of Education) as Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State, and was much liked by us all. He and I became great friends officially and socially, until his much regretted death on the 21st December, 1893.

During this exciting time I was unable to attend

* Since this was written, my daughter Evelyne was married (10th of May, 1906), at the Priory Church, Christchurch, Hants, to Lieutenant Rowland H. Bather, R.N.

much to public duties, as matters at Bournemouth were going from bad to worse. My dear mother, who came specially from Bath to see my wife, of whom she was very fond, died suddenly (14th April) a few days after her arrival, to our great sorrow; and my wife breathed her last (22nd April) at Heathercliff in perfect peace, speaking of her Saviour and her hope of the resurrection, and seeing, as she told us, beautiful visions of her father and other near relatives and friends waiting for her at the 'gates of Paradise.' She was laid to rest on the 29th April in the new cemetery at Bournemouth, the first body laid there, leaving sweet memories of a gentle wife, mother, and friend. Many came to the funeral, including Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon, now so well known in London society. My wife was much attached to them, and I have greatly valued their kind and unalterable friendship from that time to this. And here I draw a veil. It is not for me at such a moment to describe the loss to those thus left to mourn, although we were consoled by universal manifestations of love and sympathy, and by the knowledge that all that happens to us in this life is ordained by God. I could only say with Aubrey de Vere (1878):

'Count each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee. Do thou
With courtesy receive him; rise and bow,
And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave.
Then lay before him all thou hast. Allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow
Or mar thy hospitality, no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
Thy soul's marmoreal calmness. Grief should be
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate,

SELF AND FAMILY.

BOURNEMOUTH, 1878.

Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;
Strong to consume small troubles, to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting
To the end.'

On the 3rd May my little family removed to Albury, in charge of my kind sister Caroline. I myself rejoined the India Office on the 13th of that month, and plunged into official work as best I could, tempered by frequent visits to the little family, who were now my chief joy. Miss Goddard joined as governess in August, and remained with us nearly seven years. Meanwhile my treasured belongings alternated between Albury and Bournemouth till 18th October, 1881, when we finally settled in London.

The public events just mentioned were followed by the Berlin Congress (13th June), at which Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury obtained—indeed, forced—concessions on the part of Russia which put an end to the projected occupation of Constantinople by that Power, and caused much satisfaction at home. To a letter from me referring to this matter, and reminding him of coming Afghan complications, Lord Salisbury replied in his usual kind way (29th August, 1878): 'I am very much obliged to you for your 'letter, and was much touched by your and Mr. 'Moore's kind recollections of our old companionship 'at the India Office. My present work is much 'harder, but I think also less interesting. My im- 'pression is that the establishment of a mission at 'Cabul is a step which cannot be long delayed. It is 'rather hard of the *Times* abusing us for not knowing 'what was going on at Cabul, when we used to be

'so severely handled for trying to establish a mission 'there.'

As in this letter Lord Salisbury speaks of his old companionship with myself and my assistant (Moore) at the India Office, I may say that we much regretted the loss of our master. In after-years I often saw Lord Salisbury, sometimes stayed at Hatfield, and had letters from him from time to time; but, of course, our close official connection, as at the India Office, was at an end, although I have never forgotten from that time to this his kindness, his ability, his abnegation of self, and his desire in after-years to meet many important personal requests I made to him on behalf of others. He became Prime Minister in 1885, again in 1886, and again in 1895, resigning his office on account of ill-health in July, 1902, and passing to his well-earned rest on the 22nd August, 1903, aged 73, universally mourned.

'Sincere in aim, he spoke the thing he felt;
With single heart the ancient ways he trod,
Self-confident the more because he knelt
And trusted God.

'Others have held it blessed to receive;
He lavished all his life to make the name
Of England greater, well content to leave
His own the same.'

Late in the year 1878 Nawab Ikbal-ud-Dowla, of the Oudh royal family, and for a short time King of Oudh, came on a visit to England. This grand old man was a pensioner of ours at Bagdad, where he wielded considerable influence, and was eventually made a G.C.S.I., which I helped to obtain for him. Lord Cranbrook asked me to look after him during his visit, and this I did with great pleasure, finding

him a man of rare intelligence and full of information on Turkish and other questions. Among other visits I took him down to Hatfield, and had a pleasant few days there, more especially as the Nawab and Lord Salisbury got on very well together, with me as interpreter and mutual friend.

The Nawab returned soon afterwards to Bagdad, and died eventually in 1889, leaving a large fortune which he bequeathed to local religious institutions. He wrote to me frequently in warm terms of friendship up to the day of his death. He said in one of his letters (1st July, 1881): 'I do not remember 'having ever been guilty of an ignoble action to friend 'or foe. My constant desire has been to do good to 'my fellow-creatures, and I shall so strive to continue 'to the end, firmly believing that a life so spent will 'receive its due reward hereafter. I thank God that 'you are one who deem me worthy of your affection 'and regard. May God grant you a long, happy, and 'prosperous life, and may it please Him so to guide 'and watch over you upon earth that you may be 'found worthy to stand in the ranks of His chosen in 'the world to come!' In another letter (10th September, 1883) he wrote, after receiving the insignia of the G.C.S.I.: 'My decoration has arrived. Alas! 'the Order has reached me in my old age, when all 'worldly desires have left me. Even my very teeth 'have fallen out. God help and protect you!'

I may now refer to events which followed in India, and if I do so briefly, it is because, in consequence of having left that country, I had no immediate part in them, as in the negotiations of 1876. My duty was merely to do my best at the India Office to assist my new chief (Lord Cranbrook) and my late master (Lord

Lytton) to cope with the serious situation that now arose in Central Asia. During this time Count Schouvaloff, the great Russian diplomatist, came to London to see what he could pick up. Among others, I had something to say to him, although he could not make much out of me. I enjoyed, however, his perfect French and his bright manners, and can never forget a luncheon I had with him, Sarah Bernhardt, and Mrs. Langtry (the Jersey Lily), in which I distinguished myself by denouncing Russia in bad French, and causing much amusement thereby. The great Sarah never forgot this when she afterwards met me in England, and was always very civil to me. Some few years later on Count Schouvaloff got into disfavour with his Russian masters, and died by his own hand on 23rd March, 1889. If I merely touch lightly upon the Central Asian question here, it is only because it has been narrated many times over in Blue-Books, compiled for the most part by myself, and in the published history of Lord Lytton's administration by his gifted daughter, Lady Betty Balfour. The matter requires, therefore, no detailed repetition in a personal record like this, more especially as it is all past history, dead and buried.

In few words it may be said that in Afghanistan, as will have been already seen, the Amir Shere Ali had, to our great regret, and for reasons already set forth, shown a decided hostility towards us. The Cabinet of St. Petersburg had agreed in 1873 to regard Afghanistan as beyond the sphere of Russian influence, but the agreement, never worth much, was now invalidated, according to their ideas, by our attitude in the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-78; and in reply to the measures taken by us, as just described,

Russia despatched a large formal mission under General Stolietof to Cabul on the very day (13th June, 1878) that the Berlin Conference met, and apparently as a sort of counter-move. This mission found Shere Ali in a mood to welcome it, and play it off against our own Government. General Stolietof was, accordingly, received with all honour at the capital, while Sir Neville Chamberlain,* with a corresponding British mission, which Lord Lytton deemed it essential to send, was turned back (21st September, 1878) at the frontier under threats of hostile attack.

An invading force was thereupon sent by the Viceroy into Afghanistan, with the entire approval of the home authorities, and no man with a knowledge of Indian politics, or unhampered by the bitter party spirit that then existed, could say that any other course of action was possible. It was a bitter pill to the Viceroy. He had tried to avoid what he knew would be a death-blow to the administration on which it was forced, since all wars mean discontent, new taxation, differences of opinion, and general disruption of public affairs, which few Viceroys or Governments care to risk. Lord Lytton met the inevitable, however, like a man. He had left Shere Ali alone for nearly a year, but there was no drawing back on his part, when the crash came, in dealing with a momentous crisis by bold and prompt action. The advance

* At one time Sir Neville Chamberlain was an exponent of the so-called 'masterly inactivity' policy, and disapproved of the occupation of Quetta and other forward action. But he had now quite changed his opinions, seeing that such a policy was 'no longer 'tenable.' And Lord Lytton's action throughout all this difficult time had, therefore, his full concurrence as right and justifiable. A letter to this effect was published in *The Times*.

into Afghanistan was successful. Shere Ali eventually (13th December, 1878) fled from Cabul, accompanied by the Russian mission, and died two months afterwards in Central Asia.

He was succeeded by a son (Yakub Khan), whom he released from imprisonment just before his flight, and who afterwards signed the treaty, called the Treaty of Gundamak (26th May, 1879), which put our relations with Afghanistan on a favourable footing, and seemed to give us all that was possible in regard to our relations with that country and the responsibilities we had incurred in years gone by in respect to it. Up to this point Lord Lytton had every reason, acting on behalf of the British Government and in full accord with it, to be satisfied with the result. We were, at any rate, relieved of an Amir who had been for years hopelessly alienated, and of a Russian mission which it was impossible to leave unmolested at Cabul without serious harm to our position in India.

But, unfortunately, this favourable situation did not last, for some months afterwards (3rd September, 1879), from causes never quite explained, but which, it is believed, arose from a purely local *émeute* of Afghan troops, our Resident at Cabul, Sir Louis Cavagnari, and his escort were massacred, an untoward event which gave rise to prolonged operations across our frontier under Sir Frederick (now Earl) Roberts, who added greatly to his reputation by the manner in which he and those associated with him (Sir Donald Stewart and others) conducted the war. Without going into further particulars in a matter which is now historical and can be found in every school book, I may merely add that the occupation of Afghanistan lasted till July, 1880, when, by Lord Lytton's personal

intervention beforehand, Abdur Rahman Khan reached Cabul, and was recognised by Lord Ripon as Amir in place of the deposed Yakub Khan. The selection of the new ruler proved a success, for by governing Afghanistan with a rod of iron, which seemed to suit its cruel and unruly people, he kept the country quiet until his death on the 7th October, 1901.

At a large dinner given in recognition of his Afghan services to Lord Roberts at the United Service Club (26th November, 1880), at which I was present, an amusing incident occurred. The Duke of Cambridge presided, and the Prince of Wales and about 150 officers of high rank attended. There was much enthusiasm, and after dinner the Duke of Cambridge rose, as chairman, to propose the customary health of the guest. He spoke, as usual, very well and eloquently till he came to the capture of the Peiwar Pass in Afghanistan, which was regarded as a great feather in Roberts's cap. The Duke said: 'And now I come to the Pass—the great Pass—the 'well-known Pass (Where the —— was the Pass?' he whispered to those near at hand), 'the wonderful 'operations at the Pass—the Pass (Where the —— 'was the Pass?' whispered the Duke again, getting very hot and angry) 'where our friend covered him-'self with glory—I mean the Pass—— What is the 'name of that —— Pass?' at last he roared, till some one near at hand whispered 'Peiwar,' and we all cried with laughter, while the Duke shook himself together, became as gentle as a dove, and went on with a very good speech.

During these events in India we were kept very busy at the India Office. Lord Cranbrook's relations with Lord Lytton were happy and cordial, and no

difference of opinion arose between them, while he and myself worked in perfect accord, so that, what with writing long notes for the Cabinet, drafting difficult despatches, and compiling Blue-books, we all had a very hard time, ameliorated in some measure to myself by my receiving the long-delayed K.C.S.I. in July, 1879, which brought me some gratifying congratulations. It also entailed a pleasant visit to Windsor some months afterwards to receive my knighthood and insignia from the Queen's hands.

Among many other letters on this occasion, Lord Salisbury wrote (8th August, 1879): 'It was with 'great pleasure I saw in the papers the merited 'recognition of your services which you have re-'ceived, and I have every ground to congratulate 'myself that I have had a share in placing those 'services at the disposal of the Government for the 'conduct of its external policy in India. Your term 'of office has been associated with great events, in 'which you have borne no small part.' And Lord Lytton wrote (4th August, 1879): 'Warm and loving 'congratulations on the receipt, at last, of your long-'deserved and too long-delayed honours. God bless 'you, my dear friend! I cannot say how much in 'hours of despondency I have missed your cheery 'and sympathetic companionship. However, for me, 'like Falstaff, it will "soon be bed-time and all will '"be over."'

In addition to my official work at this time, I had become a regular contributor to *The Times*, and much enjoyed helping the then editor, Mr. Chenery, in leading and other articles on Eastern questions, although I found it difficult and anxious work, which I should not care to take up again. Since this humble

experience I have often admired and wondered at the nerve and ability of men who carry out this work as a profession. It is responsible and incessant; it does not admit of any error or misstatement; and is a daily and hourly occupation of duty and courage which I am glad falls to the lot of others rather than to myself. At the same time I found it a great pleasure and privilege to be thus associated for a time with *The Times*, and to receive my literary baptism of fire in so good a cause and under such good auspices. I had the satisfaction, at any rate, of writing continuously on Oriental matters of importance.

But, alas! the Afghan War was unpopular in England, and received its *coup de grâce* by the disaster at Maiwand (27th July, 1880), when our forces under General Burrows suffered an unaccountable defeat at the hands of Ayub Khan, while by an error in the public accounts, which added some millions sterling to the cost of the war, public opinion was greatly incensed. In writing to a friend (Sir James Stephen) on this subject in 1880, Lord Lytton said: 'Tell your own 'great heart, dear and true friend, that the joy I take 'in the prospect of seeing you is more precious than 'all that Providence has taken from the fancy prospect 'I had painted on the blank wall of the future of 'bequeathing to India the supremacy of Central Asia 'and the revenues of a first-rate Power.'

Lord Beaconsfield's Government from this and other causes lost the General Election of the spring of 1880, and gave up the seals of office on the 28th April. Lord Lytton resigned on the same day, was succeeded by the Earl of Ripon, and reached home on the 6th August, with Lady Lytton and their small family, being met by us all at Portsmouth on their arrival

with sincere and heartfelt greetings, intermixed with regret at the sad circumstances which arrested a policy that promised at one time to diminish, if not end, our anxieties on the North-West Frontier, and to make our position in that direction a much more satisfactory one than it is at present. It was a great sorrow to all who knew Lord Lytton that his administration should have thus ended in a war which he did his utmost to avoid. Personally, I can say with truth, he was a most lovable man, that he had a statesman-like grasp of difficult administrative questions, and inspired those associated with him with great affection. He spared neither pains nor money to make both his administration and his unceasing hospitalities appreciated by the public at large. He had to bear a good deal of misrepresentation and unfair criticism, but he laboured hard to the end with unflinching courage and patriotic devotion. His powers for work, although far from robust in constitution, were great; his memory was exceptional; his letters, of which I have some three hundred to myself, were patterns of diction and good taste; and he never deserted a friend. After this time I saw a good deal of Lady Lytton and himself from time to time, until his sudden death on the 24th November, 1891, while Ambassador at Paris, a post which he filled with great advantage to the country and with much satisfaction to the French, who adored him. Lord Lytton was buried at Knebworth on the 1st December, 1891. A large number of sorrowing friends, including myself, attended, and some years afterwards (16th February, 1903) a bronze tablet memorial to him in the crypt of St. Paul's was unveiled by Lord Cranbrook. It is a beautiful work of art, designed by Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A.

CHAPTER XIV

Viscount Cranbrook succeeded by Marquis of Hartington—Changes of policy—Death of Earl of Beaconsfield—Primrose Day—Lord Tennyson—Maharajah Duleep Singh—Earl of Kimberley—My second marriage—Christchurch (1880-83).

Lord Cranbrook was replaced at the India Office by the Marquis of Hartington, with whom my personal relations were naturally at first difficult, although he was courteous and friendly. The departure of Lord Cranbrook was much regretted by us all. He had had a laborious and difficult two years of office, which called forth his great qualities of heart and head. My personal relations with him were all that could be desired, and our daily intercourse was one of mutual, anxious, and hard work. Indeed, we all found Lord Cranbrook a true gentleman, endowed with a clear head and an ardent enthusiasm, which not only carried everyone with him, but gained the respect, and indeed affection, of those who worked with him during two of the most troublesome and eventful years I ever remember at the India Office, after a long experience of it (he died 30th October, 1906). And I cannot help quoting a letter from him (8th April, 1880), in which he wrote: 'I am glad to have the opportunity 'of putting in writing the high value I put upon the 'assistance which you have with so much ability and 'courtesy rendered me. I shall always recall my

'relations with the foreign department of the India 'Office with a feeling that its stores of information 'and argument were laboriously and ungrudgingly 'placed at my disposal, and I hope that you and 'Mr. Moore will receive from my successor the 'confidence which you deserve.'

As time went on I found Lord Hartington easy to work with, more especially as he was assisted by the present Lord Esher and Sir Robert Hobart, both able and nice men, whose relations with my department in difficult circumstances were all that could be desired. It was hard at first to serve our new master with loyalty, and yet to remain a sort of sealed book to all our old associates; but as head of the department I felt it a duty either to resign, which might have been absurd, or to remain on in office with becoming loyalty, while personally retaining one's own opinions as to the propriety of our action in the past in regard to Afghanistan. The new Government undid, or at any rate tried to undo, much that had been done; in fact, they were forced to do so by declarations made before assuming office; but it is only fair to say that on really studying confidential documents unknown to outsiders on past events the views of both Lord Hartington and Lord Ripon underwent some modifications, and although in the end Candahar was evacuated against the protest of many influential authorities, we succeeded, thanks in the main to Lord Ripon, in keeping Quetta and the surrounding districts, which have since turned out so great a strength to us, and the possession of which has served to keep not only our own frontier but Afghanistan itself quiet. In short, Lord Lytton's action and policy produced fruit which is now eaten by others, but for which he is still given only a

grudging credit. Such is life! And of what worth is credit, except, for example, to one who is in realms in which we hope and believe earthly affairs no longer matter to those who have met their Pilot face to face when they have crossed the bar?

Lord Lytton's ill-luck, if I may use the word, was shared by my friend Sir George Colley, who went out with us in 1876 as Military Secretary. He was an able fellow and a good soldier. In 1880 the Boers had proclaimed a South African Republic (30th December), after being at open war with us. Colley was appointed Governor of Natal, and took command in the field against these wily people, but was defeated in several actions, ending with that at Majuba Hill (27th February, 1881), in which he lost his life, and his little force was compelled to retreat with severe casualties.

This made a great stir in England. Lord Roberts was sent out to command, and we all believed that prompt action to restore our prestige and good name in South Africa was intended. But Mr. Gladstone's Government unexpectedly made peace with the Boers by a treaty (8th August, 1881), since nicknamed the 'Majuba Surrender,' and much disliked then and since as only a piece of patchwork, and therefore likely to force on a war later on—a war which at last broke out in 1899, when, after a severe struggle of two years, as is well known, the power of the Boers was crushed, and the Transvaal once more brought under our sovereignty. Lord Roberts had to return to England a sadder man, and we all looked rather foolish at home for reasons parodied by a clever nursery rhyme which appeared in the papers of that time. It said:

'Who caused the Boer rebellion?
I, says the people's Willy,
With my speeches so silly—
I caused the Boer rebellion.

'Who spoke of suppressing it?
I, says the Queen's Speech, partly
For the sake of talking smartly—
I spoke of suppressing it.

'Who sent out reinforcements?
I, says Childers blandly,
And I did the thing grandly—
I sent out reinforcements.

'Who went out to lead them?
I, says Roberts of Cabul,
But they made me an April fool—
I went out to lead them.

'Who tried negotiation?
I, says Kimberley sadly,
But I did it very badly—
I tried negotiation.

'Who advised surrender?
I, says burly Bright,
For I'd never fight—
I advised surrender.

'Who signed the treaty?
I, says Evelyn Wood;
I shouldn't have thought I could,
But I signed the treaty.

'Who called it honourable?
I, says Selborne glib;
I knew it was a fib,
But I called it honourable.

'Who spoke against it?
I, says Cairns profoundly;
I gave it to them soundly—
I spoke against it.

'Who cried shame upon it?
We, say Whig and Tory;
All who cared for England's glory,
We cried shame upon it.

'Who approved it strongly?
We, cried all the Rads,
And, mean-spirited cads,
We approved it strongly.

'Who'll have to pay the piper?
I, says poor John Bull;
Whoever plays the fool,
I'll have to pay the piper.'

Lord Hartington (afterwards Duke of Devonshire) remained at the India Office two years. He was apparently gruff to ordinary outsiders in matters of business, but he had great perception. I have seldom known a man who took a quicker view of questions while turning over innumerable Blue-books and papers of sorts with puffs and groans which went to one's heart. Like a barrister at a brief, he touched a point at once, and he found in me a loyal head of a department, as the following letter from Lord Esher (August, 1886) on the case of another permanent official then before the world may testify, if I am right in presuming that it referred to the Political Department, with which, as it happened at that time, Lord Hartington had most to do. He wrote to *The Times*: 'Before you sanction with the authority 'of *The Times* a new and, I think, a fatal departure in 'the practice of party warfare, perhaps you will allow 'me to draw your attention to a case fairly analogous 'where no ill results attended adherence to the long-'established custom of keeping inviolate the Civil 'Service of the Crown. When Lord Hartington went

'to the India Office in 1880, pledged to reverse the 'policy of his predecessors, he found the department 'especially charged with the details of frontier policy 'full of strong adherents of Lord Beaconsfield. The 'head of the department, a well-known civil servant, 'had made himself conspicuous in the office by his 'advocacy of the Afghan War and the retention of 'Candahar, and he never shrank, during the whole of 'Lord Hartington's tenure of office, from maintaining 'his opinion. Yet, in reversing Lord Beaconsfield's 'policy and in effecting the retirement from Afghan- 'istan, no one gave the Government of the day more 'able and unswerving help.'

Passing over other public duties that I had to perform during this time (and, indeed, remissness in diary-keeping has driven a good deal from my mind), I may mention one matter out of many others in which Lord Hartington was very good to me. It is told in the following record at the India Office, of which I was allowed to keep a copy:

'In 1880 Sir Owen Burne conducted certain 'negotiations with the Nawab Nazim of Bengal, 'which ended in arrangements under which His 'Highness accepted a pension of £10,000 a year and 'relinquished all other claims on the Government of 'India. By this a saving to Government of £120,000 'a year was effected. On the 30th November of that 'year, the Marquis of Hartington, then Secretary of 'State for India, suggested at a meeting of the Council 'of India that Sir Owen Burne's services should be 'mentioned in a public despatch to India. Sir Owen 'Burne subsequently expressed a distaste to this course, 'and, in lieu thereof, the Political Committee passed 'the following resolution:

'"The Political Committee having had their atten-
'"tion called by the Secretary of State to the services
'"of Sir Owen Burne in connection with the negotia-
'"tions with the Nawab Nazim now brought to a
'"close, are glad to record their sense of the skill and
'"tact with which Sir O. Burne has conducted the
'"personal communications with His Highness.

'"ERSKINE PERRY (SIR).
'"HENRY RAWLINSON (SIR).
'"WILLIAM MEREWETHER (SIR).
'"FREDERICK HALLIDAY (SIR).
'"HENRY SUMNER MAINE (SIR).
'"HENRY NORMAN (SIR).

'"*9th December*, 1880."

'"I quite concur, and shall be glad if the Council
'"will confirm this opinion.

'"HARTINGTON."'

During the next year or so matters at the India Office pursued their even course, although the advent of the Liberal Government brought a great deal of new and extra work. But, so far as I was personally concerned, the Political Department held its own quietly in all these questions; and while avoiding all party discussions and arguments, we were able to prevent, or at any rate to modify, many sudden reversals of policy which had been hastily determined upon. Much of our time was still taken up in writing important memoranda on Persian and other Eastern questions week after week for the Cabinet, but Lord Hartington, in the most considerate manner, excused me from drafting certain despatches to India reversing points of the old policy with which I had so much to do under the late Government. This drafting he therefore did himself, including orders for the evacua-

tion of certain points of the frontier, orders which were afterwards modified with his concurrence.

At this time Lord Salisbury wrote to me (6th February, 1881): 'I regret very much indeed 'the decision the Government have taken as to 'Candahar. It seems to be contrary to the unanimous 'advice of every competent authority. It is evidently 'the price we pay for the advantage of having 'Mr. Bright in the Cabinet.' Yes, it was to be regretted, more especially as the new Amir accepted, or at any rate seemed to accept, its occupation by us as a *fait accompli* in regard to which he was indifferent as one which could not be reversed. I feel quite sure, while personally content with the retention of Quetta and its neighbouring districts, that had we remained quietly at Candahar our position since that time in regard to Afghanistan would have been masterful and unassailable, instead of being, in my opinion, at the present moment, almost as unsatisfactory as it was thirty years ago.

We were sorry at this period to lose Lord Lansdowne from the India Office. On leaving us he wrote me the following nice letter (28th August, 1880): 'I send 'you these few lines to tell you with how much regret 'I have severed my tie with the India Office, and with 'how much pleasure I look back to my relations with 'those into contact with whom my appointment has 'brought me. I have a specially agreeable recollection 'of interesting conversations in which you so liberally 'placed at my disposal your wide knowledge of Indian 'affairs. I will only add the expression of my hope 'that I am taking leave of you in an official way 'only.'

The year 1881 was specially marked by the death of

Lord Beaconsfield (19th April), who was mourned by Queen and nation, and whose funeral at Hughenden was attended, be it said to his credit, by his political opponent Mr. Gladstone, and by a vast number of friends and followers, including my humble self. And here I may mention an interesting incident in connection with the institution of Primrose Day, which has been celebrated on the anniversary of Lord Beaconsfield's death from 1882 onwards, and has kept his memory green in public recollection. Sir George Birdwood was then at the India Office, and was deservedly influential with the press and public. He bethought himself that Lord Beaconsfield was fond of primroses, which generally flourished at that season of the year. Aided by a few intimate friends and risking a certain amount of his own money, he made arrangements by which all the primroses near and around London were bought up and entrusted to shops and flower-girls to sell, the press at the same time being called in as a willing coadjutor.

In short, suddenly on the morning of the 19th April, 1882, London was flooded with primroses in memory of the great statesman. The movement was an astounding success, and it has ever since been regarded as 'Primrose Day,' much to the honour of Lord Beaconsfield's memory and to the advantage of the imperial principles he championed! From this movement sprang the institution of the Primrose League, to which I need not now refer except to say that with the assistance of the Lady dames it has helped to spread patriotic sentiments throughout the country. As Sir George Birdwood and I were then, as ever since, firm personal friends, I was let into the secret, assisted in a small way, and can vouch for the good

effect of the primrose celebration inaugurated by a stroke of genius! Twenty years afterwards we presented this eminent and good man with a silver salver and a purse of £2,500, on his retirement from the public service. I was pleased at being asked to head this testimonial, which was heartily taken up by Sir George Birdwood's many friends in India and at home. The presentation took place at the Society of Arts, on his birthday, 8th December, 1902, amid much enthusiasm, and it was a pleasure to hear the terms in which men like Sir Seymour King, Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, Sir Mancherji Bhownaggree, and others, spoke of his work and influence both in India and at home, and, among other things, of his untiring energy, and his sympathy with India and Indians which had made his name a household word.

Without going into further particulars as to my official and social life during this period of time, I may say that, what with State balls, State concerts, and receptions of every kind, intermixed with perpetual discussions on eastern questions, I had plenty to do, while spending all the spare moments available to me with my little family at Albury and Bournemouth up to the time of our settling in London.

Among other visits, I much enjoyed one on 31st December, 1881, to the Poet Laureate (Tennyson) at Freshwater, Isle of Wight. His son Lionel had been placed under me at the India Office with the object of being trained in political work. I gave him plenty to do, and found him a nice fellow, of talent and aptitude, and grateful for all I was able to do for him. He died, alas! in 1886. Nothing pleased his father more than this training, and he invited me on more than one occasion to his house to thank me for it. On this

particular visit to Farringford I found the great man very forthcoming to myself, although much bored by lady visitors, who wasted their time in silent adoration, as well as by outsiders, many of them of American extraction, who waylaid him for his autograph.

Most of us left this grand, gruff old lion alone till after dinner, when he generally imbibed a good glass of port wine, took up a huge clay pipe specially made for him, and retired to his study. He sent for me at this time during the few days of my visit, and we had great imperial and political talks. I was surprised at his interest in these questions, his keen knowledge of them, and his breadth of view in dealing with them. I had pictured him a sort of abstracted poet, who was absorbed in seeking inspiration, and growled loudly at all who ventured to come near him. But under the benign influence of this friendly glass of port and beloved pipe he was genuinely cordial and pleasant, and cracked jokes and talked politics like a rising Parliamentary statesman, interspersed by delightful poetical recitations. At this period he seemed to be rather suspicious of Gladstone, and not altogether in accord with what he called the vestry policy of the existing ministry, and my friend Lionel did his best to enlighten him with our departmental views of state affairs. I terminated this interesting visit with much regret, and saw but little of Tennyson in after-years, retaining, however, a great respect for him to the day of his death (6th October, 1892). I attended his funeral at Westminster Abbey by special invitation. I learnt a lesson, at any rate, that great or lesser poets are not necessarily mere dreamers, but that men like Tennyson, Lord Lytton, and others, while gracing the English language with beautiful thoughts and pleasant

imaginings, can, after all, be true practical men of the world, without whom life would indeed be dreary.

'When corn is ripe it loosens hold of earth,
Waiting the reaping and the harvest home.
So with the spirits of the noblest men,
Whose lengthened tale of years is fitly crowned
With the rich fruitage of long earnest work:
Their patient souls are calm and undisturbed
Unto the last, knowing the gate of death
Is but the entrance into fuller light
And larger knowledge in the vast beyond.
Thus ebbed away the life of our great bard,
As in the darkened room the pale moonlight
Fell soft and still, and in the solemn silence,
While those he loved were hushed in waiting awe,
The spirit of the lordly singer passed.'

Before I close this period of my work I may mention one more matter which gave me a good deal of anxiety from 1880 onwards—I mean the affairs of Maharajah Duleep Singh. He was a boy of ten years of age when we annexed the Punjab in 1849, and, having been accepted as heir by his reputed father, Ranjit Singh, had to be treated with consideration. He was, however, compelled to resign his sovereignty and possessions, including the famous Koh-i-noor diamond, which was originally computed to be worth £2,000,000 sterling, and which, after being badly cut and reduced, now adorns the Imperial crown. He was accorded a pension of £40,000 a year for himself and his followers, embraced Christianity, and resided in England from 1854 till 1886, when, dissatisfied with his treatment, after repeated new demands which remained unmet, he started abroad, and eventually wandered about Europe till his death in Paris on the 22nd October, 1893.

In 1861 (10th March) Sir Hugh Rose wrote to his

sister (Countess of Morton): 'I am staying with the 'Cannings, who are most kind and hospitable. Duleep 'Singh is here. Lord Canning says he never saw 'such a changeable youth with all sorts of Indian 'projects, and at last a most English one which 'astonished Lord Canning. "After all," he said, '"there is nothing like dear old England. I'll try to '"be back for the Derby." His mother is the finest 'possible specimen of an intriguing, worthless old Indian 'Ranee; she would do anything to mislead poor 'Duleep Singh, who, I really think, has an excellent 'although too soft a heart.'

Duleep Singh's affairs, which I need not here describe in detail, came under the supervision of my department, in consequence of which I had unceasing difficulty with him for thirteen years, although our personal relations were always studiously friendly. In fact, Duleep Singh was a man of perfect manners, and even grumbled and snarled in quite a pleasant way. His principal trouble was, as with all Asiatics, money. He had a large income, but could not live on it, and was constantly involved in financial straits, out of which he was as constantly assisted by Government. His favourite pastime was shooting, and he made Elveden, in Suffolk, where he principally resided, a perfect game preserve, out of which £700 a year was made by the sale of pheasant eggs alone.

After his death, I was made one of the trustees of his family, and this gave me, Lord Henniker, and others prolonged and difficult work, although assisted materially by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Oliphant, who were appointed personal guardians, of which the duties were onerous and important. We found the then Maharani, his eldest son, Prince Victor Duleep Singh,

and his brothers and sisters, easy to deal with, although still inclined to be extravagant and to make at times fresh demands. A few years before his death the Maharajah claimed the Koh-i-noor, as to which I had to give detailed explanations to the Queen, which quite satisfied her of the baselessness of the demand, and added, I think, to her gracious regard for myself. The India Office records are full of memoranda of my notes, conversations, and opinions on all these difficult matters, which took up a good deal of time. The Maharajah was buried at Elveden on the 28th October, 1893, and we all attended the funeral, with some regret at the untimely end of a man who was extremely well educated, and ought to have passed his days in smooth water, treated as he was with much consideration by both the Court and the India Office.

To resume. So time went on until the end of 1882, when Lord Hartington was transferred to the War Office, and was succeeded by Lord Kimberley. Lord Hartington and I parted with mutual expressions of goodwill, and he afterwards told me that he regretted the change, as he found the War Office difficult and somewhat chaotic in comparison with the clear and regular system of the India Office. Under Lord Kimberley's regime matters worked very smoothly with us. He was a very businesslike man, with a large experience of official work, and he therefore brought a great deal of common-sense and experience to bear on all the questions of the moment. We saw more of him than of any other of our former masters, due to the fact that he was three times (1882-85, 1886, and 1892-94) our chief. He was very particular as to phrases in despatch-writing, and was essentially what is called a safe man while wrapt up

in his work, keeping me, for one, up to late hours of the evening in attendance at the Office. Both now and in after-years I got to like him very much, and received much kindness at his hands.

How pleasant it is to be able to speak well of men (and genuinely so) in this world of contention, selfishness, and depreciation! I myself have gained from this habit of appreciation, and therefore have perhaps imagined in the past that I was better than I really was. But whether this be so or not, I had, as already said, no silver spoon to back my position, and therefore I had to *eat the cake,* feeling sure that if God had given me more money or higher position I might possibly have misused it, and that, after all, such adjuncts do not always bring peace or happiness in this world. I have wisely, therefore, put ambition long ago in my pocket, although often sorry that I had no real opportunities, in my own opinion, of electrifying the world by my imaginative capabilities.

The year 1883 began peaceably enough, except for the efforts of those evergreen rascals the Irish rebels, who tried to repeat in another form their offences of the previous years. I refer in particular to the crime of murdering Lord Frederick Cavendish and other victims of their ferocity as a reward to Mr. Gladstone for disestablishing the Irish Church, which was not wanted either by American Fenians or by the Irish peasantry. The villains! On 15th March of this year they tried to blow up by dynamite our public buildings in Whitehall, an effort which very nearly wrecked my own room at the India Office. Fortunately, I was absent, and came to the conclusion that in an accident of this character absence of body is better than presence of mind!

In consequence, however, of the quieting down, so to speak, of burning questions in the East, our work at the India Office was lessened, although quite enough to satisfy any ordinary man, on account of the numerous questions submitted from India as to Native States and other matters, including the so-called Ilbert Bill, framed to facilitate the admission of duly qualified natives to higher official rank, and to remove their disqualifications as compared with Europeans. The Bill was intended to admit a few natives of India —lawyers, magistrates, and judges—to the exercise of certain judicial powers which they did not then possess. It was only carrying out the provision of the law, and of the Queen's proclamation of 1859, providing that race, colour, and creed should not interfere with the distribution of office. But it was badly received by the Europeans in India. It was excusably argued, for instance, that planters of long standing could not be summoned before a native magistrate with any regard to our supremacy in India, and so on. It created, perhaps needlessly, a great deal of ill-feeling, although the fact remains that, although in legal matters a native associated, for instance, with European judges on the bench is a great help, yet the ascendancy, generally in districts, of any native over a European is not only undesired by all good natives themselves, but might mean difficulty in India. Briefly, the white face in India is a neutral face, under which natives of every creed and race are glad to rally, because they distrust and would attack one another if the neutral governing colour were removed.

With such questions as these the year passed, until it brought another change in my life, to which both myself and my immediate family look back, after a

lapse of twenty-two years, with pleasure. I was very much alone in my difficult life, and wanted companionship for myself and someone in addition to my kind sister to help me with my growing family. I had since 1865 frequently met Agnes Douglas, who was a niece of my dear old master, Lord Strathnairn, with whom I was still constantly associated in London, and, briefly, we were married on the 9th August, 1883, at St. George's, Hanover Square.

Our wedding took place from the house of her brother-in-law, Earl Fitzwilliam, and was largely attended; and we were glad to be married by her brother, Henry Douglas, assisted by my cousin, Nathaniel Poyntz. *Truth* afterwards declared that we spent the honeymoon at Dunmow, the 'flitch of 'bacon' place so celebrated in matrimonial circles; but certainly, as a fact, although we might now justly claim the flitch of bacon, we did not go to Dunmow, but rather to Eastcliffe, Isle of Wight, lent to us by Lord Fitzwilliam, and afterwards for a tour to Dalmahoy and other places in Scotland and Wales, which we much enjoyed. Perhaps the best send-off we had on our honeymoon was that from an old friend of mine, who lived in the slums of London and was a real poet, who flung into our carriage a sudden inspiration of his own, of which I quote one of the verses:

'I wish thee, honour'd friend, and thy loved wife
All this, and more: spirits enlarged to know
The glorious goodness of the Lord of life,
From whom the streams of life unceasing flow,—
To live before Him each a loving child,
Learning His will, and walking day by day
In the clear sunlight, safe and undefiled,
Treading with cheerful feet the heavenward way.'

And here I may say that our experience of the then 'Highland Railway' did not add to the enjoyment of our holiday. People in London can know but very little of life who have never made the full journey on the Highland Railway, of which it was said in years gone by: 'Its usefulness is small, its mileage is 'inconsiderable. It commences at the beginning of 'time and stretches to the end of eternity. The stations 'are crowded as close together as the length of their 'names on the platform-boards will permit. The 'engine-driver starts his train with one hand at 'Inverboggy, while with the other he stops it at 'Invermudhole. If by any chance he should happen 'to look on one side and fail to see a station, he stops 'the train to look for one. If there is not one in 'sight, he thinks he must have passed one unawares, 'and goes back for a bit, under pretence of shunting, 'to look for it. Now and then he stops the train and 'gets down to oil the engine; at other times he stops 'it out of sheer force of habit. The guard's relatives 'all live along the line, and about the time Donald's 'train is expected they come over the hills and sit on 'big stones by the wayside. If the hen has laid an 'egg, or anything else important has happened meriting 'an extended discussion, the train is stopped, again 'under pretence of oiling the engine. But if there is 'nothing more than the state of the oatmeal market 'to talk about, they just exchange opinions while the 'train goes by. A distinguished Highland divine '(Free Kirk) made his first mark by a lurid picture of 'the eternal torture of the damned. "I'm thinking," 'he said, "you'll not realize the awful idea of suffering '"for ever and ever in hell. Well, I'll help you to '"picture it. You ken the Highland Railway: it

'"would be just like riding in the fiery furnace '"of the engine fra Lairg tae Killicrankie and '"back."'

From this time my life was much lightened, although neither of us ever forgot my sister's loving help and encouragement in the care of my little family during the five years of comparative solitude. At this time my wife had a nice house, called *Addiston* (near Christchurch), and in after-years (up to July, 1889, when we sold it) we spent many pleasant days there with the children and others. Everyone around and in Christchurch had known my wife for many years past, and they had become much attached to her, and this helped to make us feel very much at home in our country retreat, although, on account of my continuous work in London, I could not myself spend so much of my own leisure there as I wished.

In after-years we often regretted having sold this nice retreat, which brought many memories to my wife of her early days in the time of her maternal grandfather, Sir George Rose, who lived close by at *Sandhills*, a fine house and garden, which was often her playground in childhood. I may here state, however, that after a lapse of fourteen years, Fate drew us once more (1903) to Christchurch, and placed within our reach a house close to the Priory Church, called *Church Hatch*. This little house we still, happily, possess, in addition to our London abode, and trust we may do so as long as we live, devoted as we are to the town and its grand old Priory Church, which adjoins our little historical paradise of four acres of garden, planted with some fine old trees, and surrounded by the Priory on one side and the ancient castle ruins on the other. As to the Priory, it has been said:

'It stands, as it has stood for years,
Triumphant over storm and rain;
It stands in dignity to-day
Close to the main.

'Our fathers worshipped 'neath that roof,
While bloodshed, slaughter, raged about;
And still the echoing footsteps tread
The hallowed ground.

'It stood the fierce and bloody wars,
The brunt of Cromwell's ruthless ire:
That ghastly time of blood and hate,
Of storm and fire.

'And still it stands, the ancient tower,
A landmark to all far and near,
Since William built it years ago
Out of his fear.

'It still shall stand, this church of Christ,
Stand through the years that are to be—
There where the river laves its walls
Close to the sea.'

M. W.

Christchurch is situated at the confluence of the rivers Avon and Stour, and was known to the Saxons as Tweona, or Twyneham, the dwelling of the two streams. The Priory Church is 311 feet long, and is built in five different styles of architecture, in which the Norman style predominates. It was commenced in A.D. 1090 by Ralph Flambard (who also built Durham Cathedral) over the ruins of a very ancient Saxon Priory of the eighth century. Some of the carved seats in the choir are 800 years old and of very quaint design. If I were to repeat all the legends attached to the old Priory Church, or describe the building in detail, it would fill many pages, so I will merely say here that the church has many memories

GARDEN OF "CHURCH HATCH," CHRISTCHURCH, HANTS, 1903.

OUR GRANDCHILDREN, FRANK AND OWEN ASH, FISHING.

for my wife, whose grandparents and their family are buried in its churchyard, including her uncles, Lord Strathnairn and Sir William Rose. It has also some distant tie with myself on account of the monuments in it of two of my ancestors, Countess of Salisbury and Sir John Chydiocke. The present font in this glorious old building was given by my wife and her relatives. Thus Christchurch has great charms for us, not only on account of family ties, but because of its ancient history, its beautiful situation, and the delightful old-fashioned people who live in and around the town.

CHAPTER XV

Work at the India Office—Lord Randolph Churchill—Death of Lord Strathnairn—Burmese Mission in Paris—Sir Henry Ponsonby—Viscount Cross—The Council of India—My various Royal Commissions and other work—The Imperial Institute (1884-86).

It would be out of place to record all the little events that surrounded our lives as time went on. Early in 1884 we moved into a larger house in Sutherland Avenue, Maida Vale, and found it comfortable and convenient, with the advantage of a large general garden of five acres attached to it. Work at the India Office was still continuous, while social engagements of every kind occupied much of our time. The old national enemy Russia also kept us alive eastwards by advancing within 200 miles of Herat, while Egyptian matters, as managed by Mr. Gladstone's Government, were giving us all great anxiety. At this time General Gordon was suddenly despatched to Egypt to bring chaos into order in the Soudan (18th January, 1884), with instructions to abandon it if possible. But although the India Office had a good deal to say on the Soudan question, we were more immediately interested in the proposed delimitation of the northern Afghan frontier from Khoja Saleh westwards.

This proposal came from Russia, and I may perhaps dismiss it in few words by saying that, amid many

difficulties, it was successfully accomplished under Sir Peter Lumsden and Sir West Ridgeway respectively, after giving my department a great many lessons in geography, in dealing with lies and deceit, and in compiling almost endless memoranda and despatches. The sensational event of the year was, however, the mission of Lord Wolseley to Egypt and his departure from Cairo (29th October) to relieve Gordon, whose position at Khartoum had become untenable. It was, alas! a too-long-delayed relief, and, in few words, the good and gallant fellow who had held Khartoum for eleven months was murdered (26th January, 1885), with all his adherents, to the horror then and since of everyone at home, entailing, after an interval of many wasted and inglorious years, an avenging campaign, by which we practically conquered a vast country, which is now a sort of Eastern Paradise with Khartoum as the centre of a new civilization that affords a fitting memorial to Gordon's life and work.

These stirring events were followed some months afterwards by the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's Government and the return to power of the Conservatives, with Lord Salisbury as Premier and Lord Randolph Churchill as our new chief (24th June, 1885) at the India Office, with A. W. Moore as his Private Secretary. This good fellow had a short time previously retired from the service, for reasons, as he explained to me, of health and want of rest. He was succeeded in the Department by Edmund Neel, who became a *persona grata* with us all, and was a very capable assistant. I am here glad to say that my relations with Lord Kimberley, as with my various other masters, were cordial, and he kindly wrote to me on leaving office (24th June, 1885): 'I cannot say too strongly

'how much I have appreciated the loyal and efficient 'support I have always received from you, and the 'very pleasant personal relations which have existed 'between us. You know well that from the nature of 'the case my intercourse with you has been far more 'close than with any of your colleagues, and I never 'worked with anyone with more entire satisfaction.' This mutual esteem was kept up in after-years.

Lord Randolph came to the India Office with the character of a reformer who was going to tear the carriage-wheels off the rusty old office coach, and to toss councillors, secretaries, and clerks into some unknown abyss. An unfriendly reception was therefore in store for him, but in a marvellous manner he soon gained to his side his would-be opponents, and proved while in office a wise and earnest worker, who took short-cuts through Blue-books and official papers and burnt all the red tape he could find. I myself was pleased enough, because I found, then and thereafter, that we had a great many ideas in common, while my confidential relations with him were much lightened by the fact of my friend Moore having been asked to act as his Private Secretary.

At this period a sad event happened in the sudden death, in Paris (16th October, 1885), of my dear old chief and my wife's kind uncle, Hugh Rose. He had been raised to the Peerage in 1866, with the title of Lord Strathnairn of Strathnairn and Jhansi, and had retired from active military work at the termination of his command in Ireland. He was made a Field-Marshal in 1877. He took an active part in all military discussions in the House of Lords up to the day of his death, at the age of eighty-four. During many years past I had spent week by week a great deal of my leisure

time from the India Office in helping him with his work, and with the speeches he delighted to deliver in the House of Lords on army questions; all this time acting as a sort of peacemaker between him and the Duke of Cambridge, whose views on many points were divergent, and who often called me into council to prevent collisions, so to speak, between himself and the grand old Field-Marshal on the many difficult military questions which agitated the public mind.

But Lord Strathnairn had for some time past shown signs of failure which made us all anxious, more especially my wife and myself, whom he regarded with special affection, looking upon us almost as his own property. His death happened as follows. He had gone over to Versailles to look after a sheep farm which he had bought there, and in a sudden fainting fit fell against a marble chimney-piece, which gave him a bad wound between the eyes. Becoming very ill, he was by his own wish taken to the Hôtel Rivoli in Paris, whence, to my surprise, knowing nothing about his illness, I received a telegram from him, 'Want to see you on important business.' Having to attend a Cabinet Meeting next day in connection with the Central Asian Question, I replied, 'Obliged to 'attend Cabinet Meeting to-morrow, and will start 'immediately afterwards.'

Fortunately, his faithful valet, and his cousin Count de Gallatin, were with him, and just before my start I received a telegram from them, which for the first time gave me a true idea of his condition, to the effect that he was seriously ill and was continually asking for me. On arrival at Paris the next morning, I found, to my sorrow, that a few moments before I reached the hotel he had breathed his last, during

the reading of the Service for the Sick by the valet, at his earnest request. The position was difficult. His only surviving brother (Sir William Rose) was lying seriously ill in London, and the responsibility of action fell on my shoulders and that of my wife, his niece, who came over on receipt of the sad news. We had, with Gallatin's kind aid, to perform all the last sad offices.

The French Government were very courteous. They placed a guard of honour at the hotel, and were most anxious to give their old friend a public funeral; but after consultation with Lord Lyons, then our Ambassador, I had to decline it, and we brought the remains quietly over to London with sad and anxious hearts, much touched with the deep respect shown by the French, from the President (Jules Grévy) and the Field-Marshal's old comrade in the Crimea (Marshal Canrobert) downwards. In England there was a general feeling in the Army that he ought to have received a public funeral at St. Paul's, but it was finally decided to fulfil his own wish to be laid in the churchyard of the Priory Church at Christchurch, where his father and mother were buried. The funeral took place on the 23rd of October, amid every demonstration of respect.

His old friend Fred Roberts came to pay his last duty at 52, Berkeley Square before we started, but he was unable to go on to Christchurch on account of public engagements, having been designated at the time to be the new Commander-in-Chief in India. A large number of friends and comrades attended the funeral, including representatives of the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, and others, besides a detachment of the Royal Horse Guards

(Blue), which bore him to his grave, and of the 92nd Gordon Highlanders, of both of which regiments he was Colonel. In the quiet churchyard of the Priory he now lies, close to his father (Sir George Rose), and to his brother (Sir William Rose), who only survived him a month.

In 1886 I suggested to the Duke of Grafton and others the erection of a memorial to his memory. But obstacles came then in the way, and it was not till 1890 that, by the exertions of Major Dyke Marsh, a meeting took place at the Mansion House, at which a large and influential committee was formed to arrange such a memorial. The Prince of Wales (now King) cordially approved of the movement in a letter (27th May, 1890), which contained the following passage: 'Lord 'Strathnairn was not only a personal friend of the 'Prince's and a most gallant, chivalrous, high-minded 'English gentleman, but a general of high military 'capacity, who performed great deeds in India and 'rendered eminent services to his Queen and country 'at one of the most critical' epochs in the history of 'the British Empire.'

The memorial eventually took the form of an equestrian statue by Onslow Ford, R.A., cast from cannon taken in 1858 by the Central India Field Force, and kindly presented by the Government of India, at my personal request, for the purpose. The statue was erected at Knightsbridge, and was unveiled on the 19th June, 1895, by Lord Roberts, in the presence of a large number of military and other friends. Lord Strathnairn could ill be spared. He was masterful and energetic to the end of his life, although somewhat thrown away in a London existence, and he will always be remembered by those who

knew him, in the words of one of his friends, as a 'dear old man of courteous manners and open purse, 'fearless of responsibility, and a true type of the old 'British officer who loved the army in which he had 'high command, while ruling it with a rod of iron.'

'Another old friend has flown,
Another familiar face;
Another has laid the burden down,
And finished the weary race.

'Peace with her gentle hand
Has quieted one more breast;
There's another soul in the spirit-land,
There's another pilgrim at rest.'

One great event during Lord Randolph Churchill's term of office was the war with King Theebaw of Upper Burmah, which ended in the annexation of that territory (1st January, 1886) and the constitution of the whole country into the British Burmah which is now so flourishing a part of our Indian Empire. Lord Dufferin, then Viceroy, was not altogether in favour of this course, and required some pressure to agree to it; but Lord Randolph, assisted by my humble self, applied the necessary pressure, and to the somewhat unwilling Viceroy was given all the credit of a measure which brought him the title of Marquis of Dufferin and Ava. The war and its attendant consequences threw a lot of work on my department, and gave me a very unique job, over which I have often since chuckled. It was this.

King Theebaw had in 1885 sent a Burmese mission of about twenty persons to Paris, in connection with a railway concession and a treaty projected between France and Burmah. The Government looked about for someone to send to clear this mission out of Paris.

It was a delicate job, as national susceptibilities had to be carefully respected, and to get rid of the mission without offence was a problem worthy of Euclid. Lord Randolph Churchill selected and sent me, and I duly reached Paris on the 7th January, 1886, and hid, so to speak, at the Hôtel Westminster. Sir John Walsham was then Chargé d'Affaires (in the absence of Lord Lyons), and I cannot speak too highly of his kindness and help during this anxious time.

Finding that the French might naturally raise difficulties as to the withdrawal of the mission, I waited for this momentous matter to be squared before seeing the Burmese envoy; and after being satisfied on this point, I interviewed our friend with an impossible name (Taun Giet Woun Doauk Min), promised to relieve him of the pecuniary difficulties of the mission amounting to some £2,500, which I at once borrowed from Messrs. Rothschild, and gaining him over to secrecy and business, found him grateful and amenable, being much helped in this difficult affair by an able man, Mr. T. Farman, then correspondent of the *Standard*, who had been very kind to the members of the mission. I paid another £1,200 for the passages of the mission to Burmah, gave the envoy £200 for contingent expenses, and rattled them all off at midnight by special train from Paris, starting them on again from Marseilles before the gay Parisians had had their morning coffee, or even the *Figaro* had discovered the fact.

The whole story is told in more official language in a despatch from Lord Randolph Churchill to the Government of India (4th February, 1886). As I had been placed in a somewhat new and difficult sphere of action, I was grateful for the thanks given

me for it on my return to the India Office. Lord Randolph Churchill wrote (19th January, 1886): 'Sir 'Owen Burne has managed a troublesome business 'with all his well-known skill, tact, and judgment, 'and is entitled to the thanks of the Secretary of 'State in Council.' This was cordially given, while Sir John Walsham telegraphed to the Foreign Office (17th January) that 'Sir Owen Burne displayed such 'tact and ability that he managed to overcome what 'at one time I feared would prove, even for him, 'insurmountable obstacles.'

All's well that ends well, say I; and I verily believe that if Lord Randolph Churchill had ever afterwards become one of our Prime Ministers he would have made me his deputy. My mission to Paris ended somewhat oddly. On my way back to London I ran into the restaurant at Boulogne for a basin of soup. There I saw my wife. Here was a coincidence. She almost fainted, and I collapsed. What was up? It appears that before starting for Paris I had invited a cousin of my name to dinner on the night before my return. I had forgotten it. But *he* didn't. For he sent a telegram, 'Am ill; cannot come,' signed *Burne*, which telegram my wife opened, thought it was from *me*, started off at once for Paris, and encountered me at Boulogne all well! I rushed her on board my return steamer, where mutual explanations developed these facts, although her box of furbelows went on to Paris and she didn't get it back for a fortnight.

All this time I had various experiences of high life in London, which need not find a place here, however interesting to myself. I still kept up a correspondence with Ponsonby, who wrote frequently to me. In one letter he said (8th May, 1886):

'It is evident you have taken some of the lessons 'given near the famous stone in County Cork, for 'while you praise my letters, you delicately hint that 'they are all wrong. And you are perfectly right. I 'am very much obliged for your corrections and hints, 'which I have gladly adopted. The Queen was very 'glad to receive your reminder, and will be happy to 'give the two C.I.'s if you will have their names 'submitted officially.' And in another (8th August, 1886): 'It is of no use telling Secretaries of State, who 'change so frequently now, what we think of next 'year; but as you are a permanent official, I may 'mention that we want next year to have some repre-'sentatives from India here for the Jubilee. The idea 'is to have a certain number of soldiers, one man from 'each regiment, or, if that is too much, one man from 'each of the Indian regiments named after our Princes. 'Ponder over this.' And again: 'I had much pleasure 'in laying before the Queen your interesting account 'of how the title of Empress was born and flourished. 'It is a curious story altogether, and well worth being 'recorded. I am happy to say that the questions of 'orders and honours do not come to me, or, rather, 'only come in the way of asking for my criticism. 'Knowing that your suggestion (for the creation of an 'order to reward arts and letters) is looked on with 'friendly eyes by many, high and low, I shall preserve 'a discreet silence on it. I shall pity the man who 'has the distribution of this decoration. What is 'your plan for an artist order? Anything like the 'enclosed?'

Meanwhile, shortly after my return from Paris we had yet another change of Ministry, arising from an adverse vote in the House of Commons, which caused

Lord Salisbury to resign, and brought back Mr. Gladstone as Premier, and our old friend Lord Kimberley* once more to the India Office. This arrangement did not last long, however, for an appeal to the country upon Mr. Gladstone's sudden adoption of 'Home Rule for Ireland' resulted in a large majority for the Unionist party, and compelled the Government to resign. In Lord Salisbury's new administration, Lord Randolph Churchill, instead of coming again to the India Office, as we all hoped might be the case, became Chancellor of the Exchequer, with my old friend Moore as his Private Secretary; but, unluckily for himself and the country, he resigned this post a few months afterwards (23rd December, 1886), in consequence of a difference of opinion between himself and Lord Salisbury on a financial question connected with coaling stations abroad. He never really meant to resign, and was as much surprised as others when Lord Salisbury agreed to it; in fact, he was never the same man afterwards.

While these important events were taking place, it became apparent that Moore, who had long overtaxed by his splendid Alpine climbing and assiduous office work a constitution that was not, in my opinion, ever robust, became seriously indisposed, so that he started, much against his will, for the Riviera for rest and change. The transition from fog to blue sky seemed to do him good at first, until he was laid low by a fever, which, so far as we could tell, was really the return of a malarial fever that he had caught in the marshes of Poti when mountain-climbing in the Caucasus some time previously. In a letter to me

* Here it may be again noted that he came to the India Office for the third time in 1892. He died, much regretted, on the 8th of April, 1902.

received (26th January) a few days before his death he described his state as 'laid up with an attack of 'gastric fever, mild but debilitating in my previous 'condition'; but, alas! as unexpectedly to himself as to others, he passed suddenly away at Monte Carlo (2nd February, 1887) in the presence of his sister, Mrs. Throckmorton, who had fortunately been with him during his illness, to his great comfort—the immediate cause of his death being undoubtedly heart failure. It need hardly be added that innumerable friends deplored the death of this sterling and gifted fellow, whose loss to the Service was irreparable. I treasure his memory to this day, for when serving together at the India Office we never had a cross word or a difference of opinion, and while he was acting for me during my two years' absence in India with Lord Lytton, we never missed a mail in a correspondence, which, in the circumstances then existing, was of as much value to ourselves as it was to the interests which we represented at the two ends of the compass.

Lord Randolph Churchill was truly brilliant as long as health and energy lasted, but he was a bundle of nerves, and rarely slept, and from these and other causes was foredoomed to break down. He had great influence in the country among working men, a fact which Lord Salisbury hardly realized until I convinced him of it after visiting some constituencies in the Midlands and West of England. I need not dwell on this personal history further than to say that in 1886 and thereafter I saw a great deal of Lord Randolph, and learned to like him much. I accompanied him on one occasion to Manchester, and was much impressed with the control he kept over an audience in the

Assembly Rooms of some 10,000 people who came to hear him speak on political questions which were then stirring up the country. At his request, after his resignation, I called frequently at his house in Connaught Place on my way to the India Office to talk over events of the day, and I shared the regret of all who had been associated with him, and knew his real worth, in watching a gradual failure of health, that ended in his death on 24th January, 1895.

Some years afterwards, on meeting Lord Welby at dinner, our conversation turned on Lord Randolph, when I said that he was one of the best Secretaries for India we ever had. 'Dear me,' replied Lord Welby, 'I was opposed to him in politics, but I can 'conscientiously say that he was one of the best 'Chancellors of the Exchequer who ever came to the 'Treasury.' A rapid and brilliant career ending in a great fall. Such is fame. May he rest in peace!

The Indian Secretary in this new administration was Viscount Cross, who remained at the India Office six years, which was considered to be a great record in those days of change. He was much liked and respected by us all.

Lord Cross was very good to me personally, and one of his early acts was to recommend me to the Queen (22nd December, 1886) to be member of the Council of India in succession to Sir Frederick Halliday, a post which I was glad to accept after so long a grind as Political Secretary and general maid-of-all-work, although it had the disadvantage of changing an appointment that I held for life into one terminable in ten years. Such, again, are the chances of life. But the new change was offered to me in so cordial a manner that I accepted it as an honourable promotion,

without caring to count the cost, more especially as it enabled Moore to succeed me in the Secretaryship, although, alas! he did not live to do so. On this promotion, coming to me in so gratifying a manner, I received many congratulations, including a great number of Press articles, which I much valued, as they were, as usual, spontaneous and anonymous.

Among others who had known me, Lord Northbrook wrote (3rd January, 1887): 'I must congratulate you 'upon your appointment to the Council, if, as I suppose, 'you have found your work at the head of the Political 'Department somewhat too laborious, and that a slight 'relaxation is not unwelcome. I say this because I 'suppose the Political Secretaryship is one of the most 'interesting and important posts in the public service.' And Sir Robert Montgomery wrote (3rd January, 1887): 'I congratulate you sincerely in having, through your 'ability, tact, and judgment, and unwearied labours in 'the political department in this office, and your 'previous good services in India, been appointed a 'member of the Secretary of State's Council. You 'are now numbered with the *Conscript Fathers*, and 'your past experience will be of great value to the 'Council.'

And my dear old friend Leicester Curzon-Smyth, to whose death four years later on I have already alluded, wrote (6th January, 1887): 'I cannot resist one line 'of hearty congratulation on your high appointment, 'so richly deserved. I have never forgotten the loyal 'way in which you put aside all personal feeling when 'Lord Strathnairn made me Military Secretary, a post 'you would have filled so much better, or the happy 'days—years rather—during which we served together. 'It was you who made peace between the Chief and

'me when we had our first and only row, and there 'could be no better proof of your disinterested generosity 'of character and kindness than that.' General Sir Edwin Johnson wrote (4th January, 1887): 'I was 'very much gratified to see your appointment to the 'India Council, a post for which everybody must 'recognise your perfect qualification. It is an appoint-'ment which will please everybody who has an interest 'in India, and I very heartily congratulate you.' And Sir R. Temple said (17th January, 1887): 'I must 'write just a line of congratulation on your elevation 'to the India Council. I am sure that your ability, 'popularity, and *savoir faire* will be of the greatest 'value there.' And the warm-hearted Lord Lytton wrote (3rd January, 1887): 'I can't say how delighted 'I am by your appointment to the Council. It has 'given me more pleasure than anything that has 'happened for a long time. As regards the public 'interests, it seems to me of quite immense importance 'that there should be on the Council some member 'who thoroughly understands the foreign and frontier 'departments of Indian affairs. Up to the present 'moment this branch of Indian administration, not-'withstanding its growing importance, has had no 'adequate representation in Council, and your accession 'will be for that reason alone, not to speak of many 'others, of the very greatest possible advantage to 'every future Secretary of State, as also, I hope, 'though more indirectly, to every future Viceroy. 'As regards yourself, it will be a haven of rest from 'much hard work, and most heartily do I wish you, 'dear old friend, many years of good health to 'enjoy it.'

And Sir Arthur Godley, our Under Secretary of

State, who by his ability and strength of character almost ruled the India Office, wrote (10th December, 1886): 'Let me express my very sincere pleasure on 'hearing to-day that it is practically settled that you 'succeed Sir Frederick Halliday. I doubt whether 'anyone in the Office will feel more satisfaction on the 'subject than I do.' And Lord Randolph Churchill wrote (5th January, 1887): 'I congratulate you and 'the India Council most warmly on your becoming a 'member of that body, and I derive the greatest 'satisfaction from the reflection that I may have had 'some small share in this improvement of the public 'service.' Lord Cranbrook also wrote (3rd January, 1887): 'Let me send my congratulations to yourself 'and the country on your accession to the India 'Council. My knowledge of your advice tells me 'what good service you can and will render in times 'which may be troubled.'

In referring to these expressions (among many others) of goodwill towards myself, I feel that I am running the risk, here and elsewhere in these pages, of self-laudation. In a sense this is true. My life has been one of considerable self-sacrifice, which I do not regret. But I am human, and am glad to be able to record evidences of friendship from those with whom I was at one time or another associated in official life, especially as the majority of those I mention have gone to their rest and cannot now speak for or against me.

I liked my new work on the Council, although, as one of a body sitting round a table once a week in solemn conclave and engaged on committees on other days, I found my employment somewhat easier, and perhaps less independent in some measure, than as

head of a department, where I had the privilege for so many years of initiating policies, of drafting despatches and memoranda, and of active intercommunication with the Foreign and other Offices. I became a member of the Military, Political, and Judicial Committees, which gave me plenty to think about, and the pleasant schoolboy enjoyment of criticising the work of others instead of having my own ideas riddled by strong bullets.

The Council of India had in my time, as perhaps now, considerable influence and authority in Indian questions, many of which were extremely thorny and difficult. At our weekly meetings we had to go through papers ordered by the Secretary of State, who invariably presided over our proceedings, to come before us, and we decided important questions by the votes of the majority, sometimes in opposition to the Secretary of State himself, who seldom overruled us except under the mandate of the Cabinet. In this case, which occasionally happened, any member of Council could claim to have his opinions recorded and attached to the papers, and of this privilege I myself had in certain cases to take advantage in questions now past and gone, and therefore hardly worth mentioning so many years afterwards. When in Council, each member has to stand and speak as in an ordinary parliament, and is only allowed to do so once on the same question.

Few outsiders knew much about our doings, but on one occasion Sir Henry Fowler (8th August, 1899), in speaking on Indian affairs as Secretary of State, in which office he was one of the most straightforward and independent men of the time, was good enough to say : 'There is no more important body of public men

'discharging public duty than the Council of India. 'It is a Council which is always in session. It has no 'holidays. It is bound by Act of Parliament to meet 'every week. Its longest vacation is from Monday in 'one week to Saturday in the next week. It sits in 'this way all the year round. It must be presided 'over either by the Secretary of State or by a Vice-'President,* who is chosen at the commencement of 'each year, and you have these distinguished men 'divided up into committees, constantly sitting, con-'stantly overhauling. The Secretary of State, being 'assisted by such distinguished men, and his parlia-'mentary responsibility being unchallenged, what do 'we want further in the way of superintending 'authority?'

And on this statement *The Times* remarked in a leading article: 'The Secretary for India did not 'leave a very promising opening for the gentlemen 'who love to picture India as going to the dogs, so 'they turned their attention chiefly to complaining 'that the House of Commons takes no interest in 'Indian affairs, that the Indian Budget comes on too 'late in the session, and, worst of all, that due heed is 'not paid to the alleged grievances which form their 'political stock-in-trade. For once we have some 'reason to be grateful to these gentlemen. They 'drew from Sir Henry Fowler a vigorous defence of 'the system by which India is administered, and an 'eloquent vindication of the Imperial Government. 'Parliament, as he showed without difficulty by a 'simple reference to many recent and conspicuous 'examples, never fails to exhibit the most lively 'interest in Indian affairs. It does not wait for the

* I myself was Vice-President of the Council in 1895-96.

'Indian Budget, but is ready at any period of the 'session to call the Secretary of State to account for 'whatever may be deemed to be in want of explana- 'tion or defence. Its control over him, and through 'him over the Government of India, is theoretically 'and practically as complete as over the Secretary for 'War or for the Colonies. But Parliament, fortunately, 'has not yet adopted the policy so assiduously pressed 'upon it by people like Sir William Wedderburn. It 'abstains upon the whole from meddling with the 'details of Indian administration. Sir Henry Fowler 'did good service by showing how amply these details 'are already provided for. The Secretary for India 'is provided with a Council of experts, the like of 'which, we regret to say, is not at the disposal of the 'chief of any other great department of State. The 'India Council is in permanent session, it has to meet 'once a week all the year round, it is invested by Act 'of Parliament with the control of Indian finance, and 'it is composed of men versed in Indian affairs. It is 'to this eminently competent body, together with the 'Secretary of State here and the Viceroy similarly 'assisted in India, that Parliament wisely leaves a 'wide discretion in the conduct of Indian administra- 'tion, without, however, relaxing in any degree its 'own supreme control on great questions of public 'policy. Far from being perfunctory in its treatment 'of India, the Parliament of this country has provided 'it with one of the most fully equipped and most 'successful administrations that the world has ever 'seen. Sir Henry Fowler refuses to drag that 'magnificent organization in the mire of party con- 'troversy; and if ever a day should come when the 'House of Commons declines to follow his example,

'India will indeed have a grievance, and England will 'be in a fair way to lose an Empire.'

Perhaps these words will serve better than any of my own to indicate that work on the Council of India was not mere child's play, and that my connection with the India Office gave me many years of interesting employment, for which I was rewarded by the G.C.I.E. when I left at the expiration of my term of service on the 31st December, 1896.

During this period I did not confine myself to office work only, for I became at various times a Royal Commissioner of the International Health Exhibition (1882); a Royal Commissioner of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition (1886); a Vice-President of the Society of Arts (1887); Chairman of Committee of the Paris Exhibition (1889); a Governor and member of the Executive Council, by the Queen's personal appointment, of the Imperial Institute (1891); a Royal Commissioner of the Chicago Exposition (1892); a member of the International Congress of Hygiene and Demography (1894); Vice-President of the India Council (1895-96); Chairman of Council of the Society of Arts (1896-97); member of the International Congress on Technical Education (1897); Chairman of the Acetylene Committee (1897); a Royal Commissioner and Chairman of the Indian Committee of the International Paris Exhibition (1900); a member of Committee of the Glasgow Exhibition (1901), and of the Wolverhampton Exhibition (1903); Chairman of the Indian Committee, Imperial Institute (1901); member of the Advisory Committee, Board of Trade (1903); besides being engaged in other work of a varied character, such as Vice-President of the Northbrook Society; Vice-Chairman of the Society for the En-

couragement of Indian Art; member of the Chapter, Council, and Finance Committee of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, of which I am a Knight of Grace. I have also been a member of many other committees and societies of varied importance down to the present moment, including the Board of the P. and O. Company (1888), the Aerated Bread Company (1897), the Marine and General Insurance Company (1898), the Marine Insurance Company (1900); a Trustee of Eastman and Co. (1902), of Clingan's Charity, Christchurch (1903); and other smaller employments, such as chairman of a local garden, hon. secretary of several memorial committees, president of two football clubs, member of M.C.C. and Surrey Cricket Clubs, and so on. All of these employments have given me an infinity of extra and continuous work, some of it not yet finished, seeing that I still belong to a score of committees of sorts, from which I am trying gradually to be relieved, as interfering with a not unimportant round of domestic, social, and other duties.

I need not say more as to these various commissions, except that they brought me into contact with a large number of distinguished men. If I may mention two, it is because my personal relations have been in some waysdrawn closer with them than with others. Sir Thomas Sutherland is among our typical men, as one strong of purpose, of sound judgment, and of exceptional administrative and financial ability; he is widely known as the man who, some thirty-six years ago, entirely reorganized the great company (P. and O.) of which he is the head, and rapidly brought it to the front rank of the mail-carrying fleets of the world. He is a prominent figure in the mercantile world, and

his important services to the country were recognised, in some degree, ten years ago by a G.C.M.G. Sir Henry Trueman Wood is the cultured secretary of the Society of Arts, with which he has been associated for about thirty years. His work in this society, which is one of the most eminent and useful in the country, has been invaluable, not to speak of that in important positions which he has, from time to time, been selected to fill in connection with International Exhibitions.

One word as to the Imperial Institute may not be out of place. In October, 1886, I received a private letter from Sir Francis Knollys expressing the Prince of Wales's hope that I would assist, in conjunction with Mr. (now Viscount) Goschen, Sir Henry (now Lord) James, and Sir Henry Holland (now Lord Knutsford), in advising His Royal Highness as to the best steps to be taken to start some institute of this character. The idea had its origin in the Prince of Wales's wish to found a permanent institution, in succession to the many temporary exhibitions which had preceded it, as a national memorial of the Jubilee of the Queen's reign.

We issued our report as soon as practicable, and it was followed by active measures in the collection of public subscriptions, to which India alone contributed a large sum, and in the construction of a fine edifice in South Kensington, designed by Mr. Collcutt, R.A. Of this building the Queen laid the foundation-stone on the 4th July, 1887, gave it a Royal Charter, in which I myself was enrolled, and finally opened it on the 10th May, 1893, with great ceremony. The intention of the Institute—namely, to display the production of India and the Colonies—was good, but it

was not looked upon with favour by our merchants and chambers of commerce at home, and never 'caught on' with the public or with official bodies, although the establishment some years ago of a scientific and technical branch, under Professor Wyndham Dunstan, amply justified its existence, even taken by itself, by much valuable work, so far as the original intention of it was concerned. The Institute was finally transferred to the Board of Trade on the 1st January, 1903, under whom, it is believed, it will continue to do useful business. The University of London now occupies a part of the building.

CHAPTER XVI

Heligoland—Queen Victoria's Jubilees of 1887 and 1897—Her death—My Gerty's marriage—Sir William Hunter—Launch of the *Warren Hastings*—My retirement from the public service—Charity bazaar fire at Paris—South African War (1886-99).

It will be seen by what has already been said that my life still continued to be a busy one, relieved occasionally by pleasant country visits, trial trips of great variety and interest in newly-launched P. and O. steamers, and jaunts, full of happy recollections, to Scotland, North Wales, Paris, Malta, Norway, and the Riviera. On one occasion (9th June, 1886) I tripped to Heligoland in the Trinity yacht *Galatea* with my brother George, who was then an Elder Brother in that Corporation. We had a smooth passage across the dreaded North Sea, steaming through large fleets of fishing-boats, and reaching Heligoland in about two days. This is an island about one mile in length and rather less in breadth, containing some 2,000 inhabitants, who are for the most part fishermen. The sides of this island are composed of red sandstone cliffs upwards of 100 feet high, reaching up to a level surface cut up into small potato-fields and green pasturages, the general effect and colouring of the surroundings being very picturesque.

The few houses on the island are built at its south-

east corner, partly on the high ground, which is approached by rough stone steps and a lift, and partly below on a low sandy reef, almost on a level with the sea. About a mile from this corner is a place called Sandy Island, which is the only safe bathing-place in the season. Here a large number of Germans, principally from Hamburg, who never dream of bathing, spend weeks in staring at the water and breathing in the air, as there is nothing else to do. They go by the name of Luft-schnäppers, or wind-suckers. The only English people on the island, as a rule, were the Governor and his family, the magistrate, and a few coastguardsmen, and the only animals were sheep, kept carefully tethered to iron stakes to prevent their stepping off into the sea below. Imagine red sides, a green top, a large number of fishing-boats of sorts, odd little houses with white sides and red roofs, and a few sheep here and there, and you have Heligoland before you like a miniature toy. During our brief visit Mr. Gätke, the Trinity agent, a handsome old man who had lived fifty years on the island, interested us greatly with his adventurous stories of North Sea experiences and his large collection of birds of all kinds, from eagles to nightingales, caught during the migratory season.

These bi-annular flights take place in March and October, and are watched with eagerness by Heligolanders, seeing that the island is right in the path of all migratory flocks from Asia and Africa to Europe and *vice versâ*, and that many tired birds find this little bit of ground their last resting-place. Mr. Gätke assured us that the islanders sometimes catch 15,000 larks in one night, besides many hundreds of woodcocks and other members of the feathered tribe. These

HELIGOLAND. 1886.

flights amount on some occasions, Mr. Gätke told us, to 'miles and miles of clouds of birds,' some resting on the island, and some passing on direct east to west and *vice versâ* as true as a compass, travelling, he said, 2,000 miles at a stretch at the rate of 180 miles an hour. Soon after our visit this old gentleman published a book on the subject, full of information and interest based upon careful observations and tests made with the help of corresponding agents in Africa and elsewhere.

I wish I could remember in detail all the information that he gave us on this absorbing subject, but I can only recall to mind one or two remarks, in addition to those already mentioned, which we unsophisticated voyagers had to accept without demur, seeing that none of us knew anything of the subject. It seems, according to his observations, that migratory birds carefully time their flight according to the distance and climate of the localities for which they are destined, and that they have some instinctive consciousness of the state of the weather in those localities, notwithstanding they are thousands of miles away. For instance, in the wild rush of these birds in the spring from the arid wastes of Africa to the more acceptable breeding-grounds further north, those whose localities happen to be in Southern Europe start first, weather permitting. The flight for our own country and its latitude takes place a little later, and that for Northern Europe, such as Russia and Siberia, last of all, in order to give additional time, so to speak, for the spring sun to melt the reluctant Arctic snows. According to Mr. Gätke's notes, confirmed by those of other students of these mysteries, the male birds in these migratory flights form the first

detachment, while the females humbly follow on after an interval of a few days—all these feathered bands, in 'miles and miles of clouds of birds,' already referred to, passing oftentimes at such a height that they are apt to be mistaken for the harbingers of storm and tempest until found to be living atoms by the loud and incessant calling of one company to the other of these immense battalions, with the object, our informant thought, of keeping the army together, or of encouraging the youngsters of the party, whether in the ranks of the warriors or of the amazons, to be of good cheer, to light their pipes, and to forge ahead.

Our host could only account for the swiftness of flight, as to which he was very confident, by the rarity of the air at the altitude selected for the migratory journey, for passing through which, he seemed to think, our feathered friends possessed special respiratory organs to enable them to breathe and to fly at the astounding rate he mentioned with no more than ordinary fatigue to themselves. Why do birds come back unerringly to the same localities, why are particular bushes and sandy bank holes used apparently by the same individuals or their near relatives year after year, during succeeding decades and centuries, were questions we eagerly asked and were with difficulty answered, although Mr. Gätke thought that man knows little of the instinct, or, indeed, of the language, of birds, many of whom were, in his opinion, cleverer than the human race in steadfastness of purpose, in cheerfulness of disposition, in selection of mates, and in building of houses.

After informing us that the return flight southward and eastward, in the autumn, of these feathered hosts is undertaken more reluctantly and deliberately than

the spring rush to the north—information which we received with becoming humility—he bade us good-bye, after we had closely inspected his museum, full of birds caught, as already stated, in migration times from among those compelled to rest for a few hours on the island in the course of their long journeys. Among this collection, to my surprise, were *minal* pheasants of the Himalayas, who seem to migrate from Northern India to American regions and back again, although one always fondly imagined that such birds never left their mountain home. We parted from our friend with our minds in a dazed condition of improved knowledge, and ready with joy and confidence to study the subject, and to appreciate the statement since made by another learned observer, that it is as true now as it was in the days of Jeremiah that the turtle and the crane and the swallows observe the time of their coming; that the puffin reaches the island of St. Kilda on the 1st of May as regularly as clockwork; that bar-tailed godwits appear so certainly on the south coast of England on the 12th of the same month that this date is known as Godwit Day; and that in the spring our sweet little friends of the sky drop suddenly down at the end of their journey from their elevated perches in aerial regions, no one knows how because no one sees them do it, so that some spring morning we wake up to find that the swallows are here, and the larks are there, and the thrushes are everywhere, pouring forth their 'first fine careless 'rapture.' In studying these problems of bird life we might almost feel some regret that we are not members of this favoured feathered race rather than mere men tied down to a terrestrial plane. Perhaps our friend Mr. Gätke would stare at our flying-machines were

he now alive, and wonder at the possible uplifting of two-footed beings without wings to aerial heights, with the extra privilege of carrying boxes of lightning under the arm for use in the motorial progress, so that by means of these electrified machines the two-footed animal may drop down suddenly, like the swallow and the lark, on some much-loved spot, with a motor-car all ready to carry him to the family nest—*quam maxima possunt celeritate.*

The revenue of Heligoland amounted at the time of our visit to about £8,000 a year, raised from duties on spirits, petroleum, and beer. There was very little crime in the island, which was in reality so German that an English visitor was stared at as rather a curiosity. I give these few particulars of Heligoland because it was ceded by us in 1890 to Germany, and is now, I believe, transformed into a mass of fortifications. After this visit we steamed up the Elbe to Hamburg, which we thought a fine town, with beautiful suburbs. As it was Sunday we attended the English church, and heard a good sermon from the officiating minister, who was said to be a converted Jew. It was powerfully delivered, and treated of the gift of the Spirit, of which the great value was the indwelling of the Holy Spirit in each of us. How much it depended on ourselves, the preacher said, whether we received or rejected Him! and how important it was to each of us to listen to God's voice, and so shape our behaviour as to please and obey Him in all things! No one who was selfish, he added, could be indwelt of the Holy Spirit; for God was unselfish, and in so far as we ourselves were unselfish and lived to please Him and to please others, in so far we possessed the Holy Spirit, and were training ourselves for eternity. My

brother and I were much struck by this sermon, and wished that more of our fellow-countrymen could have shared our pleasure in hearing it.

The year following this trip—for I pass over more trivial intermediate events—was Queen Victoria's Jubilee, celebrated in London on the 20th June, 1887, by a long procession to Westminster Abbey in brilliant sunshine through a route specially decorated and crowded with a mass of loyal subjects from all parts of the world. In this procession the Crown Prince of Germany, afterwards Emperor Frederick, was one of the most noted figures. My wife and I received special invitations for the Abbey, and felt it our duty to go, thus losing any view of the outside procession; but we greatly enjoyed the Abbey ceremonies and service, which were very impressive, more especially as the Queen bore herself with great dignity, and seemed none the worse after the fatigue of the procession. I think she was thankful, as we all were, that she got back safely to Buckingham Palace, after certain rumours of prospective difficulties which happily did not come off.

My wife and I were longing to see the procession, but could not move out of our seats, or, perhaps more truly, we lacked the enterprise of one of her nephews who, with his wife, rose quickly towards the end of the thanksgiving service, slipped out of the Abbey, and gave a clever policeman half a sovereign to see them through it. The policeman shouted to the crowd, 'Make way for the Duke of Cambridge!' on which the spectators respectfully fell back, while the good peeler pioneered this enterprising pair to seats on a neighbouring stand which gave them a splendid view of the returning procession. We ourselves found our

way home as best we could, and enjoyed a whole week of entertainments, receiving at our house daily many of my old friends among the native chiefs of India who had come to take part in the Jubilee—viz., the Maharajah Holkar, Maharajah Sir Pratab Singh, the Maharajah of Kuch Behar, the Thakurs of Morvi, Gondal, and Limri, the Rao of Kutch, Kunwar Harnam Singh, Sirdar Diler Jung, and others of note. Diler Jung, who on this occasion represented the Nizam of Hyderabad, was a great personal friend of ours, and we much regretted his sudden death on the 20th May, 1896. So successful was this special day of celebration that the dear old Queen was overjoyed, and issued a letter of thanks, in which she said: 'I am anxious to 'express to my people my warm thanks for the kind, 'and more than kind, reception I met with on going 'to, and returning from, Westminster Abbey, with all 'my children and grandchildren. The wonderful order 'preserved on this occasion, and the good behaviour of 'the enormous multitude assembled, merits my highest 'admiration. That God may protect and abundantly 'bless my country is my fervent prayer.'

This special day was followed by a week's festivities in all parts of the world. Among the most remarkable incidents of the celebration was a naval review at Spithead, consisting of three lines of vessels, each of about two miles in length—a splendid and impressive sight, which we witnessed.

Among my own little Jubilee entertainments, I gave a dinner at the United Service Club in honour of the native chiefs who were in London. It was very successful, and among others who came to meet them were the Lord Chancellor, Lord Cranbrook, Lord Rosebery, Lord Roberts, Sir Thomas Sutherland, Lord

Randolph Churchill, Lord Kimberley, Lord Cross, Lord George Hamilton, Sir Richard Webster, Sir George Birdwood, Mr. Edward Stanhope, Admiral Douglas, Sir Arthur Godley, Lord Reay, Lord Northbrook, Lord Ripon, and others.

Few of us thought at the time that the Queen would live on to celebrate, ten years afterwards, her Diamond Jubilee, which consisted, in London, of a procession along a route of five miles on the 22nd June, 1897, followed in due course by a naval review at Spithead, which we also saw on this occasion in the P. and O. steamer *Caledonia*. The event was also celebrated with a great manifestation of patriotic fervour and union in all parts of the Empire. We saw this Jubilee procession from the Duke of Northumberland's house in Grosvenor Place, and greatly enjoyed the sight. We were bold enough to walk out at night to see the illuminations, which were very fine; but we were caught in the serried ranks of a great crowd, and were glad enough to get home late at night alive. We went the next day to the royal garden-party at Buckingham Palace, which we greatly enjoyed.

This was one of the last times, in fact, that we ever saw the dear Queen quite close. We met her once or twice afterwards at Marlborough House garden-parties; but as time went on she became somewhat feeble, and lived in comparative retirement until her death, after a short illness, on 22nd January, 1901, to the intense grief of all her subjects. The State funeral took place at Windsor on the 2nd February, the long procession from Buckingham Palace to the Great Western Railway Station at Paddington passing through vast crowds of sorrowing men and women, among whom were my own family.

She was a good Queen, and, from long experience, keen perception, and a retentive memory, was able on many occasions and under great difficulties to keep her Ministers and other advisers straight, and to retain in an extraordinary degree the personal affection and respect of all her peoples, European and native, in an empire occupying one-fifth of the world's surface and numbering 400,000,000 subjects, of whom one-eighth only were British and the rest manifold races and peoples—a very difficult Empire to rule, more especially under our system of party government at home, and the too frequent changes of administrations and policies.

So far as I was personally concerned in my sincere regret for the loss of a Sovereign during whose reign I had spent the best years of my official work, and with whom my personal relations will never be forgotten by me, I felt from that time till now somewhat like the old soldier who forms the subject of the following anecdote. A correspondent of a military journal (9th December, 1904), wrote: 'I had the 'honour the other evening of dining with a dear old 'soldier who has long passed the allotted span, and 'whose breast is covered with medals of half-forgotten 'campaigns. After dinner his trembling hand poured 'out a glass of rare old port, and rising slowly and 'with great difficulty to his feet, he said to a young 'relative and myself, who were the only two present: '"Gentlemen, I give you the Queen. God bless her!" 'The old butler who stood behind his venerable master, 'and who had followed him in many a hard-fought 'field, solemnly saluted, and we drank the toast. 'Later in the evening I remarked to the old man's 'relative that the gallant soldier's memory seemed to

'be failing him, and that he had evidently overlooked 'the fact that it was the King's health he should have 'drunk. The young fellow shook his head, and said: '"No, you are wrong; the General has never acknow- '"ledged but one Sovereign, our late Queen. It was '"for her he fought and bled, and he cannot be brought '"to admit that she has died before him, and while he '"has breath left he will continue to honour the toast '"that he has drunk for more than sixty years." I 'confess I cannot think of that pathetic scene,' adds the writer, 'without a lump rising in my throat.'

To return once more to my own doings, I may here again note that in October, 1889, I received my promotion to the rank of Major-General, and was retired from the service on the 1st January, 1894, by the rules then in force as to non-military employment during the preceding five years. I have already mentioned a letter received in 1888 from Lord Wolseley in reference to my humble military capacity, and here again I may say that I was the fortunate recipient of many kind letters from friends and of public notices in the Press. Among others, the then Military Secretary, Sir George Harman, wrote (14th November, 1888): 'The fact of your not having been already specially 'selected for promotion as an officer exceptionally 'qualified for the command of an army in the field is 'no reflection upon your high character and exception- 'ally superior qualifications for other duties, but I am 'authorized by the Duke of Cambridge to inform you 'that under no circumstances would H.R.H. have 'superseded you in this special promotion had he not 'been satisfied that such would only temporarily delay 'your obtaining the rank of Major-General.' And again (15th November, 1889): 'I believe few officers

'have done more good service to the State than your-
'self, and I feel sure that had you not been for so long
'retained in quasi-military employment you would not
'only have been on the selected list for promotion to
'General, but one on whom we might confidently rely
'on filling satisfactorily any important and difficult
'command for which high soldierlike qualifications
'with sound judgment and tact were essential.'

After my final retirement from the army in 1894 the Duke of Cambridge wrote me a kind letter (30th January, 1894), in which he said: 'I wish your retire-
'ment might have been delayed for some considerable
'time longer, for you are a real loss to the service,
'and I am only too glad to think that you may
'continue in the India Council where you can still be
'of great service to the army in the Military Com-
'mittee. I only wish that more could have been done
'for you. I hope we may often have the pleasure of
'meeting.' (The good Duke died 17th March, 1904.) I was rather worried at the moment at this enforced retirement from a service to which I still sentimentally clung, but it could not be helped, and I learnt the rhyme:

'Don't worry so. It's sad, of course;
But you and I and all
Must with the better take the worse,
And jump up when we fall.
Oh, never mind what's going to be;
To-day's enough for you and me.'

I have nothing unusual to record during the next few years of my life. My wife had a serious illness in the autumn of 1890, after which we went for change of air to Malta, where we remained for some weeks and had the pleasure of meeting many friends in both

services, besides my son Charlie, who was then a 'middy' in the *Benbow* and was getting on well.

The principal social event of interest to us at this period was the marriage of my eldest girl, Gertrude, on the 20th August, 1891. Our new son-in-law, Mr. Arthur Edward Ash, with whose family we had been for many years on intimate terms of friendship, was much liked by us, so that this departure on Gerty's part gave us great satisfaction. The wedding was at the church in Maida Hill West, and notwithstanding the lateness of the season, we were able to gather together more than a hundred of our relatives and friends on the joyful occasion. Besides other notices in the English papers, an Indian paper (*Englishman*, 10th September, 1891) had the following quaint account of the happy event: 'Yesterday we 'had a wedding in the Harrow Road which was of 'considerable interest to many Anglo-Indians. Sir 'Owen Burne's eldest daughter was married to Mr. 'Arthur Ash, a young gentleman of great wealth and 'of considerable promise as a Conservative politician; 'and the happy event was witnessed by quite a large 'gathering of old Indian friends of Sir Owen's, not-'withstanding that no one is supposed just now to be 'in town. Both the bride and Lady Agnes Burne 'looked charming, and Sir Owen received the hearty 'congratulations of his many friends with that delight-'ful manner that made him so popular when Private 'Secretary in Calcutta and Simla to Lord Mayo and 'Lord Lytton.'

Among my many other duties and employments I occupied myself at this time (1891) in writing for the 'Rulers of India' series, edited by Sir William Hunter, a volume called 'Clyde and Strathnairn' which was

in effect an account of the Mutiny, and was very favourably received in the Press, besides having a sale, as already said, to the extent of over 4,000 copies. Sir William Hunter was good enough to praise my little effort in very eulogistic terms, and I need not say how greatly I valued the good opinion of so eminent a writer as himself. We authors all dined together at Oxford with the Vice-Chancellor on the 26th January, 1895, to celebrate the completion of our work, and I greatly enjoyed the occasion, more especially as it gave me the opportunity of drinking my own health in several bumpers of champagne. A very sincere friendship had always existed between Hunter and myself, which in later years was increased by our many visits to Oxford and the genuine liking that we had for him and his kind and clever wife. Hunter was a warm-hearted fellow, who much appreciated friendship and companionship, besides being one of the most brilliant writers I ever met. As his life has been published by Mr. Skrine (1901), I need not make any specific reference to it, except to say that his career was one of useful but exhausting literary and other labour, which I fear hastened his end, and that he died on the 6th February, 1900, much regretted by his many friends, and much to the loss of the world at large. We laid him to rest four days afterwards at Cumnor, near Oxford, where he sleeps beneath a stone raised by his widow in the shadow of the little church in which he had so often worshipped. Few have done more in spreading a knowledge of India than this able man.

So our existence went on, an interesting episode in it (18th April, 1893) being the launching of the Indian troopship *Warren Hastings*, at Barrow-in-Furness, by my wife. The proceedings were very successful, and

my wife was presented with a beautiful enamelled box with a picture of the vessel on it. The troopship was a splendid one, of 5,000 tons, and was wrecked, alas, four years afterwards (14th January, 1897) in a fog off Réunion.

I have already referred to my being elected Chairman of the Council of the Society of Arts. This was regarded as a great distinction, and I was much interested in the varied duties of the office, which I held for two years and found both attractive and laborious In order to inaugurate this appointment I gave a dinner at the Imperial Institute to the Council of the Society and other friends, and it went off very successfully. I had as my guests the Lord Chancellor (Earl of Halsbury), the Duke of Abercorn, Lord George Hamilton, Sir Edwin Arnold, Sir John Donnelly, Sir William Hunter, Sir Alfred Lyall, Sir Henry Norman, Sir Frederick Abel, Sir Steuart Bayley, Sir Frederick Bramwell, Sir Douglas Galton, Sir Westby Percival, Sir Owen Roberts, Sir Saul Samuel, Sir Henry Wood, Professor Robert Austen, Professor Millar Thomson, Sir William Preece, Mr. A. Siemens, Mr. H. Wheatley, Mr. S. Digby, Sir Archibald Alison, Mr. Tait Robinson, Sir George Birdwood, Mr. Bristow, Mr. Graham Harris, my brother George, and my son Charlie. H.R.H. the Duke of York (now Prince of Wales), expressed regret that he was unable to come, on account of a prior engagement.

Among other duties I had to give two addresses on India, to be chairman of several special committees on scientific subjects, and to receive the foreign and other delegates in the International Meeting on Technical Education of 1896, where I learnt much and had to say a great deal, including some little speeches in

French which somewhat taxed my courage! I never considered myself a ready speaker at any time, but by exercising care, brevity, and distinct enunciation I became on this and on other occasions a passable orator, who observed the golden rule of 'Say what 'you mean, say it short, and cut out all superfluous 'adjectives!' With this sort of daily work, I got through each year of my life at this period without more than ordinary grumbling, although sad at times at the gradual advance of years and annual losses by death of many of my earlier personal friends. And when at last I had to retire from the public service at the end of 1896, I began to feel rather solitary in an official sense, although, fortunately for myself, I still had many occupations and employments to which I have already made reference.

However much one may try to disguise the feeling, it is nevertheless a trial to leave official life and official importance, unless one has sufficient means to cut all business links at once and to retire to the country away from the madding crowd, as some are able to do, to found new interests of various kinds, and perhaps of a more selfish character. Still, on leaving the India Office I had the consolation of a good send-off, for Lord George Hamilton* (then Secretary of State) not only wrote me a very cordial letter, but recommended me to the Queen for the G.C.I.E., and at my final attendance at Council spoke in warm terms of my services.

* Lord George Hamilton had been an M.P. for Middlesex, without his seat being challenged, since 1868, and had filled many high positions in the State. He was now at the India Office for the second time, and remained as Secretary of State for the record period of eight years. He was an able administrator and financier, and was much liked by us all.

Lord Salisbury also wrote to me (17th December, 1896): 'I was very glad to hear of the well-deserved 'honour that is being conferred upon you. I much 'regret that it should be associated with your retire-'ment from the India Office, where your long experi-'ence made your services specially valuable. It is 'more than twenty years since I had a personal 'experience of this value, but I have a lively recollec-'tion of the assistance you so assiduously gave me.' Sir Henry Fowler also wrote (14th January, 1897): 'I cannot allow the expiration of your long and 'distinguished service to the Government of India 'to pass without expressing to you (as one of the 'Secretaries of State who held office with you) my 'high appreciation of the able and conscientious 'manner in which you discharged your public duties, 'and my acknowledgment of the uniform consideration 'always shown to me personally. I heartily con-'gratulate you on your well-earned G.C.I.E., and I 'hope you may be long spared to enjoy your rest from 'those labours in which you will take an abiding 'interest.' The public Press was no less good in speaking well of me once more, perhaps for the last time, although one leading journal, in response to a notice sent to it by Sir William Hunter, replied that it was too long to insert at that moment in its crowded columns, but that it would be kept for my obituary!

This obituary might have been shortly called for except for a sort of escape which came to my wife and myself when on a visit to Paris a few months afterwards. On the 14th May, 1897, a great charity bazaar, organized by the Frères de l'Assomption and participated in by the leaders of French society, was

held in the Rue Jean Goujon, in the Champs Elysées quarter. The bazaar was held in a temporary wooden building, beautifully decorated, and was attended by all the rank and fashion of Paris. We ourselves had made up our minds to go to this great function, about which everyone had been talking for weeks and had paid high prices for admission; but we were prevented at the last moment by some trifle from carrying out our intention. While the bazaar was in full progress in the afternoon a sudden cry of 'Fire!' was raised, caused by the upsetting of a cinematograph lamp, and in a moment the whole fragile building was in a mass of flames. There was little or no escape for anyone, and, indeed, many did not even attempt to get away, as one of the leaders of society, with every good motive, cried out, 'No panic. Remain still.'

The scene was soon a terrible one, and resulted in about 150 people of the highest rank in Paris being burnt to death, including the Duchess d'Alençon, the Duchess de la Torre, the Marquise d'Ile, General Meunier, and other persons of note, young and old. Our own names appeared in some of the English papers as victims, but, as already said, we had the good fortune to escape the catastrophe. For many days after this terrible event Paris was a city of the dead. There was hardly a family of rank which had not lost relatives; and scores of funerals, carried out with much display, made everyone sad as they passed for many days through the streets one after the other, taking to their last rest victims of the fire, among whom were many young and beautiful girls. The Duc d'Alençon himself escaped by a mere chance with a few others.

We returned from Paris soon after this sad event,

as I had been summoned to Windsor for the 15th May to receive my G.C.I.E. Sir Patrick Talbot, who went with me to receive his K.C.B., tumbled flat down as he knelt before the Queen, and gave her a fright, but she good-naturedly helped him up again; and, indeed, she was very kind and gracious both to myself and the few others who were the recipients of honours, although she seemed to us for the first time to be feeble and anxious, and evidently required a good deal of the care and attention which Princess Beatrice and others gave her. We had a merry luncheon that day at the Castle, and I had a long and interesting talk with Lady Southampton and others round the table. This was my last official visit to Windsor.

It was hoped by every loyal subject of the Queen, as it was her own ardent wish, that the end of her reign should be a peaceful one. But it was not to be, for when everyone was crying out peace, peace! this country became involved in a terrible war, which came upon us as a surprise and taxed all our resources. I allude to the Boer or South African War of 1899-1902, which, as shown in a former chapter, was one more of the unfortunate and numerous evil legacies of bygone years. This is not the place to enter into any lengthened history of this war, but as my three sons, besides other relatives, were engaged in it, a brief review of the circumstances which led up to it may not be out of place in these Memories.

The Boers, or Dutch farmers, first settled in South Africa some three centuries ago, but, on the cession of Cape Colony to England in 1814, they took a dislike to the new government, and in course of years, notably in 1835, trekked northwards in great numbers, seizing the lands of the natives and reducing them to a form

of servitude. These Boers, in short, became the republican landowners of the Orange Free State, the Transvaal, and parts of Natal; they were by no means scrupulous or humane in their dealings with others, but were remarkable for courage, love of freedom, sobriety, and industry, besides being of well-developed physique and splendid riders and marksmen.

The fortunes of the Transvaal, which became their principal stronghold, soon went through a variety of changes. In 1852 it was declared independent; in 1879 it became for a brief moment a Crown colony; and in 1880 it budded into a South African Republic, with Paul Krüger as President. Then came another move. The Boers proved disagreeable neighbours to us in Natal, which brought about a collision between us, and caused the appointment, as already mentioned, of Sir George Colley as Governor of Natal, with the object of giving them a lesson, but the attempt unexpectedly resulted in British disasters at Laing's Nek, the Ingogo River, and Majuba Hill (26th February, 1881), causing poor Colley's death in action at the last-named place. Sir Frederick (now Earl) Roberts was then sent out to retrieve the situation. A hasty peace made, however, by Mr. Gladstone's Government led to Roberts's recall and to the conclusion of the treaty which was popularly called the Majuba Surrender.

This act was accompanied by the recognition of a new South African Republic (1883), with Paul Krüger as President, and the founding of Johannesburg, near which large quantities of gold had been discovered. This town then became the home of a number of British subjects, both from England and the colonies, who continuously flocked to the Transvaal and

practically outnumbered the Boer inhabitants. By the investment of the capital of these new-comers, and by their skill and labour, all of which were heavily taxed, the revenues of the Republic soon became enormously augmented; but although this large British colony contributed the main portion of the State revenue, Paul Krüger took good care that they were not to have any voice in its expenditure, refused to give them any voting power, prevented their children from being educated in their own tongue in State-aided schools, and treated them with ostentatious contumely and injustice. In fact, the Uitlanders, as they were called, were regarded by the Boers as hewers of wood and drawers of water, and the condition of Johannesburg under Boer administration had become in every respect a disgrace to civilization.

The British Government addressed frequent expostulations to the Pretoria authorities, with a view to making the position of the Uitlanders more tolerable, but without any tangible result, while the political situation became still more complicated by a foolish and unsuccessful raid in December, 1895, under Dr. Jameson, organized with the object of deposing the Boer President and of redressing by force the long-standing grievances of the Johannesburgers. This raid took everyone by surprise, and so tied the hands of the British Government as to put a stop to further negotiations for some years, as also to any military preparations to meet the coming storm, although Krüger had become openly hostile, and utilized this period by organizing his forces and importing the newest types of cannon and rifles of every kind through the British Custom-house at the Cape. The eyes of our Government at home were at

last gradually opened to the danger of the situation, but they were averse to answer Krüger's avowed hostility by any military preparations of their own. They, therefore, reopened negotiations in 1899 (under the auspices of Mr. Chamberlain, the Secretary of State for the Colonies), with a view to bring the whole matter to a definite conclusion, and to acquire proper voting rights for the Uitlanders, although in such a manner as not to overpower those of the burghers.

The upshot of these peaceful negotiations was war. In fact, Krüger only used them as a cover for military arrangements of a decided character, nominally for the purpose of resisting another such raid as that of Jameson's, but in reality, as was afterwards discovered, with the object of turning the British neck and crop out of South Africa, an object which at one time was not far from being accomplished. At length the Boer President published an impudent ultimatum (9th October, 1899), requiring all British troops to withdraw within forty-eight hours from proximity to the Boer frontier, while our supposed friend, President Steyn, of the Orange Free State, went snacks with his comrade, and unreservedly threw in his lot with him, much to our surprise. Thus the Boer War came about; Krüger's and Steyn's forces, splendidly organized and fully prepared to the number of about 54,000 men, marching into Natal five weeks before British reinforcements from home could even be landed at the Cape. As this little summary of events is not intended to be a history of the war, I need only add that Great Britain and her Colonies made a splendid effort, sending by degrees to South Africa safely, over 9,000 miles of

sea, and at a cost of about £230,000,000, regulars, militia, and volunteers to the number in all of about 450,000 men, who campaigned together, for the first time, with credit and success.

As usual in all such cases where our beloved country is concerned, our people had been asleep, and were taken at a great disadvantage; but, with our proverbial luck, we muddled through to success, which was due in the early stages of the war (1) to the prompt despatch and arrival in Natal of 10,000 British troops from India; (2) to a change of plan on the part of Sir Redvers Buller, who had left England on the 14th October, 1899, to take chief command with a fixed plan of operations directed towards the Transvaal. On arrival, he abandoned this plan in favour of going himself to Natal with all the troops he could muster, and thus obstructed the advance of the Boers to Durban, which they could otherwise have easily accomplished, having previously arranged, as was afterwards discovered, that their arrival at this place was to be the signal for Cape Colony to rise, in which case South Africa would certainly have been lost to us.

Thus, up to this point India and Buller saved South Africa, and compelled the Boers to hang about Ladysmith instead of masking it or moving on to Durban. This lost them the game, and enabled us, by means of the ever gallant Roberts, who once again did splendid service to his country, and later on of the capable and resolute Kitchener, to finally crush the Boer power after a long series of misadventures and mishaps, until, on the 31st May, 1902, peace was proclaimed, Krüger and Steyn were in full flight to Europe, and South Africa had become

a British possession. Our losses amounted to some 43,000 men killed and wounded or died of disease during this notable campaign, which proved a heavy strain both on our finances and on our endurance. But Britishers bore this strain nobly, paid the taxation and lost many dear relatives and friends without faltering in their purpose. My three sons all did well in the war, and escaped unhurt. The first to leave for South Africa (14th November, 1899) was Charles, who joined the Naval Brigade in Natal, and did good service for nearly a year in charge of two 6-pounder guns. He wrote a capital book on the subject, called 'With the Naval Brigade in Natal,' was mentioned several times in despatches, and for his services was promoted to Commander. The second to leave (28th January, 1900) was Edward, who served at first with the 87th Howitzer Battery R.A., and later on in Q Battery R.H.A., and was occupied for two years in incessant marching and fighting, in separate command of two guns of his Howitzer Battery, detached with various field columns. He was mentioned in despatches, and ought to have got a D.S.O., for which, I believe, he was recommended. The third to leave (14th March, 1901) was my eldest son, Francis, R.E., with a draft of railway Engineers. He served on the lines of communication for about six months, when he had to return to England on medical certificate, as his health gave way under incessant exposure and overwork.

CHAPTER XVII

Accession of King Edward VII.—Coronation year—The Lancashire Fusiliers—Concluding observations (1901-1905).

THE death of our good Queen in 1901, already mentioned, was deeply felt throughout the Empire, and the demonstrations of sorrow both at home and in India and the Colonies were quite unprecedented. Indeed, the hold she had obtained over the loyalty and affection of her people during her long and momentous reign of sixty-three years by her personal qualities, the purity of her Court, and her intense sympathy with the meanest of her subjects, came almost as a revelation upon us all. Many of us at home almost resented for the moment the change from *Queen* to *King*, the obliteration of V.R. for E.R., and the substitution of *His* for *Her* in all official references to the Sovereign. The Prince of Wales had been deservedly popular in his past exalted and difficult position as Heir Apparent, and at once gained the respect of his subjects by the tact, feeling, and elevation of thought which he displayed in all his public utterances and actions, till he became what he now is, 'Edward the Peacemaker,' one of the most able and popular Sovereigns that ever sat upon a throne. The new King had, of course, to separate himself as Sovereign very much from many of us who had been associated with his public work as Prince.

Thus, a humble individual like myself, for instance, had no longer the privilege of meeting him constantly, or of receiving a cordial shake of his hand at levees, but now at such ceremonials had to bow to him a long way off seated upon his throne; and as we were no longer associated with him on committees and Royal Commissions, the only occasion on which I ever met him again in a room was on the 14th June, after his accession, when we of the Council of the Society of Arts presented him with our gold medal, and I respectfully kissed his hand for the first time as Sovereign. Personally, I have missed the old style, seeing that I had in my past career been so closely associated with the good Queen, but in this, as in everything else, 'bygones must be bygones.'

The new King lost no time after his accession in setting his house in order, and alterations and improvements at Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace, and changes in public ceremonials became the order of the day and kept everyone alive. Queen Alexandra, although saddened by the loss of her eldest son and other afflictions, remained the idol of the public, and, as Queen, seemed younger and more beautiful than ever. All this is as it should be, and fortunate we may all feel as loyal Britons to be headed by such a wise Sovereign and graceful consort, although we never shall forget the great Queen-mother, gone to her rest full of years and honour, under whose reign we of the old school like myself were born and brought up.

And now what is known as Coronation year (1902) came on apace. On the 31st May of this year the Boer peace was at last concluded, amid great rejoicings at home, and on the 8th June the King and Queen

attended a special thanksgiving service at St. Paul's for this blessing. The Coronation at Westminster Abbey had been fixed for the 26th of the same month, and for weeks previously London was absorbed with the many preparations required for it. We ourselves were pleased at receiving a royal invitation to the Abbey to witness it, as it was for the moment the one subject which occupied everyone's mind. The spirit of the nation, so long depressed by the prolongation of the South African War and the death of Queen Victoria, now visibly rose into a state of feverish excitement, increasing as the Coronation day came near. Our streets resounded with the sound of hammers as stands and decorations rose; visitors from abroad and from all parts of the Empire crowded our hotels and lodging-houses, at enormous expense to themselves; and the tramp of soldiers already returning from the war thrilled people day by day with a double sense of rejoicing.

Then suddenly a great blow fell. On the 14th June the King and Queen had gone to Aldershot to inspect the troops. The weather was damp and cold, and the King became indisposed from what was thought to be a chill, till, on the 24th June, everyone was electrified by the cry of the newspaper boy, 'Coronation postponed!' and 'Illness of the King!' followed by an official bulletin that King Edward was suffering from perityphlitis, or abscess, which necessitated a surgical operation. This operation was successfully performed by Sir Frederick Treves, but none could think of any more rejoicing while the King's life was in danger. Happily for the nation and for himself, his naturally strong constitution once more, in God's mercy, came to his rescue, and on the 5th July he was pronounced

out of danger, while by his wish all the outside accompaniments of the Coronation, such as the naval and military reviews and other ceremonies and functions, went on in the presence of Queen Alexandra. Thus the people were kept cheered up, so to speak, and were able on the 12th July to give a warm welcome to Lord Kitchener, who returned from South Africa, the lion of the season, and whose arrival we ourselves witnessed from a stand on the line of route from Paddington to Buckingham Palace.

I was myself chiefly interested all this time in visiting the native chiefs and the Indian military contingent who had arrived from India to do honour to the Coronation. Among these chiefs were the Maharajahs of Gwalior and Jeypore, the Aga Khan, the Nawab of Bahawalpur, the Chief of Kolapore, the Maharajah of Kuch Behar, the Rajah of Bobbili, the Rajah of Pertabghar, and many other leading noblemen and gentlemen of India, most of whom were old friends of my own. So matters went on until the 9th August (which happened to be the nineteenth anniversary of our own wedding-day), the day fixed for the Coronation—a stirring ceremony, although, perforce, shorn of many of the June surroundings. On the night before the Coronation, the King published a message, which greatly pleased his loyal subjects. He said (8th August, 1902):

'On the eve of my Coronation—an event which I 'look upon as one of the most solemn and important 'of my life—I am anxious to express to my people at 'home and in the Colonies and in India my heartfelt 'appreciation of the deep sympathy which they have 'manifested towards me during the time that my life 'was in such imminent danger. The postponement of

'the ceremony, owing to my illness, caused, I fear,
'much inconvenience and trouble to all those who
'intended to celebrate it, but this disappointment was
'borne by them with admirable patience and temper.
'The prayers of my people for my recovery were
'heard, and I now offer up my deepest gratitude to
'Divine Providence for having preserved my life and
'given me strength to fulfil the important duties
'which devolve upon me as the Sovereign of this great
'Empire.'

The morning of the Coronation broke cloudy and cool as tens of thousands of people converged towards Westminster Abbey and the various stands and houses along the route of the procession. My wife and I were ready to start in our grand attire by 6 a.m.—she in a fine lace gown bedecked with jewels, and I in my General's uniform, covered by the splendid robe of the G.C.I.E. Alas, we had no one at that early hour to look at our finery except the crossing-sweeper and the newspaper boy! We had taken great pains beforehand to order a carriage fit for a Duke to come for us at 6.30 a.m. to take us to the Abbey; but it went to the wrong house by some stupid mistake, so that we were reluctantly giving up all thought of the Coronation, when, to our joy, the carriage appeared at 7.15 a.m., just in time to rush us to the Abbey, amid the terror of the crowd, many of whom no doubt we ran over in our attempt to arrive before the doors were closed.

We reached the Abbey, however, at 8 a.m., and found our places in the front row of the nave, from which favourable standpoint we had a fine view of the various processions and proceedings up to their end at about 3 p.m. Thus we had seven hours in the Abbey,

and kept ourselves alive by slyly munching a few biscuits which we had concealed in our pockets. I cannot describe the outside procession, which we did not, of course, see; but the inside scene was of itself very fine, the Abbey being full of peers and peeresses in their robes, and crowded up to the roof, so to speak, with others in every variety of mantles, uniforms, and decorations, with beautiful women laden with jewellery and arrayed in Court gowns of every texture and colour. As we had such good seats on the ground floor of the Abbey, we were able to speak to many of our relatives and friends as they passed to their various places, and we fancied that the King and Queen, as they walked by in their separate processions, bowed specially to us. But as everyone else thought that they were also thus honoured, we did not attach the importance to this individual notice of us that we might otherwise have done, although the King and Queen, as Prince and Princess of Wales, had always been very gracious both to me and to my wife, whom they had known many years, and we thought we were justified in imagining at the moment that they thus singled us out from others around us.

The most curious, and indeed thrilling, moment of the day was when the King's procession entered the choir, and the Westminster schoolboys seated aloft took it upon themselves, as their special privilege, to shout 'Vivat! Vivat!' as the trumpets sounded and the organ played. But the assemblage would not allow these boys to have it all to themselves, and, against all rule and order, the whole mass of us joined in a burst of continuous ringing cheers, which made the walls of the venerable old Abbey resound again

and again. It was an extraordinary and spontaneous burst of feeling, which was most impressive and heart-stirring, and quite irrepressible. I rather think that we ourselves were the worst behaved of the lot, and indeed many of us had tears rolling down our cheeks with suppressed loyalty and excitement.

The Coronation service which followed was new to most of us, and was closely and reverently followed by the whole assemblage. Indeed, we were all quite solemnized after our burst of excitement by the reality of what was going on, the impressive acts and prayers of the service, the reverent and clear tones of the Archbishop's (Temple) voice, and the subdued, and indeed awed, demeanour of the King. But the poor tired Archbishop was really weak and out of health. The ceremony was completed, and there remained only the homage. At this critical moment the age and the deep feeling of the Archbishop mastered for a few moments his iron will, and he sank on his knee, unable to rise again. The King, in spite of his own weakness, affectionately helped the Primate to rise, and so this most touching episode ended, so far as most of the onlookers were aware.

But when the Archbishop recovered his erect attitude, he laid his hand upon the crown on the King's head, and, in a voice of deep emotion, said, 'God bless 'you, sir! God bless you! God be with you!' The King caught his hand and pressed it. Temple died a few months afterwards (23rd December, 1902), much regretted. As his wife and mine were cousins, we had frequently met them in days gone by and had learnt to like them both. The close of the service was marked by the singing of the National Anthem by the whole assemblage. This had a very fine effect,

and seemed to be a fitting conclusion to a never-to-be-forgotten ceremony.

On reaching home at 4 p.m. we discovered, to our dismay, that my wife had lost a beautiful pearl and diamond bracelet which, for family reasons, she much valued, and for which we, therefore, sorrowed as hopelessly lost. Oddly enough, I had an impulse next morning to saunter down to the Abbey to look at our seats and to wander round the building before it was dismantled. On nearing the spot where we sat the day before I suddenly remembered our loss, and spoke of it to an inspector of police standing near. He said that he had picked up a bracelet the previous afternoon close to our seats, and on asking my description of it, he replied, 'That's the one. You'll find it over 'the way at the Lost Property Office.' I did so, and took it home in triumph, with an idea that, for once, acting on impulse did me a good turn!

I need not here say more about the Coronation and the other events of the time except to add that we have a collection of letters and gifts from the late Queen and members of her family, including some small coins which she used in her rubbers of whist, all of which we much value among our treasures. But I may here again note that my dear friend and patron Lord Salisbury retired from public life, to everyone's regret, immediately after the ceremony. He had been unwell for some time previously, and had therefore determined on this step for reasons of health; but it was a short reprieve, for he died a year afterwards (23rd October, 1903), as already mentioned, much regretted by the nation, and with a sincere mourner in myself.

During the last few years I have amused myself

with a little soldiering, although I found it difficult to keep pace with the many and quick changes made in the army. Why or wherefore I cannot make out, but during the South African war the City honoured me as a sort of perpetual guest at their company dinners, at which I had invariably to respond for the army. I thus took every opportunity of cheering everyone up so far as my personal efforts allowed during that dark period of our history, and was somewhat amused at thus being looked upon as a sort of military authority, although it did no harm and appealed to a vanity which was sometimes put to a real test.

For instance, on one occasion I was pressed, to inspect the 'Boys' Brigade,' in a ground near Harrow. I couldn't resist the temptation, as this splendid church movement was doing the greatest good in and around London, bringing up youngsters to habits of discipline and order. So I agreed, and looked, as I thought very imposing as I arrived on the ground in full fig, on a prancing horse, accompanied by my gallant old friend Colonel C. J. O. FitzGerald, C.B., and my nephew Harry Burne (now commanding the 1st Batt. Leicestershire Regiment), who kindly consented to come with me and show off before the boys and the assembled crowd of spectators. The review went off very well, as the day was fine and everyone in good spirits, while the boys thought me and my staff something quite out of the common as we galloped about the field and enjoyed the fun. The lads marched past and went through their bayonet exercise and their little manœuvres most creditably. I presented a standard to the best company, and after a hasty lunch came away with my two fine staff officers, thankful, so far as *I* was concerned,

that my hired horse, who had been well groomed and gingered for the occasion (and, indeed, may have been painted as far as I know, as he was very bumptious and funereally black), had not kicked me over his head and landed me on Mother Earth as the fife and drums played the boys past me. I was afterwards pressed by the authorities each year to repeat this duty; but I thought one bull's-eye enough and didn't want to risk a magpie, so I never went again, but left it to others, who, I was told, carried out the inspections in plain clothes, much to the disappointment of the boys.

One of the greatest pleasures during this period of my life was my continued close friendship with my old regiment (XXth), now extended, as already said, into the Lancashire Fusiliers, a fine corps of nine battalions —regular, militia, and volunteer. The officers and men, past and present, were very forthcoming to me, and made no secret of their wish that at some remote time I might be their Colonel-in-Chief. The 'Regi-'mental Annals' of this fine regiment, edited by Major B. Smyth, M.V.O., and published yearly, are store-houses of valuable military information—all the more valuable, in my opinion, because they contain kind references to myself. The 'History of the Regiment,' edited by the same talented officer, is also worthy of any library, and is a stirring account of the events of two hundred years in a regiment renowned for its discipline and fighting qualities. Therefore, if there is one memory which pleases me more than another after so long a career, it is my connection with the Lancashire Fusiliers.

I went up by request to Bury (18th March, 1905) to take the place of the Colonel of the regiment, General Sir Edward Holdich, who was unable to

attend, at the unveiling by the Earl of Derby of the memorial erected to the memory of the officers and men (170) of the regiment who lost their lives in the South African War, and was the guest for the time being of Sir Lees Knowles.*

The day happened to be fine, and I shall never forget an occasion which aroused the sturdy enthusiasm of all neighbouring Lancastrians who crowded into Bury in special trains. There were about 3,000 troops under arms, of whom the majority were battalions and detachments of the regiment, some of which came over from Ireland, besides a large number of old officers and pensioners, who were delighted to meet once more under such conditions. As representing the regiment for the time being, I had to be in full uniform, and to make no less than eight speeches at different times. After lunching with our 1st Volunteer Battalion, we all walked in a long procession to the market-place, where the memorial had been erected, and after orations from Sir Lees Knowles and myself, Lord Derby unveiled the memorial, which he handed over to the Mayor and Corporation in a capital speech, in which he spoke warmly of the regiment.

After this, we attended a reception by the municipal authorities at the Town Hall, visited the men's dinners in various parts of the town, and got back late in the afternoon to Sir Lees Knowles's house (Westwood, Pendlebury) just in time to change our things and drive into Manchester to dine with our

* Colonel Sir Lees Knowles, Bart., commands our 3rd Volunteer Battalion, and is a born soldier. To him the regiment has been greatly indebted for many favours and concessions obtained through his intervention at the War Office, and he is never tired of doing something for the regiment of his choice and of his county.

3rd Volunteer Battalion. The day was a memorable one—at any rate, I shall never myself forget it. Here it may be said that the Lancashire Fusiliers were the first corps (through Sir Lees Knowles) to offer volunteer service companies to reinforce our army in South Africa, and the example was followed by other regiments, and gratefully acknowledged by Government. All told, we had of the regiment 1,682 of the line, 513 mounted infantry, 1,559 of the militia, and 345 volunteers engaged in the war, which offered the first occasion in which regulars, militia, and volunteers of our army fought side by side in the front line.

And now a few last words by way of bringing to a close these memories of the past. 'There is a be-'ginning, a middle, and an ending to everything,' said a certain King of Burmah. 'You should never 'take notice of the beginning unless you are sure of 'the middle; you should never take notice of the 'middle unless you are sure of the beginning, and you 'should never take notice of the beginning and middle 'unless you are sure of the ending.' Thus, as for reasons already explained, the beginning and middle are very much about myself, so must be the ending. While I gratefully acknowledge the many compensations that have come to me in the ending period of my life, yet I have greatly missed the importance and variety of the beginning and middle of it. So it is, perhaps, with everyone, and I, therefore, do not wish to express a regret or to utter a grumble. As I have never asked for anything during my official career, all I have received has come to me naturally. Perhaps I have thus lost here and there by a want of push, but whether this be so or not, I am glad, in looking back on the past, to think that I have accepted life that

is, and not struggled after that which my ambitions wanted it to be, and that I have endeavoured to adapt myself to surrounding circumstances; in which effort, after some sore trials and afflictions, I have been greatly helped for more than a score of years by the constant affection and ready support of my wife.

It has been said that most men spend one-third of their lives trying to make the world different, another third in learning to live in it as it is, and the remainder in explaining how much better it used to be. This is in a way true, because men will not accept the world as it is, or bear with sufficient patience their trials and disappointments. A real sorrow is often borne more bravely and with less complaint than the little inconveniences and small worries, commonly called pin-pricks, of everyday life, for a peculiarity of voice or speech, a trait of manner, a habit constantly repeated, all become an actual annoyance to our friends and neighbours. It is for us individuals to see into the matter for ourselves, and to endeavour to guard against the infliction on others of pin-pricks, which are often caused by people who have to pass their lives more or less together, and are really attached to each other. Life is, after all, worth living if we all try not to tread on one another's corns; and if success were to attend our feeble efforts, how much pleasanter many a home would be and how much more smoothly things would go!

I have always humbly imagined that administration, rule, and organization constituted my one talent, and have regretted that I have never been able to turn this talent into ten by having been obliged to refuse high administrative appointments offered to me, a refusal arising from the forgetfulness of my progenitors

in not having arranged, as already said, that I should be born with a silver spoon in my mouth. Yet I am thankful to have been able to aid others in these matters, and am content; more especially as I have used what little influence I ever had with others to convince them that administrative rule and organization need not always mean heedless and rabid reform. That is worth something. What a hornets' nest a man brings about his ears who cannot sometimes let things be, however bad they seemingly are in his eyes, but must needs try at times, without judgment or reason, to mend them! Such a man gets all the stings, while others take the honey, without giving him pity for the one or thanks for the other.

Thus, to keep out of unnecessary interference with other people's affairs, unnecessary contentions, and unnecessary reforms, and so on, is not a bad rule of life, added to the grace which can be so easily cultivated of being all things to all men, like the great Apostle of old, so long as it does not entail sacrifice of principle or turn one into a spiritless nonentity of smooth-spoken phrases. 'Tis easier for a coo, ma brēethren, 'to ascend the highest palm-tree tail foremost, to sit 'doon on her hunkers midst the topmaist branches, 'and whustle like a mavis, than for a reformer or a 'radical to enter the kingdom o' heaven.' With these ideas in my mind, I have in the ending chapter of my life tried to be a smooth man, although not always successful in the attempt. It has its advantages. 'You 'are a smooth man,' said Archbishop Magee, 'and get 'through the world happily. I am a hairy man, and 'am dragged through the world wrong end foremost, 'so that my hair is always standing on end.' So it is with us all in our varying degrees of life, until we

remember that, although to the hero or heroine of the age are vouchsafed the stimulus of emotion and the exhilaration of action, yet there is some nobility also in the negative and unapplauded life of those who serve their Master in quieter spheres, and subordinate earthly ambitions and pleasures to His more gentle service. These gain their heavenly crown, at any rate, in the unobtrusive work which comes to them in the State, society, and family. So I, for one, when I want to grumble, am inclined to cheer up, and to say at times with a wry face :

'The "greys" I have joined, and the hair on my pate
Is waxing undoubtedly thinner ;
I have to sport glasses—a thing that I hate—
And I love "forty winks" after dinner.
My waist is no more, and with aches I'm beset,
And I'm very dependent on weather ;
But still I feel young, so I try to forget
I am nearing the end of my tether.'

I think I have hinted that I have always tried to be grateful, but in order to tell a good story as to a Highland sermon given me by my old friend the late Mr. Boyd, who got it from Sir Archibald Geikie, I must admit that even the spirit of gratitude has its limitations, for, as the mēenister said on a stormy day : 'Ah, my friends, what causes have we for grāatitude ! 'Oh yes, for the deepest grāatitude ! Look at the 'place of our habitāation. How grateful should we 'be that we do not leeve in the far north, oh no ! amid 'the frost and the snaw, and the cauld and the weet, 'oh no ! where there's a lang day tae half of the year, 'oh yes ! and a lang, lang nicht the tither, oh yes ! 'That we do not depend upon the Aurawry Boreawlis, 'oh no ! That we do not gang shiverin' aboot in skins,

'oh no! snoking amang the snaw like mowdiwarts '(moles), oh no, no! And how grāateful should we be 'that we do not leeve in the far south beneath the 'equawtor, and a sun aye burnin', burnin' where the 'sky's het, ah yes! and the yearth's het, and the 'waters het, and ye're brunt black as a snoddy, ah yes! 'where there's teegers, oh yes! and lions, oh yes! and 'crocodiles, oh yes! and fearsome beasts growlin' and 'girnin' at ye among the woods, where the very air is 'a fever, like the burnin' breath o' a fiery drawgon— 'that we do not leeve in these places, oh no, no, no, 'no! But that we leeve in this blessit island of oors, 'callit Great Britain, oh yes, yes! and in that pairt of 'it named Scotland, and in that bit of auld Scotland 'that looks up to Ben Nevis, oh yes, yes, yes! where 'there's neither frost nor cauld, nor wund, nor weet, 'nor hail, nor rain, nor teegers, nor lions, nor burnin' 'suns, nor hurricanes, nor——' Here a tremendous blast of wind and rain from Ben Nevis blew in the windows of the kirk, and brought the preacher's eloquence to an abrupt conclusion.

And here I must end my chatter. Between an immeasurable past and an illimitable future we of the present move imperceptibly on our course. We may well pause to ask ourselves, therefore, Why are we here, what are we doing, and where are we going? It cannot be doubted that as we draw nearer and nearer to the end of time the problem of life becomes more complex, because men seem less able than their forefathers to grapple with difficulties that undoubtedly come to them in a more subtle form than in former generations. We live in an eventful age, an age of change and movement, when the march of intellect, the race for wealth, and the growth of pride

and selfishness, leave far behind on the road what are termed ordinary qualities of common sense, contentment and humility. Indeed, the rush of life for us all is so great, that while some men are almost precluded from thought or meditation, others are content to float along with the tide or to retire from the struggle discouraged and beaten.

If there be any truth in these reflections, it is well for us to make an occasional survey of our lives, if for no other reason than that it makes us conscious of work undone and of opportunities for good lost, while it reminds us of the wide gulf between the yesterday and the to-day, the marvellous difference between the *is* and the *was*, and the stupendous transformation that has taken place between the world of even a generation ago and that which now claims our attention. Many of us are inclined to look regretfully back on years gone by with a feeling that things were better then than now, but it might, perhaps, be more profitable to remember that our immediate duty is to live in the present, as those who should meet with dignity and calmness all that happens to them day by day while making life brighter and happier to those in and around their respective circles. The life of an individual—as, indeed, that of a nation—is measurable only by its final results; and thus, if a man is judged merely by the place he occupies, or the speeches he makes, while at the same time he brings no personal blessing or profit to others, the judgment is false and the man is a fraud.

If these thoughts have any value, they may be of use, perchance, to others in an age of sudden events and unwelcome surprises—an age, indeed, when we may be even somewhat sceptical as to our own

country retaining, in certain eventualities, its individual character and greatness, or, indeed, of Europe itself remaining the centre of the world's activities. For do we not see here and there rulers betraying their trust, and peoples impatient and unquiet? Can we not mark the signs of a grim struggle in all lands between Church and State, and between religion and atheism? Does it require a seer to detect the uprising of a little cloud on the horizon, no bigger than a man's hand, charged with electricity, and advancing with unerring certainty to shake to their foundation nations, institutions, and peoples? To an intelligent observer it may, indeed, seem that 'another race is run and other palms 'are won,' and that thus leaving boundless possibilities of the human lot to future generations, it only remains for us old stagers of a past age to breathe our *Nunc Dimittis.*

In our varied life on earth we are daily and hourly reminded that the world passeth away and it is gone. All is change. Years follow years and seasons succeed seasons. What was yesterday is gone to-day, and we cannot rewrite any page of our lives, however much we may wish it. Moreover, it is the unexpected that happens. Our friends change, our acquaintances change, our circumstances change, our occupations change, our thoughts and ideas change—we ourselves change; and we close the page of one year to open that of another, with a conviction that all is change, and that we stand on the eve of events of which we know little or nothing. Moreover, our lives are so beset with the temptations and excitements which always accompany change, that unless we walk warily we are liable to be carried off our feet by the floods of evil that surround us on every side. Yes, the world

fleeth away like a shadow and is gone. And then—whither? Let us, therefore, take stock of our lives, and not forget One who never changes, but who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, with a purpose in creation which is fixed and immutable, and will be carried out to the end with or without our help. We live in an age of socialism and revolution and mutation. Let us take heed, and watch our own conduct and purpose, with the aid of such examples as may be given to us by our forefathers, be they for our encouragement or for our warning.

These are my last words in Memories, which, if they have any value in future years to my family or to others who may read them, I shall not regret the trouble of writing, imperfect though they are, as containing only the *outline* of a busy life. I have gone through my allotted span to the best of my ability; I only wait to say *adsum* when the drum beats to quarters and the roll is called, and I leave these memories of the past to the indulgent consideration of those who may read them and of those who come after me.

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